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A Refrain

By Arthur Symons

THE world is bitter enough :
Laugh not the world to scorn.
Only passion and love
Outside the world were born.
Before the ages began
These were made for the man.

The wind blows to and fro,
The wind blows north and west :
Even so
From birth to death we go,
Without rest.

The stars laughed as they leapt
Into birth in the skies :
The infernal serpent kept
Open his sleepless eyes.
Sleep is better than wine :
The serpent is divine.

The wind blows to and fro,
The wind blows north and west :
Even so
From birth to death we go,
Without rest.

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Man breathed joyous breath
Struck into life unaware:
Ominously after him death
Brought into life despair.
Since life that God to man gave
Must end at last in the grave.

The wind blows to and fro,
The wind blows north and west:
Even so
From birth to death we go,
Without rest.

End? Shall passion have end?
Shall end be to song or to love?
Death is an evil friend,
But there's hope in the world above.
Whatever on earth there be,
Hope for eternity.

The wind blows to and fro,
The wind blows north and west:
Even so
From birth to death we go,
Without rest.

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The Dance of Vanity

By Margaret L. Woods

Selfishness has swept the house,
Vanity has garnished it,
With desires furnished it.
Not a crumb to feed a mouse
Have they left of household bread,
  Duty, honour, charity.
" Food for common mortals," said
  Vanity.

Stood the Master by the door,
Underneath the jessamine.
Was it he who let them in,
Or the wind that round the floor
Whirls the dropping jessamine ?
  " Come in,
Every fine new-fangled Sin
  And rarity !
  Come in ! Come in !
Welcome ! Would that ye were more ! "
Squeaks the shape behind the door—
  Vanity.

Nakedness for all disguise,
Rank as earth created them,
Foul as when Christ hated them,
Enter these deformities,
Each like beauties, asking eyes.
Hump and tumour, tusk and horn,
Hospitable Vanity's
Hands with jewelled wreaths adorn.
  O Rarities !

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Turn a switch, let all the house
Glow with lamps of Carnival,
And as to a king's festival
Whom the world would see carouse,
Bid with a mechanic blare
The loud incessant trumpet call.

Run the neighbours, lean and stare
Outside the garden fence—
The odour of the jessamine
Is faint as dying Innocence—
What is that they see within ?
Sin by Sin
Marching naked each enormity ;
Piping in magnificence
Stalks before my Lady Vanity.

Even in Hell the fashions reign ;
So each Sin to revelry
Leads a favourite devilry,
Trotting in a coat and chain.
When the wind showers within
The ruin of the jessamine,
The curs of Hell in delight
Chasing the petals, bark and bite
Merrily.

There be revellers fair, yet strange
Almost as a naked Sin,
Rayonnant, with deep salute—
Being not too proud for snobbery—
Lady Vanity welcomes in.
Wandering Oceanides
That remember not their seas,
Yet wave-like ever range and range,
Their blond, blond hair
With unvalued pearls entwining
And subtle gold, the sea's robbery.
From afar
Where eternal forests tower
Murmuring to the mountains mute,
Young dark Dryades—
They have dyed their tresses fair,
Being in love with falsities—

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THE DANCE OF VANITY

Satyrs that can wear a boot,
Egoists decked with Christianity;
  Then a star
Pale with pride to be so rare.
Weary was he of Heaven's power
And the constellations' shining.
"Welcome, noble company!"
  Cries Vanity.

Overhead begin to float
Harmonies half terrestrial,
Such as Pan the celestial
Made to pleasure Pan the goat.
Yet nor breath of Man nor string
Nor choirs that in heaven sing,
Make this music rise and fall;
But a travelling troupe of sparks
  Electrical

  Begin, begin,
The 'cello and the violin,
Like the wavering of a lark's
Wings a moment ere he'll soar
And straight into the sun spring.
Press a button, then 'twill pour
  Sounds orchestral,
Voices out of iron throats
  Showering notes
Hard as hail along the roof.
Holla! Holla! a brazen din—
Beat the time with heel and hoof!
"'Tis a new original Dance of Sin
To which the old are mere inanity,
We do gloriously begin.
Marvelling Public, stand aloof!"
  Cries Vanity.

Speeds the riot from roof to floor,
With patens and with chalices
There amusing Malice is
Juggling till the room's a roar.
Neighbours yonder push for places,
While the very dancers pause,
  Crowding faces
Writhe around him in applause.

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Reels the Master to the door
Drunken with his own delight,
Watches with exultant grin
Outside the garden fence
  More and more
Pale upon the edge of night,
People gather, peering in.
" Neighbours ! What ? You're in a fright ?
  Hypocrites,
With your halos torn to bits !
Paper fetters of pretence
Laid on human pride and passion
Rent with laughter ! Prophecy
Ancient men ! All the faster
  Younger wits
Will adore and ape our fashion."

Youth and maiden whispering eye
Yonder house, and drawing nigh
Bow themselves before the Master.
" We would also servants be
  Of Vanity."

. . . .

The silver dawn comes tardily
Lingering a long while in heaven,
Unregardful of the plain.

Then he sees they are but seven
  Dancing so hardily
Their seven curs against the wall
Sit and snarl when they call.
Looking, in a sudden terror
Quoth he, " Tell me why
  They are but seven."
  Vanity
  Makes no reply,
Painting her face before a mirror.

The lonely dawn is at the door.
Will they never come again,
The crowd that used to look and wonder ?
Not a soul he sees about

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THE DANCE OF VANITY

Overhead the jessamine,
Hangs black and blasted to the core,
Yet he fain would linger under.
But the seven Sins begin to shout,
And a young man passing, jeers.

Then he sees beyond a doubt
These sins are old as all years.
" Why do these grey dotards come ? "
To Vanity he cries.
" I will have but new Sins here."
" In and out, out and in,"
She replies,
" I have sought for a new Sin.
All are old ones in disguise."

Tap ! Tap, Tap ! Is that a drum ?
Tap ! Tap ! It is drawing near.
The seven curs begin to whimper,
Vanity forgets her simper
And the arrogance of her sneer.
There's one will outgrin her here.

Now he's at the fence and over,
Strutting up the garden, prouder
Than a piper. Loud and louder
The drum he bangs
That black below his girdle hangs,
Busily jumping, as he plays.
No use to bid him hence,
This Captain every man obeys.

" Form up ! Attention ! March ! "
First the Master, single file
After him the rest are coming,
Vanity
And the sins in their degree.

Endlessly they seem to go,
The Master and his company,
Limping on, and all the while
Stalks before the drummer drumming,
Till there's nothing strikes the sense,
Nothing is, except that drumming.

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It fills the Heaven's solid arch
With its long reverberant roll,
  Then again beats slow,
As the bell of God did toll
For the burial of a soul.
  Vacant there
The house seems after him to stare.

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Love's Mask

By W. R. Titterton

Like a drowned swimmer, so your face looks up—
Your long hair tangled with the sea's caress,
Your staring eyes that crave forgetfulness,
Tense lips that took the ocean for their cup;

Tense lips that have forgotten how to cry,
Eyes that have seen a horror in the deep—
O, drowned immortal god that cannot die!
O, dead that cannot sleep!

One moment so, and then the smile comes back—
Life flutters o'er the lids, the eyes are flame,
The lips wreathe rose-like, thoughts without a name
Chase daylight o'er your face from white to black.

Your locks unstiffen, oh! they hang adown
Like bunches of ripe wheat about your ears—
No, like a hood—oh no! love, like a crown,
Like young Love's helmet, riding with his spears!

Hark, how the trumpets blow a point of war!
Hark, how the banners battle to be free!
You laugh—and laughter rings you like the sea.
O, brave young love! brave as the angels are!

Archangel Michael with his flaming sword,
Fashioned in copper for an altar-piece—
Michael whose smiting edge doth praise the Lord
Better than our dull harps that will not cease.

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If I were but the Devil to fight you, dear,
Would not our sword-strokes ring above the stars,
That all the angels should stoop down to hear
The love-song of our wars ?

If they had made me just to face you there,
Poised for the onset of that last great fight,
All glowing in the incense-laden air,
Fashioned in copper for the heart's delight !

Fashioned in copper ? Nay, the eyes are stone.
Oh stony eyes that crave forgetfulness !
Oh long hair frozen with the stone's caress,
Oh stony twisted lips that cannot moan ! . . .
The light fades out, I and that face alone
Float on the ocean of our soul's distress.

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Talks With Carlyle

By Frank Harris

The servant girl at his house told me that Mr. Carlyle had gone for his usual walk on Chelsea Embankment, so I went off to find him. It was a Sunday in June, about midday; the air was light, the sun warm; the river shone like a riband of silk in the luminous air.

My heart beat fast; I was going to meet the greatest of living men, the only one, indeed, of my contemporaries who spoke to me with authentic inspiration and authority. Browning I knew was among the Immortals, one of the very greatest of English poets; a thinker, too, of high impartial curiosity; but apart from his poetic gift, Browning seemed to me a well-read Englishman of ordinary stature, whereas Carlyle was of the race of the giants; like Luther, like Mahomet, one of the elemental forces of humanity. I see now, or think I see that I rated him above measure, often mistook literary gift for insight; but then I was all reverence and my heart was thumping—

And did you once see Shelley plain

What would he say to me,—what memorable thing? Every time we had met he had said something I could never forget, something that would remain always as part of the furniture of my mind. What would he say to-day? What did I want him to talk about? He would not be directed: 'twas better to let him take his own course. . . .

He looked, I thought, the prophet; his clothes loose and careless, for comfort, not show; the shaggy unkempt grey thatch of hair; the long head, the bony, almost fleshless face of one who had fasted and suffered; the tyrannous overhanging cliff forehead; the firm heavy mouth, and out-thrust challenging chin —the face of a fighter; force everywhere, brains and will dominant; strength redeemed by the deepset eyes most human, beautiful; by turns piercing, luminous, tender-gleaming; pathetic, too, for the lights were usually veiled in brooding sadness broken oftenest by a look of dumb despair and regret; a strong

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sad face, the saddest I ever looked upon—all petrified, so to speak, in tearless misery, as of one who had come to wreck by his own fault and was tortured by remorse—the worm that dieth not. . . .

Why was he so wretched? What could be the meaning of it?

Age alone could not bring such anguish? . . . what had he missed? He had done so much, won imperishable renown; what more did he want? I felt a little impatient with him. He had done his work, reaped a noble harvest:

Die Zeit ist mein Vermaechtniss
Wie herrlich weit und breit. . . .

I had only gone a few hundred yards when I caught sight of him walking towards me; he had a sort of loose cloak about him and a soft hat pulled down over his eyes. I suddenly realised that he was very old—an impression one never got when talking to him—his tall figure was shrunken together and much bent; he walked slowly, feebly, leaning heavily on a stout stick: my heart ached for him. He met me without a word; I turned and walked beside him in silence for some little time.

He seemed in his most habitual mood of brooding melancholy

"Turner's house," I said at length, pointing to the house just to find a subject of conversation; "did you know him?" He looked across at the house and shook his head.

"I took no interest in him," he said, his tone one of tired contempt. . . . "Ruskin talked of him very often; but that landscape painting, if you think of it, is a poor thing in comparison with other painting or even with nature herself." (I cannot give his Scotch accent, my readers must imagine it; but it lent a special touch of individuality to all he said.) . . . "In every other art man puts a soul and meaning into his work and that's what we value; but this" (and he waved his hand over the river) "is just beautiful as it is—pairfect without purpose. . . . There is healing in the air and sunshine; but the sun and air and water care nothing for man's dreams or desires; they have no part nor lot wi' us" . . . and he sighed deeply.

After waiting a little while I began again:

"Lessing thought you could not render a landscape in words, but Goethe knew better, didn't he? He knew one could recall the impression if the scene to be pictured was at once striking and familiar. You remember:

Glatte Flaeche rings umher.
Keine Luft von keiner Seite
Todesstille fuerchterlich,
In der ungeheuren Weite,
Reget keine Welle sich.

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"The words call up a summer sea sleeping breathlessly, with a magic of representment."

"Ungeheuren Weite," he repeated, with a strong English accent, "but what good is 't? I'd rather have had one word of Goethe about man and man's work in the world, and man's destiny, than pages of such stuff. But about the important things of life he had little enough to say," and he sighed again. "None of us have much . . . Goethe had a sort of belief in immortality; a curious fragmentary hope for a few gifted men?" and he pursed out his lips, while the sad eyes held me with an unuttered question and appeal.

What was I to say? Comfort I had none to give, no gleam of hope: personal immortality being incredible to me I had put the desire of it away. It hurt that he of all men should solicit the mere reflection or image of the hope—the hero-soul driven to this extremity by the loneliness of the long voyage. Like Columbus ("my hero") he had lived alone with the deeps below and above; contemptuous, envious, mutinous underlings about him, and in front the Unknown. It wrung my heart that I could only look my answer—"You have fought the good fight; left behind you a luminous path for all men for ever—that's your reward." . . .

The sense of my utter impotence, the intensity of my sympathy made me almost rude:

"I wonder you admire Goethe so much," I broke out. "His pose as the high and mighty one kills him for me as it killed him for Heine. I always see him in his court dress, bestarred, beribboned, bepowdered, sitting on the old feudal wall, dangling his buckled pumps and plump calves above the heads of common folk. He had too easy a time of it in life, had Goethe. There is always something common, greedy, vulgar in your successful man; something servile in the favourite of princes. You remember how Beethoven reproached Goethe for flunkeyism. The great man will not play flunkey, nor have flunkies about him."

Carlyle looked at me—"Ye're a born rebel," he said as if astonished, "but there's some truth in what ye say. Goethe was a master of actualities, and perhaps paid too much attention to them. But I owed him a great deal, the wide-eyed one: he saw everything; accepted everything, conquered everything—a victorious Bringer of the Light: our modern Prometheus."

"Prometheus suffered a martyrdom," I cried; "the light came from his own agony: this man got podgy fat. He was a real thinker, of course, a great man; but he was a pompous self-seeker and not a hero. He might have stood on his feet out-

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side the feudal fortress; but he climbed up the wall with strain of hands and toes and sat upon it joyfully; while Heine,—well, you know what Heine did to the feudal wall," and I laughed irreverently.

"Heine!" cried Carlyle, stopping abruptly in his walk: "Heine was a dirty Jew pig!"

I had been very nervous with Carlyle at first. I admired him to reverence, and when he said things that seemed to me all wrong, or even absurd, I simply held my tongue. But little by little I had grown to know him better: I became impatient now when he repeated pages of his own writings, or said things that were manifestly false. I wanted to get to the end of his thought, to win new deep words from him. I had also begun to feel that on some subjects we were infinities apart and must always think differently, and now he had outraged a cult that was almost a religion to me: I threw restraint to the winds and spoke as I felt.

"Heine," I burst out, "Heine was the first of all the moderns; one of the divine; a master of wit and poetry; a lord of laughter and of tears."

"A dirty Jew pig!" he repeated the words as if speaking impersonally: he loved argument as only a Scot can love it.

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"He was animal, dirty," repeated Carlyle, and he drew tight his long obstinate upper lip.

"Dirty as you and I, and all men are dirty," I replied: "you remember the French proverb—*bon animal, bon homme.*"

"Your French are dirty too," he rebutted, "but not I nor all men."

"What does dirty mean?" I exclaimed impatiently. "Shakespeare was dirty, if you like; but on his forehead climb the crowns of the world." Carlyle shook his head and I retorted obstinately: "What about the Nurse, and Mercutio, Hamlet, Portia and the 'dark lady' of the sonnets, false Cressida and Cleopatra, Goneril, Regan and a dozen others—all dirty as you call it. Art knows nothing of dirt. You might as well talk of a quadratic equation as improper. And how you, with your humour, can speak as you do of Heine stumps me. You of all men must appreciate Heine's humour; it was impish, kindly, irresistible."

"He had humour," Carlyle admitted at once, "and that's a wonderful gift, humour—a saving grace. . . . Curious," he went on after a pause, "that none of the old Jewish writers or prophets had any of it; they were all serious, too serious. . . .

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Where did Heine get his humour? There must have been some German blood in him somewhere; the Germans have humour, Richter plenty of it, and of the finest."

"You need not go beyond the Jews to find humour," I replied. "The Stock Exchanges of Europe are hot-beds of it; humorous stories and phrases abound there, and the Exchanges are full of Jews. The chosen people have a keen sense of humour."

"Curious," he said again, "very curious. But Heine was dirty-minded."

"He was a Socialist and singer," I cried, "modern and irreverent to his finger-tips: a brave soldier in the Liberation-War of humanity."

"I doubt but ye're a rebel yerself," said Carlyle looking down at me with quizzical humour in his eyes, "a born rebel.". . .

"It hurts," I said a little confused, "to hear you running down Heine; for you, too, have fought on the same side though not with the same weapons."

"It may be," he replied, "but I dislike the lechery of him, the dirty ape."

I saw it was no use arguing. I was up against a wall of separation, a fundamental difference of nature. I left the matter to be thought over at my leisure. It seemed to me I had hit upon a shortcoming of Carlyle.

During his lifetime there was a general impression that Carlyle, if not a Christian, was at least profoundly religious in the Christian sense of the word. He had been nurtured, so to speak, on the Bible: as soon as he was deeply moved biblical phrases came to his lips, and one was apt therefore to attribute to him a measure of faith altogether foreign to his thought. Much of the profound sadness in him came, I think, from his utter disbelief: a reverential soul brought up in childlike piety he had sought desperately for some sign of God, some trace of a purpose in life, some hint, however vague, of a goal however distant, and had found nothing. His mind, tuned to practical realities, trained to mathematical demonstrations, would accept no half-proof; and rejected with scorn the fancy that the soul's desire was in itself an earnest of fulfilment. Gradually he settled down in Goethe's phrase to resolute acceptance of the True and the Good for their own sake; but the heart felt starved and lonely, and as his mind outgrew the ordinary prejudices and opinions of men he inevitably became more and more solitary-sad.

Our talk fell on Shakespeare, I don't know why.

"In *Heroes and Hero-Worship*," I questioned, "you say that Shakespeare is the greatest man who has ever shown himself in

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literature. That seems to imply that greater men have shown themselves elsewhere?"

"I don't think I meant that," he replied, "though it is a little difficult to compare a great man of action with a great man of letters: I am not sure that the literary genius is the wider or deeper, though most men seem to believe it is."

"Do you think Shakespeare greater than Jesus?" I asked.

"Indeed I do," was the emphatic reply; "and so do you." (I shook my head but he persisted.) "What do we know of Jesus? just naething. Learned people tell us that all the best phrases put in his mouth were old sayings of Jewish sages and the testimony of the gospels is of the weakest—altaegither untrustworthy."

"I do not want any testimony," I replied. "The best sayings of Jesus all belong to one mind, a mind of the very rarest. Greatness is its own proof. No two Jews were ever born who could have said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me . . . or 'Much shall be forgiven her for she loved much.'"

"Humph," he grunted. "I prefer Shakespeare; he was larger, richer."

"Perhaps," I replied, "but Jesus went deeper."

"I don't admit it," he persisted. "All the Jewish morality was tribal, narrow; 'an eye for an eye,' stupid, pedantic formula; and the Christian—'turn the other cheek'—mere absurdity. I see no greatness in any of it."

"'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone,'" I replied, "is great enough and modern to boot," but he would not let me continue; he had got the great argument clear at last.

"Man, He had no humour," he cried, shaking his head; "Jesus had no Falstaff in Him; I wad na gie up the ragged company for all the disciples," and again the deep-set eyes danced.

I tried to put forward some other reasons, but he would not listen; he repeated obstinately, "He had no Falstaff in Him, no Falstaff . . ." and he chuckled.

The subject was closed: but the argument had shown me how far Carlyle's disbelief had carried him—in pendulum swing, beyond the centre. . . .

I took up a new subject which I had often wanted to get his opinion on. How was I to broach it? I made a little cast round like an eager huntsman.

"You must have met all the distinguished men of the age, Mr. Carlyle?" I began. "Dozens of great men. Who was the greatest?"

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"Emerson," he replied at once, "Emerson by far and the noblest . . ." and he nodded his head, repeating the name with a sort of reminiscent emotion.

"Greater than Darwin?" I cried in wonder. "But perhaps you didn't know Darwin?"

"Indeed, and I knew him well," he replied taking me up shortly, "knew him when he was quite young, long before his *Beagle* voyage, knew him and his brother. I always thought the brother the abler of the two—quicker and of wider range, but both were solid healthy men, not greatly gifted, but honest and careful and hardworking. . . . I remember when he came back after the *Beagle* cruise. I met him at Lady —— a great party and all the ladies buzzed about him like bees round a dish of sugar. When he had had enough of it—perhaps more than was good for him—I called him.

"'Come here, Charles,' I cried, 'and explain to me this new theory of yours that all the world's talking about.'

"He came at once and sat down with me, and talked most modestly and sensibly about it all. I saw in him then qualities I had hardly done justice to before, a patient clear-mindedness, fairness, too, and above all, an allegiance to facts, just as facts, which was most pathetic to me; it was so instinctive, determined, even desperate, a sort of belief in its way, an English belief, that the facts must lead you right if you only followed them honestly, a poor groping blind faith—all that seems possible to us in these days of flatulent unbelief and piggish unconcern for everything except swill and straw," and the eyes gleamed wrathfully under the bushy-grey brows.

"That must have been wonderful," I resumed after a pause, "to have heard Darwin explain Darwinism."

"He did it very well," Carlyle went on, "an ordered lucidity in him which showed me I had underrated him, misseen him, as we poor purblind mortals are apt to missee each other even with the best will in the world to see fairly," and he sighed again deeply.

"But the theory must have interested you," I said striking the match again, or trying to.

"Ay," he said, as if plunged in thought and then waking up. "The theory, man! the theory is as old as the everlasting hills," impatient contempt in his voice. "There's nothing in it,—nothing; it leads no whither—all sound and noise signifying naething, naething. . . .

"The fittest," he went on with unspeakable scorn, "'the survival of the fittest'; there's an answer for you to make a soul

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sick. What is your 'fittest,' what d'ye mean by't? An evasion I call it, a cowardly, sneaking evasion, with its tail between its legs. Is your 'fittest,' the best, the noblest, the most unselfish? There's a faith, a belief to live and die by; but is that your 'fittest," eh? Answer me that. That's what concerns me, a man—that and nothing else.

"Is your 'fittest' a poor servile two-legged spaniel sneaking round for bones and fawning on its master, beslobbering his feet?

"Or is your 'fittest' just the greedier mediocrity among hosts of mediocrities, the slightly stronger pig or fox, eh? *Ay di me, ay di me*—the evil dreams! 'Fittest' humph!" and he pursed his lips and blinked his eyes to get rid of the unshed tears.

"Did you tell Darwin what you thought of his new scientific creed?" I asked after a pause.

"I did," he said, with a quick change of mood, smiling suddenly with the gay sunshiny irresistible smile that illumined his whole face, quivering on the lips, dancing in the eyes, wrinkling the nose.

"After Darwin had talked to me for some time, a little crowd had gathered about us, open-mouthed, listening to Sir Oracle, and when he had finished, I said:

"'All that's very interesting, Darwin, no doubt; how we men were evolved from apes and all that, and perhaps true,' and I looked about me, 'I see no reason to doubt it, none: but what I want to know is how we're to prevent this present generation from devolving into apes? That seems to me the important matter—to prevent them devolving into apes.'"

And the old man laughed—a great belly-shaking laugh that shook him into a cough and there we stood laughing, laughing in harmony at length with the sun which shone bravely overhead, while the silken wavelets danced with joy and the air was young and quick.

CARLYLE'S MISSION

It is time now to consider what Carlyle's talent really was and what his gift to men. He has left us in no doubt as to what he thought his qualities and their proper field. When he was asked to lecture in London he chose *Heroes and Hero-Worship* as his subject; and the book still stands as perhaps his most characteristic performance. His *Cromwell* is the typical instance of his own hero-worship. It will be remembered that he chose Frederick the Great to write about a little reluctantly, because Frederick, he said, was only half a hero; he was not devout

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enough, not persuaded enough in his faith; but Carlyle chose him nevertheless because he was a "practical hero," a guide and governor of men.

His *Past and Present* and *Latter day Pamphlets*, criticising as they do the politics of his day, confirm this view. If ever a man believed he was a born leader of men, it was Carlyle; born to rule in England, to abolish the anarchy of Parliamentary misgovernment, to endow England with modern institutions instead of feudal institutions, to found an industrial State in place of a chivalrous-christian anarchy. Not "arms and the man" was to be the burden of the new epic but "tools and the man." Now instead of dismissing this incommensurate ambition with cheap ridicule, let us see in what relation Carlyle stood to his time and then we may be able to judge whether he was deceived or not in his self-estimate.

Towards the end of 1908 a book appeared—*The Making of Carlyle*. The title is a little pretentious; but the book is not a bad book, a good book, indeed, so far as it goes; though Mr. Craig, the author, lends Carlyle his own errors. For example, he declares that "Socialism is only a contradiction of open competition; the sole difference is one of label; slavery is the sure mark of both."

I venture to think that Mr. Craig is mistaken in this; certainly he is mistaken in giving this as Carlyle's view. There is not a single passage in all Carlyle's writings where Socialism is condemned as resembling open competition in being a form of slavery. As a matter of fact, Carlyle did not condemn "slavery": what he condemned and ridiculed was "the freedom of the wild jackass" as he called it; the liberty of men to starve masterless.

Carlyle was not the first to see this side of the truth which Mr. Craig does not as yet sufficiently appreciate. Goethe was the first man in Europe to state the fact that unrestrained individual liberty led to the worst slavery.

"The open secret" (*das offene Geheimniss*) of Goethe which Carlyle refers to over and over again in *Past and Present* and *Latter-day Pamphlets*, is simply this, that open competition for the means of livelihood must result in the despotism of the few and the absolute enslavement of the many. No worse tyranny has been recorded in modern times than that which was to be seen in England in the generation after Waterloo, from 1815 to 1830, when the manufacturer was establishing his awful pre-eminence. Thousands of children were hired in Devonshire and Cornwall, and driven across the country in gangs like cattle to the Lancashire factories, where they were worked to death for

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the enrichment of the manufacturers. The commission of doctors which "the noble Ashley," as Carlyle called him, got appointed, declared that the first effective Factory Act of 1833 "was an Act to prevent child murder." Carlyle, too, sneered at the Parliament which enacted that able-bodied negroes in the West Indies should not work more than forty-five hours a week, while it allowed English children under thirteen years of age to be worked fifty-six hours a week.

While our so-called statesmen were going about declaiming odes to "liberty," Carlyle saw the evils of unrestricted liberty, and predicted a speedy and not an honourable end to what he knew was not Anarchy with a fine name.

Carlyle did not set limits to socialism, or State and municipal enterprise, did not say how far socialism should enter into our industrial life and where it must stop, but he felt that there was a place for both socialism and individualism in modern civilisation, and it is to his honour that he never made one statement on the matter that was false or mistaken. Ruskin, his pupil, made hundreds of mistakes, as when he set Oxford students to make a road; but Carlyle did not blunder once.

The truth is he brought morals as a certain test into economics. He declared that the employer of labour who simply worked for his own hand and for his own enrichment, was a mere buccaneer and not a true captain of industry, and thus put his finger on the sore. It was his reliance on the moral instincts which gave him his unique authority. Goethe's praise of him was curiously right—"a moral force of incalculable importance." Let us now consider his practical proposals and see how time has treated his pretensions.

CARLYLE THE EMPIRE-BUILDER

Seventy years ago Carlyle saw more clearly than our Parliamentary people of either party see to-day. Seventy years ago he proposed to take our surplus population in British warships and settle them on the waste lands of the Canadian North-West and the waste lands of South Africa and Australia—a genial Empire-building idea, if ever there was one, which would have settled up the Canadian North-West instead of allowing free-trade or free-chance to settle up the American North-West. Had Carlyle's advice been followed we should now have had thirty or forty millions of Englishmen in Canada instead of five millions and five or six or ten millions of Englishmen in South Africa instead of a few hundred thousand. There would have been no Boer

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war if Carlyle's insight had been used sixty or seventy years ago. The only thing that saved us in the Boer war was the fact that the Cape Dutch didn't join their kinsmen across the Vaal, and Cape Colony was kept quiet by the little band of English settlers who were planted according to Carlyle's plan in the Eastern Province sixty or seventy years ago; nothing else, it is said, nothing but that stood between us and irremediable defeat.

There would be no competition between us and Germany to-day had Carlyle been a ruler in England; for our Empire instead of counting some fifty millions of Englishmen would now count more than one hundred millions. He was the first and greatest Imperialist, just as he was the wisest social reformer.

It was Carlyle who made us realise that the "condition-of-England" was the question of questions to-day; he was the first to point out that till we had drained the foul quagmire of poverty no high civilisation would be possible to us. And Carlyle saw plainly enough that the quagmire could only be drained by giving the land of England back to the people of England. That was the first reform, he said; all other necessary measures would follow in its train. But the quagmire is still there—undrained, larger and deeper now, and with worse effect on the public health—all just as he predicted. And the dead cat of Parliamentary debate still washes back and forth on every tide in front of Westminster, and is daily growing more offensive to the sense. The wisest governor and bravest soul born in England since Cromwell, was left to fret his heart out in obscurity as a writer in a back street while England muddled on into ever increasing difficulties—the blind leading the blind.

When I knew Carlyle in 1878-9, I tried again and again to get on this subject. I wanted to know why he had not taken the conventional road to power, why he had never stood for Parliament? I woke the old lion up, but could get no answer save a contemptuous sniff. When I pressed him again later he told me he had not had the time and money to waste. I returned again and again to the charge. "You wanted to show your insight as a ruler," I said in effect, "and perhaps because that was your true *métier*, you underrated your own literary skill and every one else's."

"I have none," he ejaculated.

"That is delightful nonsense," I retorted, "the first chapter of your French Revolution is one of the finest pictures ever painted in words, and painted deliberately with conscious artistry: chance has no such achievement."

"Painted truthfully," he corrected, "and not artistically at

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all, unless truth and cunning are one—as perhaps they are," he added as if to himself.

"And because you see that this contest with poverty is the only problem of the day, and should be taken in hand at once, you think little of your pictures, even of Cromwell or of Frederick," I persisted.

"Ah!" he replied, "Cromwell would have taken the problem in hand. If Cromwell had had the East End before him he would have drained the swamp—Greatheart, I call him."

I got nothing from him but such glimpses of truth till I spoke one day of Disraeli.

"Curious," I said, "that he was more in sympathy with you than Gladstone. He at least offered you a baronetcy. Why didn't you take it?"

"Baronetcy!" the old man roared. "The unspeakable Jew would have given me the reward of work, but not the work: he might have kept the reward if he had given me the work;" and the old man rose to his feet. "Then I should have had something better to do than write words, words, words for fools to read who don't even know what you mean, who will never know. A baronetcy to me! Why not a silk sash and a garter! I was an old man before Disraeli even knew that I was alive, and what I might have done! It hardly bears thinking of . . ." and he turned away . . .

"There was Froude now: they gave him a chance in South Africa, and he did pretty well, I believe. Good honest Froude: but they never gave me a chance. Sometimes I wonder why? I would have done what one man could! But I had to write instead, and I wasn't made to write; I was made to guide and direct; I might have done things: who knows? It was not to be, I suppose. . . ."

Carlyle was right, I verily believe,—"it hardly bears thinking of." That England should have left a finer intelligence than Burke, a greater force than Chatham, to rust unused for fifty years; the best reforming brain of two centuries unemployed, hardly bears thinking of. We are still suffering from not having used him, and are likely to suffer for many a long year to come. England does not even trouble to stone the prophets; she shrugs her broad shoulders, and when they speak too loudly puts them out of doors or stuffs her fingers in her ears. The bitterest sarcasm of Swift she treats as a nursery tale, and makes fun of Caliban without seeing the likeness, or understanding the irony.

To sum it all up, Carlyle's gift to men was in essence

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astonishingly simple: he was the best product of English puritanism of whom we have any knowledge; all that that belief had in it of honesty and sincerity, of single-hearted allegiance to what was true and right and just, came to fruit in Thomas Carlyle.

"All great thoughts come from the heart," wrote Vauvenargues, and in exactly the same spirit Carlyle used the heart or, as he would have said, his highest instincts as the supreme guide in human affairs. And there is perhaps no better guide.

It was this honesty and sincerity which gave Carlyle his solitary and singular literary triumph. The clever adroit able man practically concerned with his own rewards and his own triumphs, the "hero" of the school of Hume and other such historians, was abhorrent to Carlyle. All great men, he felt, were absolutely in earnest, sincere to the soul, filled with the spirit which urges man to ever higher accomplishment. No Mahomet, no Cromwell, no Goethe even, thinkable without this elemental force. All his rulers were *seers* like the prophets of old, men who had a vision of the truth; men through whom, as he phrased it, God himself had spoken. And so he taught a fat smug grocer-folk what heroes were and how useful they were (to measure them by their lowest), and he showed a crowd that admired Crystal Palaces what a true temple was like, a temple not made with hands—eternal in the heavens. Carlyle was, indeed, a moral force of incalculable value.

His literary power all comes from his practical insight into facts and his astounding knowledge of men. He has left us the finest gallery of realistic portraits that any one man ever produced. Who that glances at them can ever forget his Frederic, or his Robespierre, or his Mme. Roland, or his Marat or his Danton or a hundred other inimitable photographs!

THE PURITAN'S LIMITATIONS

On all the main issues then of modern politics, the great Puritan was in the right, his insight has been justified by the event: he was at once the best guiding and governing force ever seen in England. We must now try to realise his limitations and shortcomings. Strange to say he was typical of Puritanism also in this; his blind side was the blind side of the whole movement, and supplies the reason why the movement failed to satisfy modern needs and why it is that to-day Puritanism is universally discredited.

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Carlyle had hardly any sense of sex or stirring of passion. He was even more devoid of bodily desire than Swift or Ruskin. This lack brought him to misery and his life to wreck. Mr. Craig points out that he never shared his wife's natural longing for children; he could not even understand it. He had not enough sensuality to comprehend his wife's ordinary needs and so he treated her atrociously without realising his own blindness till it was too late even for atonement.

A passage in his *Heroes and Hero-Worship* first put me on the track. Speaking of Dante he admitted that the great Florentine was "gey ill to live with" and nevertheless, defended him. Men like Dante, he says, of keen passionate sensibilities, and conscious of the importance of their mission must always be difficult to live with. It was as if Carlyle had been justifying his own conduct.

One day we were walking together in Hyde Park: as we neared Hyde Park Corner it began to rain: naturally, I quickened my pace a little. Suddenly, to my utter astonishment, Carlyle stopped, and taking off his soft hat stood there in the rain with his grey head bowed. For a moment I was lost in wonder: then I remembered his picture of old Dr. Johnson standing bareheaded before his father's shop in Lichfield half in piety, half in remorse. I guessed that Carlyle was thinking of his wife, and then it flashed across me that it was here in Hyde Park she had died in her carriage while he was in Edinburgh. When he put on his hat and walked on, the tears were running down his face.

I can't remember how the talk began and my notes do not help me much. At the time I put down simply: "Johnson's penance and piety; remorse and repentance not good, harmful; Carlyle's excessive. Bit by bit he told the incredible story."

In brief the story was that he admired his wife beyond all other women, loved her and her alone all his life; but had never consummated the marriage or lived with her as a wife.

"The body part seemed so little to me," he pleaded: "I had no idea it could mean much to her. I should have thought it degrading her to imagine that. *Ay di me, ay di me.* . . . Quarter of a century passed before I found out how wrong I was, how mistaken, how criminally blind. . . . It was the doctor told me and then it was too late for anything but repentance. My poor love! She had never told me anything; never even hinted anything; was too proud, and I, blind, blind. . . . When I blamed myself to her I saw the doctor was right; she had suffered and I—ah God, how blind we mortals can be; how blind! . . .

"It was as if I had been operated for cataract and sight had

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been given me suddenly. I saw the meaning of a hundred things which had passed me unexplained; I loved her so that I realised even wishes unconfessed to herself, realised that she would have been happier married to Irving and that she had felt this. Speaking once of his pretended gift of tongues, she said 'he would have had no such gift had I married him.' I understood at length, that she had wanted him. Physically he was splendid and she had felt his attraction. . . . I loved her so, I could have given her to him and I did nothing but injure her and maim her life, the darling! who did everything for me and was everything to me for forty years. . . .

"And the worst of it all is, there is no other life in which to atone to her—my puir girlie! it's done, and God himself cannot undo it. My girl, my puir girl! . . . Man, man, it's awful, awful to hurt your dearest blindly, awful!" and the tears rained down the haggard old face and the eyes stared out in utter misery.

I comforted him as best I could, told him that in his remorse he exaggerated the wrong and the injury, that after all, he had been by far the best husband Mrs. Carlyle could have had, that faithlessness went with passion, that she might have suffered more with any other man and that she could never have known with any other such perfect companionship of spirit, such intimacy of soul, but he shook his head; he had always loved the truth and now against himself he would not blink it. "Ma puir girlie!" was his cry and "blind, blind!" his ceaseless self-reproach. He had put all his pride in his insight, and it was his insight that had failed him.

Years later I told the fact at a dinner at the Garrick Club, and a man I did not then know, confirmed it across the table: told me he was the doctor in question and afterwards in private gave me the other side of the story from what Mrs. Carlyle had told him. It was Sir Richard Quain,* I believe. Some time or other I shall probably tell what he told me that night.

Carlyle's confession to me broke down all barriers between us. Whenever we met afterwards he treated me with infinite consideration and kindness. But all that is another story, and not to be told here.

What concerns us now is the fact that this bodily disability of Carlyle explains most of his shortcomings as literary critic and writer, and in especial his blindness to what one might call the æsthetic side of life. His eyes and heart were closed to beauty; he never saw that House Beautiful of Art which to-day occupies

* The name in my memory is "Dicky Quain"; but I only noted "the doctor" and one letter after it which is illegible.

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the place in life formerly held by church and conventicle. He had nothing but contempt for poetry; "jingles" he called it; would never admit its real importance: pictures, too, except of real events, he took little interest in and studies of the nude human figure seemed to him indecent and disgraceful: he had no ear for music or understanding of its universal passionate appeal.

The curious part of the matter is that though he saw clearly, perhaps all too vividly, how his shortcoming had led him astray in the most intimate personal relation, he never seemed to suspect that the same physical disability must necessarily blind him to the artistic side of life and make him an absurd judge of its value and importance. Hence arose all or nearly all his weird literary misjudgings. He said of Wordsworth:

"A small genuine man; nothing perhaps is sadder than the *unbounded* laudation of such a man."

Keats to him was a "dead jackass perfumed with rose-water." He even went so far as to declare to me once that nothing but brains, sheer insight counted, and that Shakespeare's brains, apart from his poetic and literary gift, were no better than his own. I ventured on this matter to disagree with him pointedly.

All Carlyle's faults as a man of letters are sins against the spirit of Beauty and they are all to be found writ large in Puritanism. Puritanism as we know defaced the churches, tore down the images of saints, and shut the theatres; Puritanism it was that destroyed the gallery of paintings which had been collected by Charles I., and ordered that "all pictures containing any representation of the Second person of Trinity or of the Virgin" should be "forthwith burnt."

Carlyle's impotence made everything about him clear to me. Ever afterwards I saw him as a sort of Polyphemus, a one-eyed giant: he stood to me for Puritanism itself and explained it, in its strength and in its fatal weakness as no one else could. Paganism died because it neglected the soul, and the claims of the soul; Puritanism died because it scorned the body and the claims of the body.

But it was honest and sincere even when it went in blinkers, and intensely in earnest, and in England it produced two great men as witnesses to its virtue, Cromwell and Carlyle. England used Cromwell, but did not use Carlyle, yet in spite of his physical disability Carlyle was greater than the ruler whom Milton called "our chief of men" and by reason of his physical disability he was the more perfect representative of English Puritanism.

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My Idealed John Bullesses*

By Yoshio Markino

Author of "A Japanese Artist in London," &c.

John Bulless is my home-made English for the English woman! It was such a long, long ages ago when most of my worshipful John Bulless friends were not yet born, and I too was such a little kid, that my father went to Kobé or Yokohama (I forget which) and brought back a chromo-lithograph picture. So far as I remember, it was given him by some Dutch officer.

The picture was a portrait of a most beautiful girl of about eighteen. Her chestnut-coloured hair was divided in the middle and waved down on both sides of a well-formed white forehead. She opened her big round and blue eyes and looked a little sideway, while her crescent-like eye-brows came down nearly to the level of her eye-lids. Her nose was short and high with such a nice form—perhaps a little turned up, what the Parisians call Le Nez Montmartre. Her rosy lips were broken with a sweet smile and showed her white teeth inside.

My father framed this picture and hanged it on Tokonoma. This was the very first European picture of any sort to have invaded into my village. All the villagers used to come and beg us "Please honourably allow us a glance upon that honourable foreign young lady." My father told every one of them "You see this young lady is half naked, because she is going to have a bath." But now I know she was in an evening dress.

The men and women, young and old, rich and poor all of them worshiped this picture. Some of them exclaimed, "Could it be possible that such a beautiful woman is existing in the same world, where we live? Could she be an ordinary human? No, she must be either goddess or witch!" My father often said "I am glad we haven't such a girl in our village, or else whole villagers would be turned into insane, through the girl!"

I myself was only six or seven but I could not get away from this picture. It seemed to me this girl was always beckoning me,

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whenever I looked at it from distance, and I always went under the picture and bowed down to pay my homage to her.

A little later on, my house was almost bankrupted and I had to departed from my dear home. I don't remember what has become of this picture then. Anyhow, my life began so busy for studying as well as for struggling against my own poverty. At the same time I began to forget this picture altogether.

Strange to say, my childish impression on that picture has been strongly revived again ever since I came to England. Indeed some John Bullesses are more beautiful than that picture, and moreover they have wonderful intelligence and Sweet Sympathy. I feel much flattered to be befriended by many of these John Bullesses.

My childish Ideal is realised by them at last! That is why I call this book *My Idealed John Bullesses*. My chapters will be exclusively about my own personal friends.

There are two ways to observe this world. One is to see everything all over, but very roughly. Those tourists often do this way when they travel all over the world in a short limited time. Another way is to limit the ground of observation, but to see every detail very carefully. I always choose the latter way. It is just like an astronomer surveying the sky from the inside of a well. He cannot observe the sky more than that circle of the size of the well. But the sun, the moon, and the stars which he sees from the well are the same sun, moon and stars you see on the open field.

The British Empire is very large, while my own social circle is as small as the size of a well. I sincerely admit my observation is so narrow. The Reader, you may laugh at me. There must be many other kind women in England whom I so unluckily have not yet met. But if any John Bulless has passed within my own small circle, I have never been too lazy to observe her. This is another reason why I call my book *My Idealed John Bullesses* and I dare not call it *All English Women*.

Generally I write down the full names of all my friends in my book. But exceptionally in this book I omit their names for I know most of my John Bulless friends would be too much bashful if their full names were spoken, and that is the sweetest part of the woman's nature. How could I be so savage to injure their sweet nature?

Only one thing I want to tell the reader. In this book, there will be no dummy figure or my own hypothesis whatever, but they are all sketches from the real living John Bullesses who are sisters to you.

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MY IDEALED JOHN BULLESSES

I know so little of John Bullesses as school girls. Do they object to see such a foreigner like myself ? It is awfully strange to say all my English friends are always willing to introduce me to their daughters, and these daughters are either under ten years of their age, or above eighteen. None of my friends has a daughter between ten and eighteen. I wonder if the John Bullesses jump from ten years old right up to eighteen immediately ? I don't think so because I see so many girl schools, and there abundant girls are studying. I fear that the Britannia is forbidding me to meet her school girls ! However, I met with one school girl in San Francisco. Both her parents went to live there from England. Therefore, I must call her a John Bulless. She was about sixteen or seventeen, and I was working in her house as a servant. I admired immensely about her earnestness for her school lessons. It was her only work to understudy the school books every evening. She had many elder sisters and a brother. They all were quite grown up. One evening her parents and sisters made a theatre party. They were going to a theatre, leaving this poor school girl alone at home. She seemed a little depressed. She sighed, " So you all are going now ? " she said this with a quite sad voice.

Her mother said to her, " But my dear child, aren't you interested with your school work ? "

Immediately she brightened her eyes and said, " Oh, mamma, we had such a difficult problem of geometry to-day, none of us could serve it. The teacher said she will wait until to-morrow when we ought to serve it. I am going to work it out to-night ! I am quite excited ! Good-night to you all ! "

I said to myself, " What a lucky mother who is to have such a good-natured daughter ! Ah, she deserves it for she has educated her daughter in that way ! "

I paid much respect to both of them.

I know nothing more about the other school girl's home life. But I have very often seen them playing all sorts of sport on the open air. It just happened that when I had a walk in Clapham Common some years ago, I saw many school girls playing the Hockey there. It was the first time I ever saw that game. I was much surprised with their activity. I said, " Now I see why people often call their young John Bullesses ' Lamb ! ' Because they are hopping, jumping, and kicking the ground, like those baby sheep."

But I was told that was not the reason. They were called " Lamb " because they are tender !

" Tender ? " I screamed.

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However, when I saw those beautiful and charming faces in their curly locks, I could not deny the word " Tender."

No woman in this world is so fond of the outdoor sports as the John Bullesses. I noticed its result upon them immediately when I came to England. Now let me write my first impression about the John Bullesses. They looked to me bigger than the Japanese women, of course. But much smaller than the Californians. Anyhow, I thought, their figures are more well built. Their muscles are perfectly developed. One of my Japanese friends told me same opinion. He has been all over the world. He said, " Comparing the English women with others, I find out the former's meat looks much harder."

It is all through their daily exercises out doors. Consequently there is a strange contrast between West and East. In England the daughters of good families have all sorts of outdoor exercises therefore " their meat is harder," as my friend says, and they are sunburnt, while the poorer class girls are paler and softer, because they are obliged to work in shops or at home, and are not exposed to the sun much. And their exercises are not enough to thoroughly develop their muscles. Of course I know the laundress or charwomen have over-developed brachialis and trapezius.

In Japan it is reverse. The poorer class girls go out doors a great deal, and their manners are more or less rough. So they are dark and strong, while the better class girls stay in the house and their pastime life is to write poetries, or do tea-ceremonies, flower-arrangement, &c.&c. Therefore they are paler and more delicate.

Of course this impression of mine is that of when I was in Japan some eighteen years ago, and the girl's education has been much changed since I left my country. To my delight, I hear the better-class Japanese girls are getting to be fond of the outdoor exercises, too.

When I was in Paris, some French ladies laughed at the John Bullesses' outdoor game, and said, " It seems to us so foolish to go out to the field and chase after all sorts of tiny balls every day. We don't see much pleasure in that. It's too childish, and too laughable. We prefer to go to *café* and have gay time."

I said to them, " I am very sorry for your own sake that you are not interested with the sports. Well, hockey may be ' too foolish,' golf may be ' too silly,' and tennis may not be interesting for you. Permitting all your own logic, how is about your health ? Indeed, it is the question about the health, not only physically, but mentally, too. If you go to the open field, you shall always be contact directly with the Nature. You hear how

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sweetly those innocent birds are singing. You see how beautifully those meadow flowers are blossoming. Those trees give refreshing green folligge in Spring, and once more they turn into magnificent golden leaves in Autumn. Everything you are observing there, is pure and sacred. And you yourselves are unconsciously converted into purity by the Nature."

The age of the school girls is most dangerous time in the life. Their heart is most sentimental, and a bud of some Romance is growing inside. They may be easily tempted. To pass this period of their life is just as difficult as to pass a steel pin between the two limbs of a magnet. On both sides, nay, all round them, temptations are attracting them with some magnetic power.

I know personally many women in the other countries, who have been entirely infatuated at their youthful time, and some time they have too high ethic to be ruined, then generally get into melancholy fit. The reason is simple. Because they are shut in doors all the time. If they lack their exercise at their growing age of course their minds become too sensitive. I sincerely contribute much of my estimation towards the John Bullesses who so wisely know how to pass their important time of life. That is why they are pure and sacred. I must say their gain is very great both ethically as well as physically. When the woman is physically strong her nation shall be strong. When the woman is ethically strong, her nation shall be very virtuous. The woman is the back-bone of the country.

If I see very high moral country, I always credit it as the result of the woman's behaviour. For men are fraud all over the world. Almost every man is searching the woman's weak point to take his advantage. I wonder how many men in this world are really pure and sacred! It is the women who are controlling the passions, both of men's as well as of themselves.

It seems to me that in England almost everybody are extremely fond of Dancing. I often asked the John Bullesses, "Do you like dancing?" Their eyes start to shine brilliantly. Their mouths begin to break into a sweet smile. Before they give me their verbal answer I read in their faces how fond of the dance they are. Therefore I shall write about the English dancing now.

My very first impression on European dancing was not at all favourable. When I was about fourteen or fifteen, the society people in Tokio organised the European Ball. The public opinion was very noisy. Many loyal Conservative critics attacked the idea and lamented that the ball is too immoral for Japanese.

It was this time that Mr. Shiro Shiba published a book called

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Tokai-no-Kajin, or *The Lady of the Eastern Sea*. In this book, he described that he was walking along the Sacred Sea shore at the bottom of Fuji Mountain. He was so tired, and he rested himself under a benevolent pine-tree. Suddenly he heard a very holy tune, above the sky, and a most graceful and beautiful goddess descended from the Heaven. She was bitterly lamenting about the present society people in Her divine Country. Then the Goddess showed him the real ancient Japanese dance, which was so graceful and dignified.

When she finished her dancing she bid farewell to him, saying, she could no longer live in such a dirty Country where people began to imitate the barbarious foreign dancing.

I read this book over again and again, and I was much impressed, especially because I was in a missionary College at the time and I used to see those missionaries were kissing each other's mouth in front of the public, and I was rather shocked.

One day I saw an illustration of the ball in some Japanese paper. I was most surprised. "What? Those half-naked women embracing the man tightly, and twisting themselves round, and round? You savage Barbarians! Even the dogs behave themselves better than you!"

I spat on the picture.

"Oh you Westerners, how you dare call yourself 'the civilised nation' and look down on us, the sacred nation as a barbarious country?"

But when my temper was more or less calmed I began to think that "anyhow it is the fact that Europe is civilised. They do most wonderful things which we can not. I really don't understand about the ball."

I had then, a worshipped Japanese professor to whom I used to tell every thing. I asked his opinion about the European dancing. He smiled and said to me, "Pray don't prejudge everything with your babyishly narrow mind! Don't you know we have saying, 'if you go to the different lands, you see different stars'? What we think very vulgar may be very sacred to the others. I hear some black people in Central Africa keep their sacred day by killing as many souls as they can in front of their Gods. If you ask them they will give you their own reason in it, and say they are quite right. I myself feel just the same way with you about the ball. This is to say, they seem very vulgar to me. But surely they think themselves quite right. Once, the westerners were savage. That they all agree. Then there may be many customs which have been handed down from their savage days. Only their spirits are changed into the civilisation.

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Ourselves have many instances of this sort of custom. For instance, look at the men's evening dress. The history of its origin was simply shocking. But now not only the Westerners, but we too, wear it, and we have not a slightest shame about it. On the contrary, we feel much dignified by wearing it. I feel almost sure that the origin of the European dancing might have been indescribably vulgar, but now it may be nothing but the grace.

"Nowadays the Ambassadors and many Hon. Guests from all the foreign countries are stationing themselves in our country. And it is our utmost etiquette to entertain them. The European ball may be most necessary.

"Who knows that some day dancing may become our own custom? Don't you know about the smoking? When the Portuguese brought tobacco to our country several hundreds years ago there was a great indignant feeling in our country. Indeed, more than once, the national law prohibited the smoking. But to-day our nation is one of the greatest smokers. Tobacco is no longer foreign, but our own.

"Everything is like that. Strange is the custom of each nation!"

I sighed—"Ha, ha . . . ! um . . . m! Very well! I shall start to dance too! I don't object to squeeze and twist these half-dressed girls round every night!"

"No, no, no!" the professor shouted. "I do object you. You wait patiently and follow after the customs which become common to all the nations. Until then you dare not!"

Such was my impression when I was a boy in Japan.

Then I went to San Francisco where I was absolutely secluded from the white people because I was a Japanese. Besides, my extreme poverty would not allow me to think about dancing. What was going on among the society people there? I had no chance to inspect.

But when I came to London and stayed in a lodging-house in Greenwich there were two little John Bullesses in the house. One was eleven, and the other nine. They both told me they were very fond of dancing.

" . . . ?" I glared at them with surprise. "What? You dance?"

"Yes, Mr. Markino, we always dance at our school."

I was far more than surprised, and said to myself, "Such tiny John Bullesses are dancing? And the School allows them to dance?"

Christmas arrived within a few weeks since I came to London.

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One day I saw in the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News* (I forget which) that the Lord Mayor had given a children's Ball at the Mansion House. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" I said, looking at the illustration with curiosity.

The landlord of the house was staring at me above his eye-glasses. He was an old man of about sixty. "Mr. Markino, are you interested with the English dancing? Do you like dancing?"

I said "Yes."

He said, "So with me. I am very fond of dancing."

I philosophied myself—"What? Little kid of nine said she liked dancing, and here an old man of sixty says he likes the dance too!"

I was quite puzzled.

The old landlord seemed as if he had read all my puzzlings. He said, "You see, Mr. Markino, in England everybody likes dancing. Young and old, rich and poor, all are the same."

I put another question on him.

"And with whom do you dance? I suppose with your wife, or some old men?"

He said, "Not quite necessarily!"

"Do you dance with some young ladies?"

"Yes, I am delighted to dance with them!"

I could not utter a single word by my amaze! "What a madly flirting nation they are!" I thought, "it seems to me they flirt until their death!"

Quite lately, say since three or four years ago, I have been fortunately enough to be befriended by some quite aristocratic John Bullesses. One day the topic of our conversation turned about the dance. I asked them "So you are going to dancing to find out your future husbands?"

"Sir!" they scolded me. "How dare you behave yourself so vulgar before us!"

I laughed at myself. It was awfully funny that I myself wanted to put upon them that question, "How dare you behave yourself so vulgar!" And now it was reverse all round the other way, and this question was befallen upon me from their mouth instead. However, they explained to me that Dancing is one of the most refined and graceful arts, and there is no other meaning!

I was much ashamed of myself. All my suspicions like a dark cloud was cleared out, and bright sunlight (or electric light, rather) is shining whenever I see the dancing. Many thanks to my John Bulless friends to convince me at last!

Nowadays I often meet with some of my Japanese friends in

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London. We often talk about the English dancing. As usual and natural to them, the questions spring out whether the dancing is immoral or not. One of them asked me, "Do you agree with the dancing?"

"Yes," I reply. "In England. You may dance with the John Bullesses. But with Japanese women I don't know. It all depends on what state of mind they have! Don't you see those John Bullesses? They are mixed with boys from their early life. They are trained admirably pure and sacred! They are just like the electric wire covered with insulating medium. Perhaps they may have a strong Electricity of the passionate love inside of their heart, but they are quite safe. You shan't feel their electricity by dancing. Their insulating medium is the British patent! You are a merchant, you know too well how safe and sure are all the British patented goods. So with the John Bullesses. They begin their dance no sooner than they can walk, and dance until they die. It is only a beautiful national feast. If we want to dance in our country, first of all we must prepare insulating medium to cover ourselves absolutely well, otherwise the dancing is dangerous, for we might be easily drowned into the silliest infatuation!"

About the duration of the dancing, I don't know whether English custom is good or bad. It seems to me too long altogether. Wouldn't those young John Bullesses and Bulls suffer their health by dancing whole night until the next morning? Perhaps not, if they are perfectly happy. For the happiness is the best medecine for our life. But here I want to say something between West and East. I often hear from some John Bullesses the question on the Japanese theatre, "Don't you think it is too long that the Japanese theatre should go on the plays for the duration of six or eight hours?"

In return to this question I ask the John Bullesses, "Isn't your dance too long? And besides, remember our Japanese theatre opens on the day time, while you dance all night."

You shall have to come to the conclusion of my logic. If the Japanese playgoers feel happy to see the long play, they don't think it is too long as you imagine. Anyhow the English dancing and the Japanese theatre are both too long for myself. Only the thing that I can bear quite happily for more than eight hours is to sleep in bed!

It was a few nights before the last Christmas Eve that my friend H—— took me to the dance at the "Empress's." I was delighted to see many jolly and charming John Bullesses and Bulls together enjoying their gay past-time. But to tell the truth frankly, I was disappointed with one thing. That was

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about the new-fashioned dresses. With the skirts tight up at the bottom. I always call it a mermaid dress. Well, I do not always oppose against this mermaid dress. It is very nice to see one in this dress from front. Indeed, it is very pretty to see tiny shoes peeping out from very tight and small bottom of the skirt. The back view is not absolutely bad, and the side view is rather too stiff. It is not quite ugly when they are sitting. But about dancing, I dislike it. Some John Bulless told me it was rather difficult to dance in a mermaid dress, while another said, it was more comfortable than a full skirt for dancing. Of course, I don't know anything about dancing. But while you are dancing you don't see how yourself looks ! And I must say, do just what you like best and enjoy yourselves. I am only talking as a by-standing observer. A few years ago I saw an illustration of the King's *Levée* in some weakly paper. All the ladies of the court wore the full skirt, and the picture showed their beautiful twist. To my eyes nothing could be more graceful than those ladies' movements in the dance. I was anticipating to see that grace at the Empress's the other evening. That was why I was desperately disappointed. Those John Bullesses in the mermaid skirts were just like wet mice when they danced. Sometimes when a small lady danced with a tall man, she looked like a wet cloth stuck on a stick after the flood is over. I stayed there about a few minutes and bid good-bye to my friend H—— because I found nothing much to make a graceful picture.

Now about the fashions, my worshipful John Bullesses, why do you always mock after the French fashions ? Of course the French women are most wonderful about their taste, and I always admire them in the fashion of their own designs. They know perfectly well what dresses suit them best. But surely their designs don't suit every John Bulless. (I must admit some John Bullesses dress up the French fashion wonderfully well.) First of all their figures are different. Talking generally, the French women have higher shoulders. Their chests are pushed forward like pigeons, and their hips go back. In one word their appearance is very feminine. Perhaps their spirits are very feminine too. On the other hand, you John Bulless have gracefully long necks, and your shoulders are much sloping down. You are more like those Greek goddesses. And your spirits are not at all so feminine as the French. You are much interested in literature, science, and art or even eager on the high Political question. You are so pure and sacred. Then why don't you create some graceful dresses especially for yourselves to show your own dignity ? I frankly tell you, too much feminine fashions

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don't suit you at all. You look rather vulgar, which is not your nature at all.

Once Confucius had a walk with his few scholars. A farmer boy was singing thus—"When the water of this streamlet is clean, I wash my face in it. When the water of this streamlet is muddy, I wash my feet in it!"

Confucius said to his scholars, "My children, do you hear what that boy is singing! If the water is clean he will wash his face and if it is muddy, he will wash his feet. It is not only the water, but we, the human beings, are all the same. According to our conditions, the people would come to us in a different way." I think it is so with your dresses. To keep your own dignity, you need to think much how to dress yourselves, surely your dresses do some effect on your own mind too!

Here may I say a few words about another kind of dancing? It is the Ballet. I am extremely fond of them. I go to the Empire or the Alhambra as often as I can. It is not too exaggerating to say that the Ballet is one of the elements which attract me to live in London.

Many of those lower middle class people are shocked at me. They exclaim at me, "What? You have been at the Empire or Alhambra to-night?" They shudder their shoulders. They tremble at me.

This I don't understand at all. I sincerely think the ballet dancing is one of the greatest arts. Mr. Wilhelm the designer of the Empire Ballet is a great friend of mine. He is one of the most sincere and serious men I have ever met, and I appreciate the Empire ballet still more since I know him. He takes a great trouble and care to produce a ballet, which shows his utmost fine art.

Why then those lower middle class people deny this beautiful and graceful art? Those who shudder their shoulders for the Empire or Alhambra often go to some suburban music Halls. Once or twice I went to one of them. That time I was really disgusted. Some singers sang most vulgar and immoral songs. The parents and their children could not listen to those songs together, if they have ethical sense enough. To me, the Ballet is golden cloud while those songs are dirty mud. And I am absolutely incomprehensible about those lower middle class people!

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Aunt Eleanor

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

THERE are no aunts to-day like my Aunt Eleanor. Either the world is no more fitted for them, or else they are not fitted to the world; but none of them remain.

Scotland and Yorkshire strove together in her blood, making a compound, whimsical and strange, kind and ungracious, foolish and yet endowed with a shrewd common sense, which kept her safe, during the lengthened period of her life, from all the larger follies, whilst still permitting her to give full run to minor eccentricities, both in speech, deed and dress.

Tall, thin, and willowy, and with a skin like parchment, which gave her face, when worked upon by a slight rictus in the nose she suffered from, a look, as if a horse about to kick; she had an air, when you first saw her, almost disquieting, it was so different to anything, or anybody that you had ever met.

She never seemed to age, although no doubt time did not stop the clock for her during the thirty years she was a landmark in my life. Perhaps it was her glossy, dark brown hair, which, parted in the middle and kept in place by a thin band of velvet, never was tinged with grey, not even in extreme old age, that made her ever young.

Perhaps it was her clothes, which for those five-and-thirty years (I cannot swear it was not forty) were invariable, that made her never change.

Her uniform, for so I styled it, it was so steadfast, was, in the winter, a black silk, sprigged, as she would have said herself, with little trees, and in the summer, on fine days, a lilac poplin, which she called "laylock," surmounted by a Rampore Chudda immaculately white.

Her cap was generally adorned with cherry-coloured ribbons. Perched on her head, as if it were a crown, moral and physical, of virginity, it used to have a strange attraction for me when it trembled, now and then, making the ribbons shake, as she reproved a servant, or signified her disapproval of some necessary change. The youngest of a large family, whose

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members all were cleverer than she, until death set her free by taking off her sisters, she had been held a fool. Not that the imputation ever stopped her for a moment from having her own way; but only laid her open to the comments of the other members of the family, which she accepted, just as a shepherd or a sailor always accepts bad weather, without a murmur, and with a sense as of superiority to fate.

In all her sisters the Scottish strain prevailed. They spoke, not in broad Scots, but with the intonation that sounds like the whine a bagpipe gives when the player, after a pibroch, or a lament, allows the bag to empty slowly of the wind. Their mental attitude was that which their stern Scottish faith gave to its votaries. Even in Scotland it is now unknown, leaving the world the poorer by the extinction of a type of mind so much at home with the divinity, that it could venture freely to admonish him if he fell short in any of his deeds, from the full standard of perfection raised by his worshippers. So did an ancient Scottish lady on being told, during the course of a dispute on "Sabbath recreation," that the Lord walked in the fields and ate the ears of corn, not hesitate to say, "I ken that weel, and dinna think the mair of Him for that."

Aunt Eleanor was of another leaven, for in her composition the Yorkshire blood had overpowered the Scotch. Reared in the lowest section of the English Church, she used to go occasionally into a Methodist or Baptist Chapel, alleging that she had no terror of dissent, although it may have been she looked on the adventure as in the light of dissipation, just as an Arab, now and then, might eat a piece of pork, being convinced his faith was steadfast, but wishing, as it were, to taste the wickedness of sin, to make it manifest.

In the same way, her caprice satisfied, Aunt Eleanor returned again to church, but always used to treat the institution as if it were a sort of appanage belonging to the county families. She used to send and ask the clergyman to tell the organist not to pull out the Vox Humana stop, which she alleged made her feel ill, and never to allow his instrument to groan at her as she came into church.

On ritual she was a bar of iron, not liking what she called "highflyers," and stating roundly that for her part she would not mind if the "man" stood up to preach in his shirt-sleeves, as long as they were clean.

These were, as far as I remember, all the religious difficulties Aunt Eleanor had to contend with, for in the practice of her creed she was as upright, kind and charitable a Christian as ever I

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have met. Not that her faith softened a certain harshness in her mind, that made her singularly harsh to all the failings of her sex in matters sexual.

On those of men, she looked on much more leniently, holding that women always were the tempters, and that no girl had ever gone astray except by her own fault.

Once, and once only, did she almost have the chance to put her doctrines into practice, but then the issue was confused, so that it never was cleared up, whether my aunt was better than her creed, or if she held her Scoto-Yorkshire faith in its entirety. A celebrated lady horse-breaker, of perhaps easy virtue, having come into the street in which she lived, my aunt, to the blank consternation of her friends, prepared to strike up an acquaintanceship, and when remonstrated with, observed: "She may be all you say, my dear, but what a seat she has, and hands like air; she must have learned in a good school, she rides so quietly."

As fortune willed it, the acquaintanceship was never formed, but had it been, my aunt, I fancy, would have discoursed on snaffles and on curbs, and on that symbol of all equitation, the sacred lipstrap, with as much gusto as she used to do with other of her friends. Strange as it may appear, although a semi-invalid from her birth up, a martyr as she was to violent sick headaches, which in those days were the equivalent of "nerves," she always used to ride.

She and her brother were both born horsemen, riding to hounds, and jealous to a fault. No woman, in my aunt's eyes, could ever ride, that is to say, up to her standard. Either their hands were bad, or else their seats were loose, or if both hands and seats were good, they had no nerve, or as a last resort, rode to attract attention. "You know," she used to say, "Miss Featherstone never was known to jump a fence, unless a man was looking at her. If there was but a butcher's boy she would have risked her neck, although, in that long run, the one I told you of, when we met at the Rising Sun upon Edge Hill, and finished somewhere down in Gloucestershire, she never took a fence, and then came up just as we killed, with several officers, all galloping like tailors on the road."

I hear her now, talking about her celebrated mare, "The Little Wonder," which she declared she never touched with a whip in all her life, but once, and never with the spur. This happened at a fence, at which the mare had swerved; but when she felt the whip, she put her back up and entirely refused. A Frenchman who was following my aunt, passed her,

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and took his hat off, saying as he passed, "Thank you for whip' your mare. I have followed you a month, but never pass you till to-day." My aunt never related this, but tears rose in her eyes: whether at her own cruelty or at the Frenchman having passed her, I never could make out.

Horses and hunting were the chief themes of conversation with my aunt, and as she did not care the least for any one's opinion but her own, her talk ran usually into a monologue, in which she set her theories out, as to which rein should go under which finger, and how good hands consisted in the wrist. "It is all done with a turn of the wrist, my dear, and not by butchering," a theory sound in itself and one which many would be wise to follow, if they had aunts as competent as mine to teach them the right way. Years only added to my aunt's eccentricity, and as she lived in times when gentlewomen enjoyed ill-health, no one was much astonished, when one day she definitely took to a couch, laid in the drawing-room window, from which she could survey the road and watch the people going to the meet.

For years she lay there, only getting up on Sunday to go to church, which she did, either in a bath-chair, or else in Jackson's fly, for she averred that only Jackson in the whole town of Leamington could drive. The other flymen started with a jerk, or sawed their horses' mouths in a way that set my aunt's nerves tingling, and used to make her open the window and expostulate in a high, quavering key. Even the trusted Jackson had to submit to adverse criticism now and then, both of his driving and of his horse's legs.

It used to be a curious sight to see the semi-invalid, leaning upon her maid, dressed in her invariable black, sprigged silk gown—she would have fainted to have heard it called a dress—a curtain bonnet on her head, a parasol ringed with small flounces, and jointed in the middle, in her hand, walk down the steps of her front door and stand before the fly.

Turning towards her maid, she used to say, "Baker, lend me your arm a moment," and then advancing with the half valetudinarian, half sporting air that she affected, open the horse's mouth.

"Well, Jackson," she would say, "you have got a young one there. I think he would make a better hunter than some of those I see trotting down to the meet. They breed them far too long-backed nowadays, not like the well-ribbed-up, short-legged, well-coupled-up ones that I remember when I hunted as a girl with the Fitzwilliam hounds."

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Jackson would touch his hat, and answer, "You know a 'orse, Miss, and this one, he is a 'orse, he ought by rights to be a gentleman's."

Then with an admonition as to not starting with a jerk, my aunt would get into the fly, Baker having first put in a coonskin cushion with the head on, made in the fashion of a pillow-case.

Into it, when my aunt had put her feet, arranged her shawl and her belongings carefully about her, just as if she was going on a journey in the wilds, the fly rolled off upon its way, with my aunt looking out now and then to criticise the driver and the horse. After having lain upon her couch ten years or so, one day she suddenly got up. The ensuing week she went out hunting, dressed in her long Victorian habit, tall hat and veil, and with a boa round her neck. She hunted on, riding much harder than most members of the hunt, but in a modest and retiring way, and followed by her groom. He, a staid lad, who had been brought up with Lord Fitzwilliam as an understrapper in the hunt stables, always used to say: "Them as rides with my lady 'as to know 'ow to ride; but then, I passed my youth with Lord Fitzwilliam. They was a serious family, all rode to 'ounds, and all of 'em rode blood 'orses, from the old lord down to the little gals."

My aunt continued riding to extreme old age, and then went to the meets driven in a fly, of course, by some one she could put her trust in, though Jackson long had passed away, to drive perhaps in some peculiar limbo, where the shades of Captain Barclay, old Squire Osbaldiston, and Sir Tatton Sykes drove shadowy chariots, dressed in their "down the road" coats, with a coach and horses on the big pearl buttons, just as they had appeared in life, all with straws in the corners of their mouths, and with that air of supernatural knowledge of the horse which they all had on earth

My aunt, I fancy, could she have chosen for herself, would have gone to some heaven, half stable and half country house, with just a sprinkling of low-church divines flying about in black Geneva gowns and white lawn bands, to give an air of having been redeemed, to the select, but rather scanty, inmates of the place.

Poor lady, all her life was one long tutelage, till her last sister died. Then when she had peeped below the blinds, to satisfy herself that the hearse horses all were sound, and none wore housings, a thing that she detested, saying she could not bear to see a horse in petticoats, she found herself quite free.

After the fashion of the times, she did not go herself to see her sister buried, but sat at home and read the Burial Service,

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although a member of the family averred on his return he caught her dozing with the Church Service closed upon her lap, and Market Harboro' in her hand. Years passed, and she became a kindly tyrant in her old age, making her young relations happy and terrified by her ungracious kindness to them all.

Lastly, in a bath-chair, she used to have herself dragged up and down the Holly Walk or the Parade, criticising horses and riders most relentlessly, and now and then making the chairman stop before the shops where pictures were for sale, and after looking at them most intently, usually saying, " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," a piece of criticism which she thought final, as applied to art in all its branches, even to photographs.

She died as she had lived, after arranging her own funeral with the undertaker, and enjoining on him to be sure that the hearse was not started with a jerk.

He left her presence snorting a little in a bandanna pocket-handkerchief. remarking: " Well, I never saw such a lady in my life, a plucked one to be sure, I'll bet a suvering."

My aunt rests quietly under some elm trees in Old Milverton churchyard.

Many old Scottish ladies lie round about the grave where my aunt sleeps under a granite slab now stained a little with the weather, imparting to the churchyard a familiar air, as of the tea-parties that she once used to give, when they all sat together, just as they now lie closely in the ground, to keep each other warm.

The rooks caw overhead, and when the hounds pass on a bright November morning, perhaps she hears them, for heaven would be to her but a dull dwelling-place, if it contained no horses and no hounds.

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A Prefatory Letter on Reading the Bible for the First Time

By George Moore

My dear Meyerfeld,—Your letter is before me, telling that a friend, an able critic, has warned you against complying with my suggestion that you should write a prefatory letter to your translation of *The Apostle*, a scenario for a drama which I hope one day to write. He thinks that the literary press would resent a prefatory note by anybody except the original author. He may be right, he may be wrong; in any case your letter leaves me in no doubt that you are in full agreement with him, and will not write the introduction. But you are anxious that I should write it, and on looking into your letter again I see that you ask me to tell how I came to think of the meeting between Christ and Paul in an Essene monastery, twenty-five years after the Crucifixion. To answer this question fully I should have to write out the story of my life since I came to live in Ireland, and ten years of a man's life would fill several hundred pages. A single fact is often more illuminating than many pages of analysis, and perhaps all I need tell is that the Boer War brought me back to my own country, about which I knew very little, not having lived there since a child, and only having seen it at rare intervals, none longer than three months. Ireland and I were hostile to each other always, but our common dislike of the Boer War reconciled us—only in a measure, for Ireland stood apart, a little averse, whereas I was as greedy for Ireland as a child is for jam. For about two years every Irish aspect and every Irish aspiration were deemed perfection by me, and my admiration of my own country did not pause until the truth began to break that Ireland was ruled by ecclesiastics. At the end of about two years I had to acknowledge Ireland to be as incapable of independent thought as Thibet. I muttered "a sort of Western Thibet," and my eyes, opened at last, began to see how rapidly the convent that my windows overlooked was absorbing the neighbourhood. Since I had come

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to Dublin it had swallowed up several houses and gardens. "Stephen's Green will soon be all convent," I said, and one day in an afternoon walk I counted eight monastic establishments in one small district in south Dublin. A few days afterwards while walking to a business appointment in the city, ecclesiastics confronted me everywhere; seminarists going along two and two, three and three, a black queue reaching across Dublin—healthy young men, all of them, taken away from the plough, and given for wear admirable broadcloth and finely stitched boots. And the full-blown priests flaunted past me in such numbers that I began to count them—rosy-cheeked, pompous men, advertising religion along the pavement, with gold chains hung across their paunches and silk hats tipped over their benign brows. A little while afterwards my observation sharpened, and I began to notice that they were always on the watch for admirers, that the poor workman's salute was only just acknowledged, and that none dared to beg from them. It is wonderful to see how the half-naked children, that infest the Dublin streets, slink away before the priest; never a penny is demanded from him as he strides arrogantly past, and I often wondered how this was until I saw an old woman bowing and curtseying to a priest, and when she had finished her salutations she came to me asking for a penny.

"But why, my good woman, do you not ask the holy man for one?"

"If I asked him, it's the police he'd be giving me."

It happened to me to journey down west, and all the way across Ireland I saw great cathedrals, comfortable presbyteries and huge convents, and as the material prosperity of the Irish priests began to engage my attention the newspapers began to inform me that the Church had discovered a mine of wealth in the death-bed. Every month our newspapers tell a tale of contested wills, of ecclesiastics brought into court by the relations that the dead man had left destitute, of priests denouncing parishioners that had not paid for masses that had been ordered, and every week the post brings a price-list of prayers from some monastery.

If an Irish Luther does not arise it is because no one is interested in religious questions in Ireland. I have never heard of a new religious sect arising spontaneously in Ireland; small parties of English dissidents have crept in; the Methodists, I believe, are doing fairly well; but Catholic Ireland remains an inert mass of ancient superstitions, as the Bishops themselves confessed, when the Pope wrote to ask them what steps they were taking against the Modernist heresy. "We are taking

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none," they answered, " for there is no heresy in Ireland." And where there is no heresy there can be only submission to ecclesiastics, a poor substitute for religion. Ireland is essentially an unreligious country, and that is perhaps why I have always felt like a stranger in it. My country resents my religious enthusiasm, preferring acquiescence—that of my family: it became Catholic three generations ago for pecuniary reasons, and has remained so ever since, subscribing money to foreign missions and founding monasteries. A detestable family mine is, from a religious point of view, myself the only heretic in it, but such a natural one that I compensate, in a measure, for the spiritual apathy of the rest. While still a schoolboy I discovered myself to be a Protestant, and declared my religious convictions to my parents, who, though they did not oppose my claim to the faith of my ancestors, did not help me to attain it. No Bible was ever put into my hands, and I might have lived all my life with only a hearsay knowledge of the Book if the Boer War had not sent me into a Catholic country.

As I dip the pen in the ink to tell my first appreciations of Genesis, it strikes me that it would be well to warn you that I was not sent to the Bible by a mere access of religious curiosity. Our Bible was translated into English when the language was at its height, about one hundred years after Luther finished your translation, which must, therefore, be more archaic. I approached the Bible in a two-fold spirit, as a man of letters and as one interested in religious problems. I have put the man of letters in front of the Biblical critic because Genesis appealed to me almost entirely as a quaint and curious collection of folk-tales. My literary appetency was excited as the ear of a musician might be by a collection of plain-chant tunes. In the Bible stories we get the anecdote and no more, without descriptions of scenery or analysis of character. The ancient story-teller did not know of these arts; he relied entirely on the treble clef, but so characteristic are his melodies that we live in tents, flocks and herds before our eyes, the taste of goat's milk and rennet always upon our palates, never far away from the rocky solitudes of Mount Sinai. An austere life of little pleasure and with a great solicitude for the generations. Rachel gives Bilhah, her maid, to Jacob in grief for her barrenness, and when Jacob's first wife, Leah (Rachel's sister), ceases to bear children she imitates her sister's example, and gives Jacob her hand-maid, Zilpah, who bears Jacob a son, and afterwards another son. Leah bears again, and finally the Lord opens the womb of Rachel, and she begins child-bearing after many sterile years:

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an ethical system sprung out of the necessities of tribal life in the desert and, I repeat, with little pleasure in it, so that the Puritan may be reconciled to patriarchal morals. Pleasure does not appear in the life of the Hebrews until they come out of Egypt and settle in the Land of Canaan and build Jerusalem. In Samuel we read how David was captured by the sweetness of Bathsheba's legs while bathing, and in Chronicles how the Queen of Sheba came to Solomon "to prove him with hard questions." There is some hesitancy and circumlocution in the narrative of the old chronicler, and this is strange; but the object of the Queen's visit, nevertheless, transpires, and King Solomon gives "unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty."

And all these stories did I read with eagerness and interest as many another man hath done; also the story of Esther. After it the story of Job seemed to me to have been in the beginning a crude folk-tale which various rhetoricians have striven to lift into tragedy; not by developing the human motive of purification by suffering as Tourguenieff would have done, but by over-laying it with rhetoric. If I venture to criticise a story that all the world admires it is because it seems to me that the Hebrew rhetorician appears for the first time in Job; he hardly ever wins my sympathy, but I recognise him as a man of disordered genius who screams out everything that comes into his head, caring not at all for composition, or even for sequence in his phrases; his intention is to coerce and to frighten, and if now and then he blasts out a striking phrase it is peradventure. And they that rewrote the Book of Job also wrote the Psalms. The method and the intention are the same—to coerce and to frighten. It is true that occasionally the Psalmist desired to sing something, but he never seems to have made up his mind clearly as to what he wanted to sing. He seems to have always preferred the roar of his heart's disquiet to composition, and it often happened to me to lay my Bible aside so that I might wonder more easily why the ordinary reader should like this literature better than any other. The ordinary reader demands some sort of sequence, and is not very liable to be taken by the beauty of a phrase. Nor can it be averred that an occasional beautiful phrase makes good literature. A gipsy following his mood on his fiddle may hit on a fine phrase, but he is not a great musician for that. My quarrel with all this literature is the absence of piano passages.

But the disquiet of the Psalmist is not difficult to understand. He lives in terror of a God, a jealous, revengeful God, always

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ready to destroy, a God that gave "His people also unto the sword and was wroth with his inheritance." The fire, we are told, "consumed their young men, and their maidens were not given to marriage; their priests fell by the sword, and their widows made no lamentation." And when all this was done, "The Lord waked as one out of sleep, and like a giant refreshed with wine he smote his enemies in the hinder parts and put them to a perpetual shame."

After Proverbs comes Ecclesiastes—a beautiful agnostic work in which God, for the first time in the Bible, seems to get the worst of it; he recedes into the background; over him, too, a fate seems to hang, and were it not for this book it might well have been that I had not continued the Bible into Isaiah. And for all the profit I have gotten out of this prophet he might have been passed over. Almost at once did I begin to read that "the day of the Lord cometh to lay the land desolate and to destroy sinners out of it, that the stars of Heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give light, and that the earth shall be removed out of her place in the wrath of the Lord of Hosts, and be chased as a roe, and as a sheep that no man taketh up;" and that every one that is found "shall be thrust through, and every one that is joined unto them shall fall by the sword, that their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes, their houses shall be spoiled, and their wives ravished." Isaiah, like the Psalmist, always speaks at the top of his voice, "Moab shall howl for Moab; every one shall howl." "Pass ye over to Tarshish; howl ye inhabitants of the isle." And he continues to howl without a single piano passage, until his howl is taken up by Jeremiah, whose howls are shriller than any in literature. He howls in and out of season, until at last he is thrown into a well, and I confess that I despaired when he was drawn out of it, for I knew that he would continue his lamentations as before . . . and he did.

There are such beautiful things in Hebrew literature that it seems a pity we should not try to discriminate, and there is no excuse for not doing so, for Luther showed us the way when he said that the Book of Amos was not as worthy of our respect as many other parts of the Bible, and I was grateful to him for this criticism while glancing through the minor prophets; a scurrilous lot they seem to be, with very little literary ability amongst them; and yet one would not wish them out of the canon. They enforce the idea that made the Bible alone, among Oriental books, acceptable to Europeans. All the prophets, the greater and the lesser, are moralists; vulgar, uncouth if you will, but

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moralists in a sense that the Greeks were never; and the commercial idea of Western Europe needed an explicit code. The Bible and commerce go hand in hand, among Protestants as well as among Jews, and wherever the Catholic Church has become dominant and set itself above the Bible, and abolished the Bible, the industrial and commercial civilisation has decayed (Belgium excepted).

On finishing the Old Testament, before beginning the New, the reader stands, if I may borrow a simile from Keats' sonnet on reading Chapman's Homer, like a traveller on a peak in Darien, an ocean on either hand; oceans of storm and peace difficult to reconcile.

It is not possible that anybody in these islands could bring a virgin mind to the Bible, least of all to the Gospels, and my intellectual virginity was, after all, only relative. I had heard that everybody was agreed that the Gospel of John was merely an ecclesiastical work written about two centuries after the death of Christ; and I had heard that Luke was the man of letters; and having perforce to begin with one it seemed to me that I might as well begin with Luke as with another. I think I was disappointed almost from the first. A great weariness certainly overtook me about the middle of his narrative, and King Solomon's saying that "There is no end to the making of books" came up in my mind, and I said to myself, "A polished, lifeless narrative written by a skilful man of letters, sleek as Maeterlinck;" for Maeterlinck is a very skilful and elaborate writer that knows how to burnish his prose, so that it shall seem like poetry to the ignorant. And what I miss in the Belgian I miss also in Luke—the essential. In Luke's narrative Christ seems a lifeless, waxen figure daintily curled with tinted cheeks, uttering pretty commonplaces gathered from *The Treasure of the Lowly* as he goes by. The Gospel of Matthew I liked a great deal better; Christ attains to some reality in it, despite a certain retouching of the text. "A canvas that has passed," I said, "through the hands of the restorer." The verses in which Christ gives Peter the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven saying, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven," are easily recognised by the critical mind as ecclesiastical paint. Remembering that I had heard somewhere, "Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained," I turned up the passage in John, and could not help smiling at the

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deftness with which the ecclesiastical reviser had improved upon his predecessor, and the thought popped up that, while inditing this emendation, the writer of the fourth Gospel had had his eye on my poor country, for in Ireland Purgatory yields richer dividends than any other commercial enterprise, whether brewery or distillery.

It was not until I turned to the Gospel of Mark that I caught a glimpse of the real Christ, the magnificent young heretic that came up from Galilee to overthrow the priests in Jerusalem. How far the story told by Mark is true in fact we shall never know, but it is certain that it is true upon paper. That excellent chronicler wrote with his eyes on the scenes he describes, though he may not have been an eye-witness to them; and his narrative reveals the same qualities that we admire in Maupassant. He is as concise, as explicit and as objective. I doubt if a story was ever better told; we get the legend (a legend is any story that has been passed from mouth to mouth, therefore a legend may be created in six days as well as in sixty years) in Mark in its folk simplicity, as it was related some sixty years after the Crucifixion. An admirable narrative without ecclesiastical introduction, the story beginning as the Frenchman would have begun it: John baptizing a great multitude in the Jordan, Jesus coming to him for Baptism, which he receives, forthwith retiring into the desert, and coming out of it forty days after to preach in Galilee. The narrative is strict throughout and it seems to me the one Gospel of any historical value. The Gospel of John is admitted by everybody to be a mere ecclesiastical work, written somewhere at the end of the ecsond century. It is not until we get to the Acts that we pass from legend into history—a marvellous narrative attributed to Luke, who, in my opinion, could not have written it; Mark was the one among the three who could. . . . If this prefatory note should fall into the hands of any of your learned German critics I will ask him to smile indulgently at the criticism of a man of letters who reads the Bible for the first time, and who, through no fault of his own, has been committed to record his impressions. But why should the fear of writing something silly or commonplace stay my pen? Who amongst us has not written something silly or commonplace? And who amongst us dares to say that he will never write another? So, fortified by the example of my predecessors and contemporaries, I confess that on reading the Acts for the first time my ear was caught by a new voice, and it sounded so clearly out of the words that I could not doubt that Paul was speaking in person. It were impossible for any one

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to catch Paul's accent so completely. Paul is himself, and nothing but himself, when he decides to go to Jerusalem for the last time, and bids good-bye to his disciples and friends at Ephesus. I had not read the Epistles when I came to the conclusion that every word, from the 18th to the 35th verse of the 20th Chapter, was no mere report, but Paul himself speaking. How Paul came to speak in person in the Acts is a matter for the critics to determine, but I am certain that Paul wrote these verses; and if these verses are admitted to be an extract from Paul's own writings, it follows that a very considerable portion of the Acts must have been written by Paul himself.

A very wonderful figure he is in the Acts, receiving the idea of his mission on the road to Damascus. Some attribute the manifestation of God in the heavens to the effect of sunstroke; there are always prosaic people in the world, ready to attribute everything to a natural cause; Don Quixote's revelation was attributed by his niece and his housewife and by the priest to a weakening in the Don's brain, aggravated by reading books on chivalry, and thought to cure him of his folly by the burning of the books; and Peter, without doubt, looked upon Paul as a very exaggerated person, but not having Sancho's faith and having received no promise of an island he remained behind, which is not to be regretted, for if he had followed Paul the Inquisition in Spain would not have allowed the publication of Don Quixote. The two stories differ, inasmuch as Paul set out without an esquire, tramping over Asia Minor very often alone; sometimes with a disciple—Barnabas, Titus, Silas, or Timothy, preaching his Gospel of the Resurrection everywhere. And such a tale of adventure as Paul's the world had never heard before, such healings of the sick, such miracles; nor must we forget that the narrative is beset with humorous adventures: such as the casting out of a spirit from the body of a girl of great value to her masters on account of her sooth-saying. For this he received blows and was cast into prison, and his feet made fast in the stocks. At Lystra he was stoned; he received as many buffetings as Don Quixote, but these failed to subdue Paul, just as they failed to subdue the unabashed knight of La Mancha fifteen hundred years afterwards.

The stories were written in a different spirit, but in essentials they are the same; both are men of energy, courage and attachment to an idea, and both inspire the same love in us, as is natural, for we love them for the same qualities. And in my walks Paul rises up before my eyes as clearly as the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, though no word depicting his personal

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appearance is given: a man of medium height, about five feet eight or nine, a round head covered with dark curly hair, a short neck, square shoulders, a long body, thick legs, with some belly under his girdle. His large luminous eyes often look into mine, and sometimes he appears with his shirt open, and there is a great shock of curled hair between his breasts, and his reddish hand goes there and he scratches as he talks; sometimes he pulls at his scanty beard petulantly. It is said that Paul stuttered, but he never stutters when he speaks to me. I say "when he speaks," but it would be more correct to say when he sēems to speak, for if he spoke I should know whether he spoke to me in Greek or in English. He often seems as if about to speak, and sometimes I hear, or think I hear, but no syllables are sufficiently articulated for me to say what language he uses. When I read the Acts in the evening I do not see him so clearly as I do in my walks, yet when I lay down the book to meditate a presence seems to move among the shadows in the room beyond my dining-room.

We are now on the threshold of the Epistles, but before proceeding into them it will be well to look back, for we have come a long way. On opening the Bible we pass into a region of stories—desert stories, very beautiful folk-lore, known to the whole western world and admired by everybody; the story of Joseph and the story of Samson . . . but why enumerate? We pass into the zone of the Psalmists and the Prophets, where we find many beautiful phrases scattered through much that is incoherent and outrageous, and leaving the screaming multitude behind us we go on until we come to the calm and benedictive legends of the New Testament. We are now upon the confines of humanity, and follow a beautiful and interesting figure through time's shadows and ecclesiastical varnishings, sometimes losing sight of him altogether in thick repaintings. As was said just now the Acts carry us out of legend into history, and in the Acts we meet for the first time a real man living the life of the flesh and of the world. In the Acts we know this man in the circumstance of his life, and as well as we know Don Quixote's, and on opening the Epistles we meet him in all the fervour of his intellect and in all the caprices of his mind. Don Quixote remains to the end an extraordinarily vivid, but a somewhat superficial, hero. Nature outdoes art; she gives us in Paul the pure hero in the habit of his life, and in that of his intellect, and both are equally interesting and explicit. In this man's epistles we follow his mind sentence by sentence, in every devious circumlocution, understanding him for a while and then losing the thread of his discourse as a

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man loses himself, growing confused, though all he wishes to say is in his heart. From superabundance of energy and desire of expression he fails to express himself. We get at Christianity for the first time in the Epistle to the Romans, the Pauline doctrine that Christ redeemed us from the law, and that it is in ourselves we must seek salvation and not in ritual. Peter, who was no more than a pious Jew, could never understand Paul, and so in these two men Catholicism and Protestantism began together.

The Epistles of Paul are to me the most natural literature in the world, in none other do we hear the voice of a man so clearly; the breath of the speaker is on our faces, and we catch sight of his eyes bent upon us. He is so human that he can even make theology interesting, and passing out of theology he talks to us about the very things we are debating to-day, what the newspapers call sex problems. It would seem to me that the sexes themselves have settled these problems long ago, but other men think differently, and talk incessantly on these subjects; —none as well as Paul in the Epistles. He starts on these interesting topics in the Epistle to the Romans, chapter seven, and being an early Christian he sets the virgin state above the married; but it is better to marry, he says, than to yearn. That is what is so fine in Paul, he always knew how to come to terms with life; and he lives as intensely in his flesh as in his theology. A confession of sex is always winning; we never know any one until he or she confesses his or her sex to us, and Paul confesses his in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, but not because he wished to reveal himself for artistic purpose. Paul knew nothing of art except that which he wrote. He says, "Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations there was given to me a thorn in my flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me, and he said unto me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

It may be doubted whether Paul always succeeded in subduing these infirmities of the flesh, but we would not love him less, even if we knew that he had loved St. Eunice not wisely but too well. He loved humanity more than any other man; even the most obtuse reader cannot have failed to notice how winningly he desires at the end of every epistle to be remembered to his disciples and converts, the members of the churches he has

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founded. The churches he founded were often no more than a single family, perhaps one in a family was enough, and so he knew all his converts. The names of women occur frequently in the Epistles, and it is a refreshment to read of Julia, Priscilla, Phebe, Aquila, and the rest. He was beloved by women, as such a man would be, and many of them would have been glad to place their wealth at his disposal, but Paul only took money once, preferring to gain his living by the exercise of his trade.

But deeper even than the sex mystery is the mystery of Being; we all ask some time if there is divinity and if we are related to the divine, no matter however remotely. This thought is more intense in us than any other thought, and everybody who has tried to write at all has tried to find utterance for it. The Psalmist often succeeds in expressing how transitory and how futile is the life of man, but it seems to me that Paul gets a little beyond our earthly life. He sometimes flashes across his page perceptions that elude the words of every other writer, and so we see Paul in that mystical envelope in which every man lives his life. These moments come into the writings of Paul as they come into life itself, suddenly, unexpectedly amid the doctrine that he preaches, a doctrine as real to him as the clothes he wears, as the food he eats; but there is something behind the doctrine, something personal to himself, a noble pantheism, a sense of deity and his relation to it. He relied on the doctrine of the resurrection to make converts, but behind the resurrection was he great pantheism of the East from which he could not escape being eastern, if any man may escape it, whether he comes from the west or the east. "And they glorified God in me." (Galatians I, xxiv.) And then again in the second chapter, 20th verse, the natural pantheism of the man finds still more explicit expression, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who liveth in me and gave himself for me. I did not frustrate the grace of God, for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ has died in vain."

On the subject of Paul my pen could scratch on for ever, and if I pause it is to wonder if Paul has ever been seen by any man as clearly as he has been by me. A man of such original character as Paul, and who accomplished a work so extraordinary as the interpretation and foundation of Christianity must have inspired a thousand writers, and everything has been said without doubt; only, I don't know it. At most my knowledge of what the world thinks of Paul's art has been picked up from

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professors who have told me that his Greek is so bad that it is impossible for them to discuss him as a writer. But this seems to me like putting the means before the result. "Why quarrel," I asked a professor; "with the means by which the most astonishing results in literature have been attained? Paul is as real as Hamlet, as Don Quixote, as Falstaff, yea, even as Jean Jacques Rousseau, who wrote hundreds of pages for the purpose of giving us a man in all his vices and imperfections." Yet my professors tell me that Paul's literature is unworthy discussion because he did not write in the Attic idiom.

Among other friends, more literary and theological, I have heard it mentioned as strange that Paul should speak so little of his travels in the Epistles, and this criticism I have never been able to understand except as a pretext for questioning the authenticity of the three great Epistles and for throwing them over like the others. Paul did not introduce into his Epistles any account of his wanderings, because he was addressing his friends on subjects nearer to his heart, and because he had some sense of literary decorum, though he was not a professional man of letters. A more pregnant criticism is one which I fancy must have been made many times before I make it to-day; it is that Paul never seems to have thought it worth while to quote any of the beautiful sayings attributed to Christ, and to this criticism I have never heard a satisfactory reply. An ecclesiastic once answered me that the reason Paul did not quote Christ's words was that they were known to the people he went among. Christ's words could not have been known among the Gentiles and the people among whom Paul travelled as well as they are known in the Christian world to-day, yet we never cease from quoting them.

We are now in the heart of the mystery. How was it that Paul never spoke of these sayings and seems to have known nothing of the life of Christ but three things; he mentions again and again that Christ was crucified and rose from the dead, and once he tells that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks He broke it and said, "Take, eat; this is my body which is broken for you, this do in remembrance of Me." And somewhere else I think Paul says, "He was betrayed in a garden." If I do not remember the Epistle in which the verse occurs—if it occurs—I remember very well how it startled me, and how I felt myself obliged to lay the book aside and go out to talk with somebody about Paul.

There are not many in Dublin interested in independent discussion; there are Catholic and Protestant divines, but their

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ideas are stereotyped, and it was not to them I went, but to the National Library. There I should find a man of letters, John Eglinton, who is always interested in religious and literary questions, and knows how to listen. But in the midst of my criticisms and valiant guessings his face betrayed a certain inattention, and I asked him of what he was thinking. He answered that he had just been looking into a book which had come into the library, I think he said that very afternoon, a French work, the views of a certain doctor on the Crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. From the account we get of it in the Gospel narratives the doctor was inclined to think that it was some cataleptic swoon that Christ had suffered, and not death on the Cross. If this were so, his apparition in the garden to Mary Magdalene could be explained more or less satisfactorily, and his subsequent apparitions.

The idea was not new to me that Christ had not died on the cross; a very old legend tells that he preached after the Crucifixion in India; and I had read, too, that he had been supposed by many to be an Essene monk. "Why, then," I asked myself as I stood before John Eglinton, "should not Christ have returned to his monastery, having been cured of his wounds at the house of Joseph of Arimathea? Why should not Paul, after a day's preaching amid the Palestinian hills, have knocked at the door of that monastery?" A few days after I dictated the scenario, and it seems to me, my dear Meyerfeld, that I have told the story you asked for, and if my answer is long, and full of circumlocutions and divagations and Biblical criticism, I hope it will be pardoned for the sake of my portrait of Paul

On looking again into your letter, I see that I have left another question unanswered—why I published the scenario—*i.e.* the working notes which a writer makes for his convenience? The story of Christ and Paul meeting in an Essene monastery twenty-five years after the Crucifixion is a tempting one to tell after dinner; I told it many times and stories travel fast, and it was not long before I received proposals for collaboration from talented and honourable men. It was not fear of them that made me publish my scenario, but fear lest the story might drift so completely into the common consciousness that somebody would imagine he had invented it, and write it in a way that would cause me much unhappiness. You think, my dear friend, that it should be written by nobody. I have not forgotten your advice to me: "Let nothing tempt you to write it"; you said that it was an improvisation, like Liszt or Mozart * adding that you

* "I cannot have said (or I must have been mad as a hatter when I said) that I always regarded Liszt and Mozart 'rather as improvisatores than as composers.' It

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always regarded those two great men rather as improvisatores than as composers. The idea is suggestive, and if I had not already written many pages I should like to discuss the question with you, but as we are creatures, both of us, of time and space, I let it pass, and it may be that I shall take your advice. But at the moment I do not feel like taking it. To write the dialogue for the great men whom I love so dearly and with whom I seem to be so intimate will be a pleasure from which I shall not be able to refrain, when I have finished *Hail and Farewell*, and that will be . . . but who can put a term to the finishing of a book ?

seems to me utter trash. What I really said was : that in some of their compositions, I still feel the charm of improvisation, that improvisation gives many of their pieces a special charm. But that is quite another thing. No one ever took greater pains (perhaps with the exception of George Moore) to re-write a melody than Mozart. Think of Don Juan's duet with Zerlina, which was re-written three times ! Nevertheless, it has the effect of an improvisation by its spontaneity. That's where his art comes in." (Extract from a letter of Dr. Meyerfeld's to Mr. George Moore.)

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A Maiden's Prayer

By Flora Annie Steel

"THAT is over! Thanks to Kâli Mâ!" sighed Ramabhai, fanning herself vigorously as the last man shambled, a trifle sheepishly, from the inner apartment. She was a stoutish Bengâli lady, with red betel-stained lips and smooth bandeaux of shiny black hair. Good-looking, good-natured, at the moment distinctly excited as she went on garrulously, "Muniya! down with the curtain, there is no further use for it now that crew has gone! And to think that the master will have to give each one of them five rupees! And for what? Forsooth! for the first seeing of such a bride as not one of them ever saw before. Lo! Shibi! marriage-monger"—here she turned accusingly on one of the women who were busy unveiling themselves, chattering the while with shrill voices—"hast no mind at all? Thou mightst have found newer words for thy description of my daughter!—'beautiful as a full moon, symmetrical as a cart-wheel, graceful as a young goose.' What are these for perfection? And thou didst use the same last week for Luchi Devi's girl, who is pock-marked and blind of an eye! But there! 'what's a fowl to one who has swallowed a sheep.' Parbutti"—here she transferred her attentions to a young girl who was seated on a cushion resting her face in her henna-dyed hands, as if she felt dazed or tired—"an thou hast a grain of sense, have a care of that nose-ring thy paternal auntie lent for the occasion, or there will be flies in the pease porridge—there always is in that family. Yea! it is well over; and thank the gods, the priest found good omen in the morning watches, so I have not to dine the creatures. Fish curry and kid pillau is too much to pile on the getting of a trousseau; yet one must have meats at a wedding feast if one is Sakta; and the bridegroom's folk are strict. As for clothes, I tell you, sisters, that 'Boycotts' is well enough to play with every day, but when it comes to weddings and tinsel, 'tis a different matter. Kâli Mâ! what a price for *kulabatoon!* Parbutti! an thou canst not remember

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that thou hast on thee four hundred rupees' worth of Benares *khim kob*, go put on the old Manchester. Thank Heaven! 'Boycotts' is not so old yet, but one has stores left to come and go upon! Yea! Yea! A wedding is a great strain on a mother; and then there is the parting with my daughter too —my sweeting, my little lump of delight——"

Here Ramabhai discreetly dissolved into regulation tears, mingled with sharp sobs and little outcries. It came easily, for she was really devoted to Parbutti, the little bride, who, in truth, looked distractingly pretty, all swathed in scarlet gold-flowered silk gauze, and hung with jewels galore.

Her grave, open-eyed face looked, perhaps, a trifle stupid and obstinate, but there could be no question of its beauty.

"Mother," she said seriously, "there is a smell of smoke—the tall one in the black coat smelt of it, and it is defilement. Had we not better pacify the gods?"

"Hark to her!" exclaimed Ramabhai, drying her facile tears triumphantly. "Saw you ever such a saint? He who gets my Parbutti is certain of salvation."

Parbutti sat silent. She did not even blush, though that is allowed to a Bengâli bride. But for all her outward calm she was inwardly quivering all over; and small wonder if she was! After long years spent, not like an English girl in ignorance and innocence of matrimony, but in matter-of-fact expectation of it, that one great event in woman's life was close at hand. It had been delayed almost beyond propriety by the difficulty of finding a high-caste husband. For her father, though a Kulin Brahman, was sufficiently westernised not to hold with the caste habit of marrying a daughter to what may be called a professional husband: that is to a Kulin who already possesses a score or two of wives. A suitable student had, however, been found at last, and the feminine portion of the household had plunged hysterically into all the suggestive ceremonials of a high-class Bengali marriage. Even the widows let their blighted fancies dwell on kisses and blisses; so, feeling vicariously the sensuous pleasures of bridedom, vied with happier women in drugging the girl with sweets and scents, and secret whisperings of secret delights. The whole atmosphere was enervating, depraving; but Parbutti took all the gigglings and titterings gravely as her right. For this was the consummation of her hopes ever since as a child of five she had been taught to worship the gods, to pray for an amorous husband, and curse any woman who might try to win love from her.

"Look! how the little marionette scowls over it," the

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women had tittered as they watched her, a bit of a naked baby, going through the formula of the Brâta, as it is called. "Truly no co-wife will dare to enter her house." And certainly her energy was prodigious.

Mâta! Mâta! Mâ! Keep my co-wife far—
Shiv! Shiv! Shiv! Grant she may not live—
Pot! Pot! Pot! Boil her hard and hot—
Broom! Broom! Broom! Sweep her from the room—
Mud! Mud! Mud! Moist thee with her blood—
Bell! Bell! Bell! Ring her soul to hell—

and so on through every common and uncommon object on God's earth—and beneath it!

The childish body had swayed to the rhythm of the chant; the childish voice had risen clear in denunciation; the childish soul had given its consent to every wish; for Parbutti was nothing if not serious.

The very cantrips of the Sakta cult to which her parents—and some fifty millions of other Bengâlis—belonged, were to her so many indispensable realities.

She, as an unmarried girl, ate her plateful of sacrificial meat contentedly, though her mother refused it. She sat wide-eyed, solemn, acquiescent, when, after long fasting the whole family waited in the dead of night till the auspicious moment for sacrifice arrived, and in the silence the only sound was an occasional piteous, half-wondering bleat of the miserable victim—a pet goat, mayhap! She did not wink an eye when the consecrated scimitar curved downwards, a jet of red, red bubbling blood spurted into the dim light, and a sort of sob from the dying and the living alike told that atonement was made.

That sort of thing did not make her or any of the other women quiver; yet they were affectionate, emotional, kind-hearted. "Without shedding of blood is no remission of sin," is a Pauline text; but it was theirs also. Graven by age-long iteration in their limited minds and lives was the dogma that the Blood is the Life thereof. There was but one Sacrament—the Sacrament of Blood. Marriage was secondary, but cognate to it, of course; that was because it was the Gate to Birth and Death, through which none pass without the Great Sacrifice. So they clothed the bride in scarlet and smeared her forehead with vermilion. It was this stability of inner thought which enabled the women to be so untiring in their variants of its outward application. All the bathings and anointing and sooth-sayings had this unchangeable dogma as foundation. So the round of ritual went on, the drums throbbed in unending

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rhythm, the conchs blared in deafening yells, the whole house was full of the rustlings and bustlings of women-folk. It must surely have been a wedding which made Babu Keshub Chander Sen write the ponderous dictum, "Man is a noun in the objective case, governed by the active verb woman."

Parbutti's father, being a sensible man, removed himself as much as possible from the ebullient atmosphere; perhaps it was as well, since he was a light in the Nationalist party, and the ceremonials of a Sakta wedding do not go well with talk of political rights and wrongs, of education, and equality, and exotic tyranny.

Even Parbutti's solemnity was not quite proof against the silly suggestiveness, the almost indecent jokes and tricks, the hysterical enhancing of emotions with which she was surrounded.

She felt it a relief when, the guests having retired for some sleep, she was free to perform her daily devotion at the shrine downstairs.

It was a quaint place, this shrine dedicated to Mai Kâli in her terrific form—in other words, to Our Lady of Pain—the woman ever in travail of mind and body—the "*Ewig Weiblichkeit*" which is never satisfied. It formed on the riverside of the house a sort of low basement, private in so far that a flight of steep stone steps led down to it from the lowest story of the house, public in that it opened on to some bathing steps. But few people came thither except on certain festivals; so Parbutti, still in her wedding finery, stole down to it confidently. She liked the small, dim, arched chamber where you could only see Mai Kâli as a blotch of crimson in her dark niche. And as you crept down the stairs behind that niche, and looked through the criss-cross iron bars that filled up the arch, "She" showed nothing but a black shadow against the brilliance beyond. Parbutti used often to stand for an instant or two on the cornerwise landing of the stairs to look before passing up. Everything showed black but the low square of the outside doorway; and even the pigeons when they flew across it seemed flitting shadows on the light. To-day she was in a hurry, so she squatted down promptly at a respectful distance from the image, and began to smear the floor from a goglet of red paint she had brought with her. And as she did so she chanted:

Om! Om! Kâli Mâ!—
Ruler, Thou, of blackest night—
Dark, Dark, not a Star—
In Thy Heaven, Kâli Mâ!—

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Thou who lovest the flesh of man—
By this blood I pray thee ban—
Aliens in Hindustan—
Kill them, Kâli Mâ !—
Drink their blood and eat their flesh—
Thou shalt have it fresh and fresh—
Lo ! devour it ! lick thy lips—
Flesh in lumps and blood in sips—
Stain thyself with sacred red—
Make them lifeless, dead ! dead ! dead !
Blessed Kâli Mâ !
Ho-o-m ! Phut !

The last two words were spoken with relish, not only because they were supposed to be the most potent part of the charm, but because they lent themselves to dramatic effect. *Ho-om* being given soft and low ; *phut* explosively. The result being suggestive of an angry tom-cat. But the rest of the doggerel came slackly, for Parbutti was not much interested in it. It was not her curse at all, but one she had promised her schoolboy brother Govinda to say every evening. For many reasons, chiefly, it is to be feared because some one else, at present nameless, was a class-fellow of the said Govinda's. But every one knew that if there was one compelling prayer on earth it was that of a maiden bride ; even Mai Kâli could not resist it. And the petition was a fair one. Who wanted aliens in Hindustan ? Not she ! Why ! their presence made your menkind do unspeakable things, so that life became wearisome with pacifying the gods. Imagine not being able to kiss . . .

Voices close at hand made her leap to her feet and gain the staircase like a frightened hare. Then, of course, being a girl, she paused to peep through the grating.

Surely it was Govinda ! Then, she need not have run away ! No ! he had a tall lad with him ! Parbutti's heart beat to suffocation. Was it possible ? Could it be ? Was it—well ! what she had been taught to consider her prayer, her pilgrimage, her paradise ; that is her duty and her pleasure combined ? Stay ! there was another lad—short ! And yet another—middle-sized !

This was disconcerting ; but perhaps if she listened a little she might find out. So she stood still as a mouse, all ears, praying in her inmost heart it might be the tall one.

Though they spoke in Bengali, they used such a plentitude of English words that it was difficult for her to understand fully what they said. It was not all their fault, as it arose largely from the fact that the ideas they wished to express, being purely Western, had no Eastern equivalents. Parbutti, however, had

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been accustomed to this sort of talk, as she had been a great favourite of her father's, and till the last year or so had often sat on his knee as he entertained his friends.

So she listened patiently to pæans about Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity mingled with darkling threats—threats which must destroy all three by depriving some brother of the Liberty of Life, or at best of an arm or a leg!

For they were only silly schoolboys, who, but for an alien ideal of education would have been learning, as their father had learnt, unquestioning, unqualified obedience at a Guru's feet. Learning it probably with tears, tied up in a sack with a revengeful tom-cat, or with a heavy brick poised on the back of the neck for livelong hours; such being the approved punishments for the faintest disobedience. Small wonder then if the organism, accustomed to this immemorial control, runs a bit wild when it finds itself absolutely free to do and think as it likes.

These particular boys were very angry, apparently, because some one of their number had been forced to obey something or some one. It was tyranny. The Motherland and their religion was outraged. They were all Bengali Brahmans; so Kali worshippers by birth, and of the Sakta cult; possibly of the Left-handed or Secret form of that cult. Anyhow, they talked big of Force being the one ruling principle by which men could rule, of the true Saktas' or Tantriks' contempt for public opinion, of their determination to show the world that the Tantras had been given by the gods in order to destroy the oppressors of men. So, *Jai* Anarchism! *Jai Kali!; Jai Bhairavi!; Jai Banda Materam!*"

It was a sad farrago of nonsense; Western individualism dished up skilfully by professional agitators in a garb of Eastern mysticism: but they talked it complacently, while Parbutti, still as a mouse, told herself it must be the tall one; he had such a nice voice.

Her hopes gained confidence when he lingered behind with Govinda after the others departed, and began speaking in a lower voice. Could he be talking about her? Ever and always that came as the uppermost thought. Then consideration told her this was not possible; no respectable bridegroom could talk of his bride to another—not even if he also were a Kulin and a brother. What was it then, about which they were so mysterious when there was nobody nigh?—here a twinge of compunction shot through her—at least nobody they could know about.

At last, her ears becoming accustomed to the strain, she caught one sentence, "My father was Mai Kâli's priest here";

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so by degrees gathered that there was some secret receptacle somewhere, and that the tall youth wished to hide something.

The something appeared to be in what Parbutti had supposed to be a hooded cage such as students often carry about with their pet *avitovats* or fighting quails inside. But this one contained a square box, which the boy removed with great care, and then, before Parbutti had grasped what he was doing, he was round at the back of the carven image, kneeling with his back towards her, and fumbling at the gilt wooden drapery about Mai Kâli's waist; Govinda meanwhile keeping a look-out at the door.

How close he was! If she put out a hand she could touch him. She thrilled all over at the thought! Too close, at any rate, for her to move; besides, she must see what happened.

Ye Gods! The drapery slid up! Mai Kâli was hollow!

"If aught happens to me," said the nice voice solemnly, "I leave this in thy charge, O Govinda Ram, Kulin. Thou art the only other living soul who knows of it. And see thou use it as it should be used. A cocoanut full for a bomb. It requires no fuse. The concussion is sufficient if the hand is bold."

The box deposited, the panel slid back again, and the tall lad, rising from his knees, stepped to the front again. As he did so Parbutti caught a glimpse of his face. It was beautiful as the young Bala-Krishna, and the whole soul and body of her went out to him—her hand stole through the bars to touch the air in which he had stood—the happy air which had touched him.

So absorbed was she in her joy that she did not realise what was going on until the sound of their voices brought her back to reality. Then she recognised that they were repeating the vow of secrecy which is imposed on all initiates to the Tantrik cult. "I swear by the Eternal Relentless and Living Power I worship never to divulge the Secret, but to bury it deeply in silence and ever preserve it inviolate and inviolable. I will conceal it as the water in a cocoanut is concealed. I will be a Kaula internally, a Saiva externally, and a Vaishnava when talking at public meetings." Then they branched off into that of the new secret political society which underlies the old religious mysteries. And Parbutti listened with growing fear, for this was sheer straightforward cursing of informers and lukewarm supporters and spies—and—and——

If they should go on to her? If he should curse her?

The long stillness had told on her nerves—she felt as if she must scream, must do something to prevent the dreadful sequence going on and on . . .

"And cursed be they who listen and——"

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The voices were checked by a passionate cry:

"Curse me not! Curse me not! I swear! I, Parbutti, swear to keep faith!"

Then, terrified at everything, even her own temerity, she turned and fled.

There was little leisure allowed her for thought in the women's apartments that night, for each one vied with the other in devising cantrips, most of them undescribable, to secure for her a truly uxorious husband; but one thing beat through her brain. Would he, could he—if it *were* he—be angry with her? Surely not! She had sworn, and she would keep her oath. Yes, she would keep it faithfully.

So the day dawned and another tumult of rejoicing rose around her.

In view of the delay in her betrothals it had been arranged to crowd in the ceremonials as closely as possible, so as to expedite the actual marriage, and everybody was running about, conchs were blowing, women were giggling and laughing as the professional guests of the male sex cracked doubtful jests while they awaited the arrival of the bridegroom.

And then came a sudden hush. Something must have happened. What was it?

Parbutti, sitting apart swathed in her wedding scarlet, was too dazed to notice the pause at first, until low, and whimpering, an unmistakable woman's wail rose amid the garlands and tinsels, the paper flowers, the swinging lanterns.

She started to her feet—was some one dead?

In a way, the news that had come was worse than death. *That* was an act of God to be accepted with what resignation could be mustered. But this? What! They had arrested a bridegroom on his wedding-day!—and Govinda too, the son of the house! What! Those boys—they *could* not be guilty! It was only the tyranny of the hated police. They could not be mixed up with Anarchists. So said some of the men; but others held their peace and looked sinister, while all the women wept and wailed, and called on Mai Kâli to avenge the sacrilege. Only Parbutti sat very still, very silent. She knew something that the others did not know, but the knowledge only increased her blind resentment, only aggravated her blind despair.

He had been filched from her—if it *was* he. She was too dulled by disappointment at first to do more than realise her loss, and the thought of her oath of fealty did not come to her at all until after three months' needless delay in trying the conspiracy case against some forty students in the college—a delay due

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entirely to the hair-splitting efforts of the counsel for the defence —Govinda settled it for himself by dying in prison of autumnal fever. His had never been a good life; he had almost died of it the year before; he might have died of it at home. But the loss of a son, even when he is not the only one, is a grievous loss to a Hindu household, and it brought enhanced and almost insensate anger to every member of it; except to Parbutti, who went about her household duties calmly, almost stupidly.

Then came the final blow. The bridegroom—was it *he?*—she wondered dully—shot himself with a revolver smuggled in to him by a woman, a young and pretty woman, full of patriotism and poetry, a woman brought up on western lines, who was almost worshipped by the Nationalist party of unrest.

Parbutti heard the tale, still calm to outward appearance. She heard women's voices, full of curiosity, tell of the deed of patriotism as it was called; she heard them wonder what the woman agitator was really like, and say that Kâli Mâ would surely, ere long, rise up in Her Power and smite the Ml'lechas hip and thigh.

And then they looked at her and shook their heads. Neither maid, wife, nor widow, it would be more difficult than ever to find fresh betrothals for her. Whereupon Ramabhai wept as she had wept before, with sharp sobs and little outcries. And once more Parbutti said nothing, though she was quivering all over. It would be impossible to define her feelings, they were such an admixture of hatred, and love, of fear, and jealousy, and despair. And through it all came the question, "Was it he?"; while, as a background, sheer physical disappointment stretched every fibre of her mind and body almost to breaking-point.

So it went on, until one day some one spoke to her almost as if she had been a widow, and bade her do something almost menial. She did it without a word. It was noon-time and the house was deserted, those who were in it being asleep. She sat for a while in the sunshine of the courtyard, her hands on her knees, doing nothing. Then suddenly she rose, and slipped into the room which Ramabhai used as a wardrobe.

When she emerged from it she was swathed in the scarlet and gold Benares *khim-kob* that had cost four hundred rupees, and her arms, her neck, her feet, were hung with golden ornaments. They tinkled as she made her way down the steep stone stairs to Kâli's shrine. Dark, and still, and small it lay, with a faint scent of incense about it; for the previous day had been a festival, and many folk had been to worship there.

But Kâli—Mai Kâli—would never have better worshipping

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than Parbutti meant to give her. How the idea had come to the girl's mind, who can say? But dimly out of her confused thoughts had grown the conviction that something must be done. She was the only one, now, who knew the secret; but it was useless in her hands. She could not go out and throw bombs, as he doubtless would have thrown them had he lived, so giving the Great Goddess the Blood for which she craved. Yes! he had meant to do it; for were not the aliens accursed? Had they not killed him?

She mixed everything up hopelessly; Mai Kâli and the Sacrament of Blood, her own loss and the public good; she felt angry, and weary, and disappointed; she felt that she ought to do something, that she must get Some one stronger than she was on her side, to do what she was helpless to do. So, confused, obstinate, she stepped behind the image, slid back the panel, and took out the box. Then, producing a cocoanut shell from the folds of her *sari*, she filled it carefully, methodically, and put back the box carefully, methodically.

This done she went to the front of the image, smeared the floor once more with blood-red, and began her maiden's prayer —the prayer that is infallible!

Om! Om! Kâli mâ!—
Dark! Dark! Not a star
In my Heaven, Kâli Mâ!—

This time her voice was high and hard, for had not Mai Kâli to be compelled—yea! even by the greatest of sacrifices?

Thou shalt have it fresh and fresh—
Blood to drink and lumps of flesh—

Higher and higher grew the voice; it did not falter at all: not even when at the final

Hoom phut!

the girl, raising her hand on high, dashed the cocoanut she held upon the ground boldly.

There was a faint flash, an instant explosion, a grinding noise as the house rocked to its foundation, then steadied into quiescence.

But Parbutti had kept her promise to Mai Kâli, and to—*him!* For the Goddess might have satisfied Her craving for Blood, Her desire for Flesh, amid the welter of broken stones and twisted grids, of shattered wood carving and torn Benares *khim-kob*, of jewels rent apart and splintered bones, that was all remaining of Her shrine, Her image, and Her worshipper.

Whether She will keep her part of the bargain is another matter.

But the Maiden's Prayer has been said, the Greatest of Sacrifices has been made.

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The Caves of Siren Land

By Norman Douglas

To-day the North wind, the *tramontana*, is blowing. A glance out of the window suffices: the sea is deep blue, with ruffled face; mountains and villages are standing out in clear-cut sunshiny reality. And yonder goes the steamer conveying six hundred foreigners for their day's visit to Capri and its celebrated Blue Grotto. Unhappy mortals! They are packed like sheep, although they have paid untold sums for their tickets.

But—in parenthesis—if the foreigners were not constrained to travel first-class and at exorbitant rates, how could the steamboat company pay its expenses? For the natives of the country are divided into two great sections: those who travel with third-class tickets, and those who travel with no tickets at all. And of these two sections the latter is by far the most numerous, comprising, as it does, every one who claims to be a friend or patron of the company, such as all persons connected with marine service in any part of Italy; station-masters, engineers, signalmen, soldiers, and so forth, as "colleagues"; hotel proprietors and their families and servants because, if there were no hotels, there would be no foreigners for the steamers to carry; village fishermen, because they can handle an oar, and their wives and sisters who cook fish which comes out of the sea; certain privileged shopkeepers who once sold a piece of soap or a cigar to a patron; greengrocers, because the captain is fond of vegetables; pastry-cooks and confectioners, because the second stoker has a large family of children—in fact, almost the entire population of the country is exempted, for one reason or another, from purchasing tickets. Eight days ago a grimy house-painter, travelling in the "foreigners'" steamer, informed me that he always voyaged gratis, because he lived in the same street as the captain.

Only the poorest of the poor, those who command no respect from either captain, crew, or agents, are obliged to buy third-class fares.

On board, however, the company makes no invidious

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distinction between these two great sections of natives: they are all accommodated with seats in the first cabin.

And occasionally it arranges for a public example *in terrorem*. Only a short time ago I listened to a stately old gentleman protesting, with tears in his eyes, that he was a prince of the blood, besides being mayor of ——. But on that day the official was obdurate. It was "tickets or stay behind." Loudly grumbling, the venerable one extracted a few sous out of his pocket for a third-class fare, and presently I found him seated at my side, explaining to a sympathetic audience that the company had lost what little reputation for honesty it had ever possessed . . . .

The *tramontana* generally blows for three days, and is followed by a spell of halcyon calm. Then is the time to visit the Blue Grotto, as an English poet of the thirties has very correctly pointed out:

> The day must cloudless be to visit it,
> The brilliant skies of Italy should pour
> A flood of radiance o'er the tranquil deep,
> And zephyrs even should be hushed and still.
> etc. etc. etc.

But not in the tourist crowd, although Augustus Hare tells us that the magical effect is enhanced by the rush of boats, the general confusion and impassioned shrieks that burst forth on all sides. Nor yet in the morning hours, whatever the guide-books may say to the contrary, for it is only later in the day that the roof and sides of the cavern begin to clothe themselves with that quivering violet sheen due to the low position of the sun. This fairy-like bloom more than compensates for some lack of intensity in the blue of the water.

Dear Ouida! Is there really nothing to be said for the full-blooded generosity, for the passionate blend of realism and idealism of her earlier work? However that may be, it was these afternoon hours which her heroine Idalia, with her usual good taste, selected upon a memorable occasion for a visit to this "temple not built of men."

"Passion was stilled here; love was silenced; the chastened solemnity, the purity of its mysterious divinity, had no affinity with the fevered dreams and sensuous sweetness of mortal desires . . . The boat paused in the midst of the still violet lake-like water. Where he lay at her feet he looked upwards at her through the etherial light that floated round them, and seemed to sever them from earth. . . . Would to God I could die now!"

This was the Blue Grotto of the last generation.

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"When I entered it," says Gregorovius, somewhat more articulately, "I felt myself transported into one of those fairy tales so real to childhood. The world and daylight have disappeared suddenly, and one finds oneself in the over-arching earth and in the blue twilight of electric fire. Gently the waves lap and the bubbles rise sparkling, as though flashing emeralds, ruddy rubies, and countless carbuncles were shooting up through the depths. The walls are of phantom-like blue and mysterious as the palaces of fairies. It is a glamour of strange nature and strange effects, quite marvellous, at the same time weird and familiar."

Plainly, the Blue Grotto must be one of the wonders of the world. Yet I question whether, if it were discovered to-day, it would attract the attention it once did. For it appeared on the crest of an immense wave of cavern-and-ruin worship that overswept northern Europe—the reaction after the hard and brilliant sceptic movement of the preceding century. It was part of the return to nature; of the revolt from reason. Mankind was weary, for the moment, of straight thinking. Shelley warbled of "odorous caves" so tunefully that men were almost tempted to become troglodytes again; Rousseau raved of noble savages: he showed us how to discover beauty in Switzerland —the beauty of a coloured photograph. Yes; and long may Switzerland with its sham honey, sham wine, sham coffee, sham cigars and sham Wilhelm Tell—with its inhabitants whose manners and faces reflect their sombre and craggy mountains —long may it continue to attract, and wholly absorb, the superbly virile energies of our own upper-better-middle classes! Thanks, Rousseau; thanks for not living in Italy.

But others did. Flaxen-haired dreamers, like Hans Christian Andersen, began to sing the praises of the Blue Grotto to a generation reeling with emotionalism. Says Speckter, another sentimentalist: "A melancholy, dreamy effulgence irradiates all things, and in this Blue Wonder are blended Love, Art, and Nature. The Blue Grotto is the full, the over-full, nectar-goblet of Phantasy." They who wish to know to what depths of inanity this kind of talk can be carried, should read *Fiormona*.

The South Italian, constitutionally more sober and familiar with things of beauty, cannot wind himself up to this pitch of rapture over natural objects, besides being quite deficient in that pathetic fallacy which sets up a bond of communion between ourselves and the inanimate world. There are wondrous tints of earth, sky, and sea in these regions—flaring sunsets and moons of melodramatic amplitude that roll upon the hill-tops or swim

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exultingly through the ether; amber-hued gorges where the shadows sleep through the glittering days of June, and the mad summer riot of vines careering in green frenzy over olives and elms and figs; there are tremulous violet flames hovering about the sun-scorched limestone, sea-mists that climb in wreathed stateliness among wet clefts, and the sulphurous gleams of a *scirocco* dawn when fishing-boats hang like pallid spectres upon the sky-line: there are a thousand joys like these, but the natives do not see them, although, to please foreigners, they sometimes pretend to.

The Blue Grotto belongs to that multitudinous class of objects whose connotation is uselessness and whose full charm is not to be perceived by the bodily eye alone. If the beauty, even of landscape, were to be perceived solely through the medium of the optic nerve, the myopic Hearn would assuredly not be the best describer of things Japanese. This is clear from the way northerners used to write about this cave; it is not only intensely blue, but it also reminds them of things quite immaterial—of the fairies of their childhood, of the fabled blue flower of romance, of the legend of Glaucus and Elysian skies. Its beauty, therefore, lies partly in suggestion; there is something behind the blue—the mystic's spiritual associations. To a delightful Frenchman, on the other hand, its colour suggested a very material object: a candle held behind a bowl of sulphate of copper.

The old theory that the Greeks were insensible to the romance of scenery is exploded; apart from the testimony of the anthology and other literature, a single building, like the temple of Bassæ, proves that they were a-tremble in sympathy with the milder voices of nature. And what we may call the indifferent attitude of the South Italian in such matters results, I think, from two causes: the influence of the Romans, whose chief idea of beauty was some snug villa remote from politics and bores; and of mediæval movements, that destroyed certain finer emotional fibres and sundered the connection with the mythopœic lore and nature-gods of olden days.

The coils of muscle about the shoulders of some stripling as he strains himself to raise a heavy limestone block; a young girl whose swelling form gives promise of fruitful maternity; a waving cornfield, a shower in May, a dish of fat roasted quails—all this is still legitimately *bello:* but mountains are mere hindrances to agriculture, unsightly protuberances upon the fair face of earth, as the pre-romantic Englishman Burnet also called them (no ancient trait of ours, this fellow feeling with nature:

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the very word " romantic," as applied to scenery, occurs for the first time in Addison); land-caves are useful for storing hay; sea-caves, blue or green, for sheltering boats in rain; the sea itself, with all its choral harmonies, is merely a place where fishes are caught. The war of elemental forces, stimulating to complex modern minds, has never laid aside for them the terrible and anti-human character with which Greek poets and artists long ago invested it, and which seems to have exceeded their limit of romantic beauty because of its destructiveness to man's life or handiwork. But while the native is beginning to understand, though not to share, the northerner's passion for storms and cliffs and solitude, he still remains hopelessly at a loss to comprehend those recondite ideas of the beauty of pathological states, of suffering and disease which, creeping in from the East, have affected even us, the children of Goths. In short, it seems to me that the South Italian's notion of beauty is never dissociated from that of actual or potential well-being.

It is therefore hardly surprising that the Blue Grotto appealed so slightly to the inhabitants of Capri that they never succeeded in discovering what there was to discover in it. More than three-quarters of them, at this present moment, have not entered it. Those who have been there express no desire to behold its marvels a second time.

And are we not coming round once more to this old point of view? To the romanticists who flocked hitherward in such shoals that their writings and engravings still flood the market, Italy—her landscape, literature and art relics—was a teacher, *the* teacher, the very crown of life. What is Italy now? I open a catalogue of travel-publications and find, on three consecutive pages, a list of sixty-eight new books describing every corner of the globe, three of which deal with Italy—three out of sixty-eight, and one of them a belated translation of old de Brosses' gossip (1739).

If we now go to Italy at all, we go not to learn, but to compare. Horizons undreamt of, intellectual and geographical, have recently dawned upon us. Greece was discovered; then Egypt and Babylonia and the Sanscrit regions and—to take only the case of antiquarians—men whose sole idea of research had been to excavate statues for decorative purposes and who, if they ventured to theorise at all, confined themselves to searching for ordered designs of Providence among disordered accidents of history—these men are now engaged in building up, out of mounds of Asiatic kitchen refuse and such-like trash, a plan of man's early existence upon earth which their ancestors would

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have deemed the height of folly and blasphemy. Everything has shifted since *homo sapiens* himself shifted and ceased to be hinge of the Universe; life, once the gift of a jealous god, has become a mere series of readjustments, and "nature" the summary of our experience of them; it is hopelessly old-fashioned nowadays to read benevolent intentions out of, or into, a movement of things of which we ourselves, together with all the gods and devils we ever created, are only an aspect—an emanation; and which, though it displays neither good nor evil, has yet taught us an entirely new code of morality: the code of truthfulness. We are no longer men of a book, like the Turk with his Koran, or the ancients who ended in being hypnotised by their Homer—things that may be a strength in early stages but that lead to ossification; if we now die of a kind of national arteriosclerosis, it will not be the fault of our teachers.

The attitude of a present-day visitor to spots like the Blue Grotto is unintelligible unless one remembers this change in the world-spirit—unintelligible often to himself. I have heard people lamenting that they cannot feel its beauties as acutely as they think they ought. And yet there is nothing to grieve ourselves about; we receive as much sensuous stimulation from the landscape as is good for us and, to atone for lack of sentimentality, we are probably interested in many things of which our grandfathers never dreamt. A sincere zest in diverse facts of life—an opening of moral pores: this is the result of the new departure. Man's field of inquiry used to be limited, while his credulity was unlimited: it is now the reverse in both cases.

Who of us, nowadays, writes in language like that of Speckter? Alas, we are tired of dreaming; we have become materialistic once more, like those horrid Frenchmen; we will read our Haeckel over and over again, but none of us—no, not one—visits the Blue Grotto twice. And yet it has *made* Capri. It has slowly but surely routed the rivals of this island, Ischia, Sorrento, and Amalfi, who are bursting with envy; it has created hotels, steam-boats, and driving-roads; it has stuffed the pockets of the gentle islanders with gold, transforming shoeless and hatless goatherds into high-collared Parisian cavaliers; it has altered their characters and faces, given them comfortable homes and a wondrous fine opinion of themselves. *Viva la Grotta Azzurra!* It has lately built the funicular railway; it has dappled the island with the villas of eccentric strangers; it has studded the lonely sea-shore with fancy-tinted caves like Joseph's coat. For hardly was the Blue Grotto discovered and the meaning of the

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word " blue " explained to these children of nature before other gorgeous caverns, hitherto unnoticed, claimed attention. The foreigners liked colour in caves. The foreigners brought money. Colour in caves is cheap. Let them have it! Therefore, in a twinkling, the two-mouthed Grotta del Turco became the Green Grotto; the venerable Grotta Ruofolo put on a roseate hue sufficient to justify the poetic title of Red Grotto, and the Grotto Monacone (*vide* the Relation of Kopisch) was discovered to be white—actually quite white! The stranger had his wilful way, and the metamorphosis had cost the Capriotes not a *soldo*. It was a blessed time: every one beamed with joy. But what will the future bring? The gentle islanders have grown rich, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and almost turn up their noses at *soldos*, while travellers are beginning to turn up their noses at Capri caverns, whose odours, to tell the truth, are not always of violets.

If the Green and other grottos had ancient names, what was that of the Blue? It used to be called Grotta Gradola: a pleonasm, inasmuch as Gradola, or Gratula, is merely a corruption of Grottola (grottola, gruptula, grupta, crypta) and the district overhead bears the old name to this day. I know no earlier proof to show that the Italians were acquainted with the Blue Grotto than that contained in Coronelli's *Atlante Veneto*, which includes an interesting map of Capri, whereon it is marked as " Grotta Gradola." Coronelli was cosmographer to the Venetian Republic and his work is dated 1696. In the face of a document like this, how absurd it is to say that the cave was unknown to the natives and discovered by a foreigner! It was Landor, I believe, who said that people who talk loudest are always in the right. This was exemplified only the other day when some Germans once more " discovered " a new cave above the Grotta Bianca and filled the newspapers with reports of their achievement, which consisted in using the rope left there by a previous party and effacing an inscription by which they had recorded their visit. The true facts are preserved in the *Geographical Journal*.

The poet Kopisch took a swim in the Blue Grotto in August 1826—it was not " inaccessible," for he entered it, a few days later, in a boat—but to Andersen belongs the merit of drawing the attention of Europe to its beauties. If the " Improvisatore " had not created such a sensation—who can read it nowadays?—Kopisch would not have thought it worth while publishing, at a later period (in 1838) his well-known account of this exploit, which he calls a discovery, though he admits that the grotto

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was known to the islanders at the time. The fame of the Blue Grotto was the cause, not the result, of this publication. And another proof of Andersen's moral claim has just come to light in the recently printed diaries of the poet Platen, who spent a few days on Capri in 1827 with Kopisch, sailing all about the island and not so much as mentioning the marvellous grotto found by his friend in the preceding year. These two romanticists—Kopisch and Andersen—beat the drum.

Nor was Kopisch the first person to disport himself in what Marianna Starke calls this "sapphire cell." Long ago, as the islanders will tell you, the Emperor Tiberius and the fair nymphs of his harem did the same, as is plainly proved by ancient masonry about the cave; indeed, seeing that nearly every sea-cave on Capri bears traces of old walls, all of which were built by Tiberius for bathing purposes, it may be imagined what a clean old gentleman he must have been. The only question that remains to be solved is how he entered the cavern; volumes have been written to show that the sea-level is not what it used to be in his time, and it is therefore hotly disputed whether he walked, dived, swam, drove, or flew into it. There is even something to be said for the hypothesis that he crawled on all fours. For at the back of the grotto is a mysterious and narrow passage opening westwards into the bowels of the earth, which certain sages, who have assuredly never explored it, declare to be an artificial tunnel leading from the Imperial villa of Damecuta to the cool waters of the grotto. Tiberius and his frail *cortège*, after scrambling on their stomachs for half a league through this dank and dismal drain, certainly deserved, and perhaps needed, a bath. Let the sages decide these matters: if we do not arrive at the truth, it will not be for lack of theories. Like every one else, I have my own views on the subject, but nothing would induce me to set them down here, for I dread controversy, and there is no more fearful wildfowl living than your historico-physico-geologist. Another of these tunnels, near at hand, is said to connect the Palazzo a Mare with the Villa of Jupiter, about three miles distant! It is nothing but an ancient cloaca, even as that at the Blue Grotto is a natural crevice supplying in former days the water which helped to erode the cave.

There was a confusion at one time between the Blue Grotto and a huge sea-cave, called the Grotta Oscura, which lay on the south side of Capri underneath the Certosa convent. This Grotta Oscura used to be one of the sights of the island, and many earlier writers have left us descriptions of its magical

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twilight effects and drippings of water. The locality is now covered by earth and rocks, a landslip having taken place there in 1808, which closed it up and carried down two donkeys who happened to be grazing overhead at the critical moment, as well as a stout martello tower which the monks had built as a refuge from pirates. The hour was well chosen for this catastrophe, for the days were at hand when the corsairs ceased to threaten these shores, and when a rival cave was to become world-famous which would have eclipsed the beauties of the old. New institutions, new attractions, had made them superfluous; they were swept away at the right moment and no trace of them remains save the still fresh scar on the hillside which affronts the traveller's eye as he sails past under the shadow of *l'Unghia Marina*.

The shade of Tiberius, which used to haunt the Grotta Oscura, forthwith emigrated to the new cave, where it has since resided.

It is really fitting that the inhabitants of this island, who owe to Tiberius more than to all the saints in the calendar, should put up a memorial to their benefactor. For "Timberio" is still a name to conjure with: to conjure things out of the foreigners' pockets. He is no dim memory, but a living personality who becomes more distinct and tangible in proportion as these gentle folks convince themselves of his commercial uses. Several of the former generation knew him quite intimately and found him most condescending and amiable—*un vero galantuomo*, one old man used to describe him. It is curious, too, to observe that the bloodthirsty aspect of the tyrant is becoming effaced; the popular mind having always a sneaking fondness for a genuine devil or Don Juan, who is never so black as he is painted. Even Timberio, every one knows, had his little traits of gentlemanliness. He was rather too fond of a pretty face, but Lord! so are our priests and a good many others as well. And then he was a real *Signore*, not like the people who come to the island nowadays and who are worse than any Neapolitan for haggling about small change; he paid for everything just what we liked to ask, he built deuced fine cisterns, and he was the only man who could afford a carriage and pair on Capri before there were driving roads. Fine sprees in the Blue Grotto: Ha, ha! As for that Salto of his, where he used to throw objectionable people over the cliff—why, if that were put into working order again, it would be the best thing possible for the place; Timberio knew what he was doing, he knew! . . . Has his Excellency perchance a cigar about him? Ah! . . . And he had electric light in his

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bathroom, the scoundrel! Yes, Signore, it is a pity Timberio died so young—those infernal women . . .

Numberless are the land caves of Siren Land. They vary from minute fissures to vast oval amphitheatres capable of sheltering a population, like that one at Capri wherein the natives took refuge during Saracen raids; some are dry, others distil water from invisible rifts or pendant beards; they were all moister in the days when there was timber overhead, as can be seen by the many distorted, discoloured and perennially dry stalactites which hang from their roofs. Some of these caves, like that above Sant' Elia, are beautifully tinted in a pattern of orange stripes converging towards the centre; nearly all of these are decked out with fantastic pinnacles and niches, suggesting a fairy scene on the stage. The maiden-hair fern droops in clusters from the ledges; tufts of *campanula fragilis* dangle their porcelain bells of pale amethyst from the fretted vault overhead; here and there a leafy fig, emblem of fecundity, thrusts formidable roots into the crevices or writhes like an octopus over the stones. The flora of these caverns would be worth studying, since even common flowers that find their way into these rainless and dewless recesses begin to look a little different from their companions outside. In some of them, like that which lies opposite the islet of Isca—a spacious grot, divided into two chambers by a natural arch, with a fine southerly prospect, a right royal abode in prehistoric times—can be found the *mesembryanthemum nodiflorum* and other rarer plants. At their entrance on the sun-scorched rock grows the eglantine, the rosemary, thyme, and caper-plant.

The materialistic peasant cuts down this fair vegetation and stores it within against the winter; other caves he converts into goat-shelters by a rude enclosure. Of the lore attached to these hollows, he remembers chiefly the plutonic legends of buried wealth with its guardian spirits.

In the narrower fissures, which often run into the bowels of the earth, foxes establish themselves, to his great annoyance. They and the wolves are the only wild beasts of the country. The latter descend during the cold months in all directions from the clefts and beech-woods of Faito on Mount Sant' Angelo; they seldom attack "Christians." Yet only two years ago a boy of fifteen was devoured near Cava by one of the furies—nothing of him was found save his feet encased in their thick boots; and a woman was lacerated by another while cooking macaroni in her kitchen. The ravening she-wolves are blamed for these

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desperate deeds. It was calculated that during last winter over one hundred dogs had been eaten by them in the district of Preazzano and Ticciano which lies just outside the gates of Siren Land—these gates being the openings which lead from the Sorrentine plain between walls of rock into higher regions, the flying buttresses of the mighty Sant' Angelo.

The village of Sant' Agata, they say, owes its foundation to a wolf, which carried off the daughter of a certain knight of Massa. The father, having vowed to the Virgin that if he rescued the child alive he would then and there erect a church in Her honour, found the little one uninjured and on that very spot built the church round which the village of Sant' Agata subsequently grew up. If we laugh at wolf-stories now, it is because we have forgotten what that grey horror, with eyes aflame, meant to our ancestors—how for untold ages it terrorised mankind, leaving a deep scar on lore and literature.

Few superstitions are more firmly rooted hereabouts—all over the world, nearly—than that of the werewolf. The word *lupomanaro* can be heard every day as a vituperative, and any child will tell you that there are two kinds of wolves—dog-wolves and man-wolves (*lupo-cano* and *lupo-cristiano*). Certain mortals and certain animals are dowered with the gift of distinguishing the *versipellis* even in daytime, when he appears in human garb: a sure test is this—if a shrine or crucifix happen to be on the path along which he is going, he cannot proceed, but must turn back. There lives a *lupomanaro*, a poor peasant called "il lungo," in a solitary cottage near Sant' Agata. When the moon is full, he runs about exactly like a wolf, with his hands resting on his knees; when he comes to a cross-way, he howls fearfully.

"Does he change his skin?" I inquired.

"No."

"What do you call his disease?"

"*Male grande—male di luna.*"

Thus lycanthropy, with advancing civilisation, is merged into epilepsy. Other werewolves are men who work in hot bakeries at night and suffer from "*male piccolo*" or convulsive asthma; they crawl about the streets in the early hours of the morning, panting and groaning. Then is the time to cure them. If you can creep up from behind and stab them in the back with a piece of steel—a knife, for instance—they will exhale all their wolfishness in one wild howl.

Even to the very tail of the peninsula these marauders penetrate; not a year passes without some dogs or goats being killed at Termini, and last winter they forced an entrance into

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the so-called *grotte delle capre* or goats' caves on Mount San Costanzo and did a fearful massacre among the inmates.

The summer is fast drawing to its close. But it will not do to say farewell to Siren Land without visiting this line of caves which lie on the southern flank of the mountain, one above the other, under a projecting wall of rock. Every morning some two hundred far-tinkling quadrupeds issue from these caverns to graze the coarse herbage on the slopes. A rough path leads past them up the steep incline, and I never walk that way without a feeling of reverential awe for these immemorial shelters whose stones are polished by the footsteps of bygone ages. They lie high up, in the solitude, among stones. The glittering Tyrrhenian rises into the firmament and its many-tongued laughter floats up to their threshold which, in olden days, may well have been shaded by holm-oaks and laurels and pines. There is a fine flavour in the wild landscape all around; but within, the atmosphere is rank and murky with the odours of a thousand generations of goats. For these grottos, remote as they are from human habitations, must have been useful from earliest times downwards as a refuge for flocks. On the hillside near at hand you may find fragments of the familiar black and red prehistoric pottery. These primitive men, already, took their shelter here.

Whether the goats have greatly changed since those days I cannot tell.

And the shepherds? The skin mantle was cast aside for a shapely tunic, and the tunic replaced by the blue cotton shirt of yesterday; popes and emperors have come and gone; the woodlands are swept away and the very mountains have put on new faces, but these goat-boys are the same dreamy, shy, sunburnt children as in the days when Phœnicians sailed in their black ships past yonder headland. They "think of nothing." Simpler than fisher-folk or tillers of the soil, who must ever revolve contingencies of weather and market, gentler towards their charges than keepers of horses and other beasts, they glide through youth watching the combats and loves of their flocks, rescuing the little ones from craggy ledges and tending the lame and weary, while day by day an intense feeling of endearment towards these warm and frolicsome comrades grows up in their breasts. This is their world—a goat-world; their very countenances reflect it.

Stumbling upon such primeval conditions, we seem suddenly to step outside and beyond the decent Hellenic civilisation, with its ordered household, its sceptred kings, well-greaved warriors and grave dames; its cornfields and broad-browed oxen. We

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seem to enter that outer world of hollow rocks where men neither sow nor reap; the monster-engendering cycle of Polyphemus and his goats.

To what pipings have these caverns listened, when Troy was yet unsung? To what mad, hot whisperings? The moon alone can tell, for she has looked straight into them time out of mind. But the moon is discreetly silent, having seen many things upon earth; she knows the ways of man and beast, and is not easily made to blush. Maybe some Daphnis, when the world was young, drove his flocks into them night after night and year after year, thinking of nothing. And one day there emerged, casting a wild glance about him, the progenitor of that troop of faun-like creatures, whose poignant truthfulness first appalled, then enslaved, our reluctant imagination.

Dreams?

Perhaps not altogether. I, too, have dwelt with shepherds in Arcadia. And saints of God, wandering in the stony wilderness, have encountered the fauns face to face, ay, conversed with them; while Monsieur Hedelin, advocate, priest and preacher, has demonstrated their existence beyond all possibility of doubt, if the facts in his book be true. The fauns *are:* they have been ever since Hellenic days. But the Greeks did not invent them —they only found them. Pathetic, animalesque shapes, nymphs and fauns, titans and chimæras, the offspring of human intercourse with nature in her seductive and sterner moods, crept into Greek art and were made man. Sometimes, by an intuition of genius—how difficult the feat is, can be seen by those who would imitate it—a compound imaginary being was artistically fixed; the human element imprisoned in beast body (Sphynx), or remorselessly welded upon it (Centaurs). But not all these sub-human forms beloved of children and heralds express single-hearted strivings like Pegasus—strength wedded to heaven-soaring flight —or the winged Psyche.

The griffon is merely picturesque.

Yes; it was a feat of genius to arrest those composite phantoms in that precise moment when, trooping past the mind's eye, their grace outweighed their grotesqueness. An ingredient of strangeness, says the English sage, is requisite to full beauty, and doubtless there is no lack of strangeness in these conceptions. But what distinguishes Greek man-beasts from those of other nations is that this ingredient, though inevitably present, is forcefully subordinated to a human note of pathos or graciousness. If, as I think, Greek artists held that the grotesque, the horrible, may be a means but rarely or never an end, it is easy to under-

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stand why certain things were beyond their power or desire of expression. The man-wolf, for example, is recalcitrant to the chisel under such conditions. Not that there is any lack of foundation in fact; he is as well authenticated as the fauns and has been circumstantially described by eye-witnesses from early times; but short of falsifying the truth immeasurably—a sin—nothing could be done towards investing the beast with that element of graciousness which they deemed indispensable and which even their direst imaginings, the medusæ or furies, display. Also: he does not allow of the requisite vagueness of interpretation. Enviable fauns! In their happiest moments they were espied and eternalised by loving friends: how many of us mortals will share their fate?

In the Sirens, too, in the old Sirens, the Greeks had a hard task before them. Gradually they moult; the feathers drop off from limbs and bosom; it is a downward process of purification. Whatever Baudelaire may have thought to the contrary, there is nothing so incontestably anti-bestial as the naked human body, and this perhaps explains the startling fact that Greek gods and goddesses, in proportion as they become civilised, tend to discard garments and covering devices of all kinds. The brute may still lurk within fine clothing or feathers. But only the Etruscans despoiled the Sirens of all bird-like attributes.

Did the Greeks sometimes go too far in their rejuvenations? It was well that those bearded Sirens were done away with, but what are we to say of the old and new Bacchus, or that absurd Eros-baby, which has supplanted the fair and pensive youth, fraught with a burden beyond his years? Venus Urania, methinks, ought to have a beard.

One point strikes me as noteworthy. From whichever country these creations entered Greece and whatever may have been their original guise and import, they were quickly remodelled and stamped with the hall-mark. It may be a trifling matter, that of these mixed symbolic art-productions, but it serves to illustrate the whole trend of Hellenic thought. Nothing over much. . . . Two attributes, such as the Minotaur possesses, are sufficient for the mind to assimilate at a glance.

In Assyria they wrought man-headed winged bulls. Perhaps a people nursed in Chaldæan modes of thought may have found no difficulty in rapidly grasping the inner coherence of so much allegory; but a simple, unprepared observer is taken aback by this plethora of attributes and ponders as to their meaning: these Assyrian bulls, like Irish ones, seem to become valuable in proportion as they are pregnant.

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The Greek sculptor thought otherwise; he demanded an instantaneous flash of comprehension, and therefore rejected them and their fellows. For Greek art remained objective long after philosophy had gone the way of Plato, as we know from late masterpieces like the Nike of Samothrace and the Venus of Milo which speak, in clearest language, to the beholder. The artist feels; the philosopher reasons, and reasoning, the latest and most delicately etched pencilling on the mind's surface, is the first to become blurred. Clear feeling will outlast clear argument, because it is older: the drunkard, who strips off the various layers in the order in which he has put them on, is an admirable illustration of this. Gorgias might grow grey in discussing problems of immortality; he might interpret them this way and that and never solve the knot; but if the Greek citizen remained for a moment in doubt as to the signification of a work of art, its purport was missed.

And nowadays?

Nowadays we have become somewhat metaphysical and subjective in these matters. The *raison d'être* of a picture or statue may not thrust itself upon us in this crude, straightforward fashion; the morsel must be chewed before swallowed and relished only of the Elect; prayer and fasting are requisite to initiate us into the mysteries which the master sought to express. It is all for the best, no doubt. Times are changed. The Greeks liked garlic.

As for the fauns and their fellows—these dream-creatures wander over flowery meads in the dim borderland between the monstrous and the sublime, and whoever seeks them will not seek in vain, for their existence is coeval with man, and Hellenic art only discovered them in the sense that Vasco da Gama discovered the Indies; or Volta, electricity. Critics, meanwhile, shake their heads in sagest fashion; but whether they approve or not, who shall say? These conscientious gentlemen are puzzled and disquieted, having no clear preceding exemplar to guide them. They wish such things had never been invented. There are *pros* and *cons;* besides, there are fauns and fauns . . .

"Not guilty, but don't do it again," they mumble at last; a reasonable verdict, when one comes to think of it, and one which might well be extended to certain faun-makers of later days.

[The above and other articles that have appeared in the ENGLISH REVIEW form part of a book entitled *Siren Land* to be published shortly (Dent & Sons.]

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The Place of Music in Modern Life

By Filson Young

I

THERE are periods in the world's age when the great things that run through our human history like continuous threads have to be reconsidered; when our thought about them has to be readjusted to the new ideas and conditions at which we have arrived in our journey. No one who contemplates calmly the civilised world to-day can pretend that ours is a moment of deep spiritual or artistic growth. The present time is essentially one in which the things of the spirit—that is to say the arts and the philosophies—after a time of great and rapid development, have to come to rest, and when material things are developing so rapidly as to absorb almost the whole of the world's time. This is a time of spiritual and artistic maturity; after a period of growth and struggle there has come a pause, in which these spiritual affairs of ours detach themselves from the great onward-rushing tide of movement which we call progress and are floating, as it were, in still water, away from the main current, away from the great pathway of the world's progress; out of sympathy with it perhaps, but most certainly detached from it. In every day there comes, after the glory of the dawn and freshness of the early morning, after the fire has faded from the skies and the dews have dried from the fields of promise, a time of stagnation and flatness, when the air seems to hang heavily, and the life and vitality to have departed from the day. In every human life there is a similar moment; and after emergence from the dreamy realms of childhood, after the promises and the enthusiasms and fires of youth have been a little dulled and chilled by contact with the crude realities of life, a flatness and weariness and sense of disillusionment come like a cloud over our existence, and the material asserts itself over the spiritual. And so with that longer day and greater and more complex life in which we image the history of an age or a civilisation; so with the component

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currents of human effort of which that life is made up; so, at some time or other, with discovery, with invention, with religion, with art; these things all have their time of accomplishment and their time of pause. And so, among other arts, with the art of music—a thing founded on phenomena which are as old as the human race, but which in the form that we know it now is the youngest of the family of arts, one whose development through the last few centuries has been increasingly rapid, whose birth lies within the span of recorded human history, and whose maturity we witness to-day.

Think, then, of music to-day as a mature, fully evolved art, of the technique of which we would appear to know practically everything there is to be known; and think of modern life as the existence of men and women in this world to-day, and the special circumstances that make that existence different from the lives of men and women of an earlier age. In what way is the life we live more suitable for the cultivation of music, in what way is it less suitable than the life of the last two centuries, in which music came to its rapid and splendid maturity? These I think are questions worth considering.

Unfortunately, the moment one begins to talk about modern life one is almost bound to begin to talk in platitudes; there are some things so obvious, and yet so true, that they can only be expressed in a commonplace. We do live in an age of hurry. We do live in a world where rapidity is often counted higher than thoroughness, and where the conditions of life demand a smattering of information on many subjects, rather than a depth of knowledge on any one. We do live in a civilisation where things like telegraphy, rail-roads, telephones, mechanical substitutions for labour, and so on, have enormously complicated the life of every human being in our country, and where in the hurry and clamour and chaotic activities of the struggle, we seem to drift farther and farther away from that quieter, younger age that was the golden age of the fine arts, where there was sunshine and silence and room for the soul of man to grow, and space for it to soar on its wings of poetry and music.

It may seem absurd to suggest that music is an anachronism here, and that, where other things are developing and changing and growing so rapidly, it alone is to be condemned to a state of stagnation. You may say, surely music, which is such a living art, and so closely bound up with the senses and emotions of mankind, can express the particular spirit of every age; surely it too can move with the times, and readjust itself to a new age and new conditions? I know that that view is held by many;

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but it would be dishonest of me not to make it quite clear that it is not my view. I do not believe that music can "move with the times" in the common sense of that expression; I do not believe that music can be used as a happy or suitable expression for the fluctuations of the cotton market, for the spirit of wireless telegraphy or valveless motor-engines, or for our emotions about murder trials and rubber shares. Music is no time-server. It is, and has always been, an expression of the inner soul of man, the most subtle form of expression known to us, but an expression always of those great fundamental emotions that are common, not to one country or to one time, but to the soul of man in all times and places.

Then, you say, why should it be any less at home in our modern life than in the life of the generations before us? The answer is to be found in those very conditions of modern life that give it its distracting, hurrying, and unrestful character. Music, I have said, is primarily an expression of the soul; an escape, if you like, for the imagination; a means where we may be independent of our immediate conditions, and escape beyond them into a world of poetry and phantasy. And the need for that escape is found in a simple and quiet life rather than in a complex and hurrying life—or to put it in an extreme way, the need for this imaginative escape exists more in a dull life than in an interesting life. If all our activities of thought and imagination are fully occupied by the things around us, we shall not need to use our imagination to escape into a more interesting world; in short, material things are so many, so varied, and so engrossing, that we do not feel the need of things of the spirit.

II

Let me try to make this rather obscure point plainer by picturing the typical lives of two men. The one man lives, in an age other than this, in a little country town far removed from any great metropolitan activities. He is not rich, but his means are, and have always been, sufficient for his wants, and he lives in a dignified simplicity, into which it is hardly ever necessary for the thought of money to enter. He has some regular occupation connected with the life of the people immediately around him, but he has leisure for reading and cultivating himself, time to be a student of any subject that interests him. The mountains that tower above the little town, the river that wanders through the meadows beyond, the road that comes down through the valley and goes on into the unknown world, these all supply him with

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material for interest, speculation, and wonder. The mountains though visible are inaccessible to him, and their peaks remain unspoiled by familiarity; the river that has shone and rippled through his childhood is a living though speechless companion of his daily life; the road is for him a connecting link in the chain that binds him to other worlds and other lives, coming from one unknown and going on to another. His human interests lie in the people and the lives immediately round about him; there is no such thing as a newspaper, and letters are rare, things brought by the hand of some chance traveller, eagerly passed from hand to hand, read, re-read, and discussed until their minutest interest is threadbare. His excitements and distractions are all on this minute scale, and are savoured and enjoyed to their fullest extent, however small and narrow they may be. In such a life imagine the place of music—how enlarging to the horizon, how deepening to the cultivation of that quiet soul living that quiet life! How lovingly would not such a man study its secrets, how gladly would he not give that labour that sweetens all acquirement, how deeply would he not pore over the works of the masters until he became imbued with their spirit! Real growth, real artistic cultivation, real musical perception, would soon be the mark of such a man, and to him and his friends, living such a life in such a place, music would be a great door opened into the world of the spirit, at once employing and satisfying the imagination.

And now take another man. He lives in a great city crowded with commerce, where labour struggles against labour for a bare living, and riches are piled on riches; where the air is darkened with smoke, and from dawn till night the streets are filled with clamour and movement and hurry. This man too has his occupation, but it is an occupation that is never finished; he dare not pause or rest for fear some one should step in and take his place; whatever means he has are not enough, for about him on every side are people with more money, with greater means, through whose example the standard of life goes steadily up. He opens his daily paper every morning, and immediately, as in a mirror, the whole world lies open before him; he sees the explorer at work amid the ice-packs of the North; the life of a hundred famous or notorious people is spread before him in minute detail; he reads the thoughts of his fellow men half a world away; he hears the strife of parliaments, witnesses the rise and fall of kings, and sees the mine of revolution fired, and republics founded on the ashes of dynasties. His imagination, in short, is more than occupied. The swift trains can carry him within an hour or

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two to the outer world in a dozen different directions; from that outer world men and women come, daily mingling with and confusing his own existence; time and distance are both annihilated, and the doings of the whole world brought visibly and audibly before him. Again I say, what room is there in such a life for imagination? What place is there for music, or more truly, what time is there for music?

For no one can cultivate music without giving time and trouble to it. As there is no royal road to learning of any kind, so there are no short cuts to musical cultivation. The advertisements of gramaphone-makers and the sellers of mechanical piano-players tell us that the years spent in musical study are no longer necessary, that all the charm, all the wonder, and all the cultivation of music are open to any one, however ignorant, at the cost of a few shillings and a succession of monthly payments. There never was a greater lie uttered. The ignoramus may put the roll of a Beethoven sonata on his piano-player, turn the necessary cranks and adjust the necessary levers, and succeed in producing —what? At the best an amazingly clever and life-like caricature of a musical performance—at the worst a hideous travesty and debasement of the noblest artistic creations of mankind. Depend upon it, it is by labour and study, and by them alone, that we attain to any real achievement or high artistic enjoyment; and this mechanical substitution, this effort to get results without any expenditure of time or trouble on the process, is to me one of the most pathetic and futile things which our time has brought forth. Let us deal with these mechanical inventions once and for all, and then dismiss them from our thoughts. Let us admit all their marvellousness and their possibility, in the hands of an artistic manipulator, for illusion and deception. The more mechanically perfect they seem to be, the more hateful they should be to us, and the more strenuously we should set our faces against any tolerance of them or traffic with them. For music from beginning to end, from its inception in the brain or impulse in the heart, to its utterance by voice or instrument, is a thing of human feeling, human touch, human effort. If we use purely mechanical means of locomotion and movement we soon lose the use of our arms and legs; and so in music the cultivation of artificial and mechanical processes will merely mean the neglect and atrophy of our natural powers; in a word, cultivation of mechanical means of musical performance must surely mean the ultimate loss of power to invent music, loss of power to produce it, and loss of power to enjoy it.

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III

Music is cultivated in three great departments—there is the music of the church—the music of the concert-room and theatre —and the music of the home. The first of these is allied to a departing thing, and will depart with it; the other two belong to our everyday life, and reflect its characteristics. What is it in the music of the theatre and concert-room that most flourishes to-day? I am the first to admit the enormous strides that public taste has made in orchestral music in the last ten or fifteen years. Orchestral music has become what it never was before, really popular among musical amateurs; and London, which for some time lagged behind the North in its appreciation and support of orchestral music, has now probably more orchestral performances, attended by more people, than any other city in the world. This is largely due to the development of the modern art of conducting and the consequent improvement in orchestral playing, and again the consequent unlocking of a whole treasure-house of sound to the general public. But it still remains a fact that orchestral music does not "pay" in the large sense of the word, and if one wants a rough test for what is popular, not with amateurs predisposed to be interested, but with the public at large, one had better apply the money test. There are no fortunes to be made in running orchestras or giving orchestral concerts. Neither will any one seriously contend that grand opera is popular in England. It is of no use to say that it ought to be, that it would be under such and such conditions; the fact for our immediate consideration is that it is not—that is to say, that people will not pay to hear operas in sufficient numbers to make it financially worth any one's while to produce them. The heroic struggles of the Carl Rosa Company have proved it in the past. The equally heroic efforts of the Moody Manners Company are proving it in the present; and though Mr. Thomas Beecham is doing admirable work with his opera season in London and is getting any amount of appreciation and support, we must not forget that there is a well from which the general public is believed to draw health, and from which Mr. Beecham is believed to draw wealth. In short, the fact that Mr. Beecham is very generously and patriotically spending his money on the production of operas, does not alter the fact that opera is not closely enough in touch with modern life in England to be economically possible. What then is popular? We have one thing that really does flourish in England as it flourishes nowhere else, and that is so-called musical comedy. Serious musicians are too apt to

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despise these productions, but they have survived the criticism of the learned, and the denunciation of musical enthusiasts, myself included, and they have proved that they do belong in a very real way to the life of our time. I remember in my own early days as a musical critic, when I must admit these musical comedies had not reached the high standard they have reached since, involving my newspapers in more than one libel action by Mr. George Edwardes, on account of my denunciation of his productions on artistic grounds; but I should be less than honest if I did not now admit that time and development have proved me wrong; that there was a germ of real life in these things, and that it has lived and developed into a mode of expression peculiarly English. For we must remember that the great characteristic of English music in its best days was always its gaiety; it was never melancholy, never romantic, never savage or barbaric; it was always gay, gay with the gaiety of the English country-side, of village songs and games, and romping dances in the meadows, and the bucolic hilarity of the tavern. Well, much of that has gone from us. The gaiety of the country-side, the games and village dances have vanished; but still, when the thread of English music reasserts itself, it is found, though wonderfully transformed, to be still uttering its gay message. What is it we have always most needed in England, with our heavy climate and grey cloudy skies, with our sternness and dulness and dignity? A little laughter surely. It has always been the thing missing from our composition, and the thing with which the divine art has tried to supply us. Now to-day we are all a little jaded, a little tired, a little worried; though we cannot repair to the meadow-side, or join in the happy ridiculous games of former generations, we go to the theatre and laugh at the ridiculous situations invented for us there, and in the music that accompanies them we have found something that evidently answers to some need in us, so that the airs that are born there are whistled and sung in the country-side, and, as much as any music can, become part of our national life. I say not a word in criticism of this music, whether it is good or bad; that is beside my point here. It is a part of our life, and it is one of the supreme expressions of music in our modern life. But we may admit that, without over-rating its importance, or without denying the enormous share that the dresses, the scenery, and the personalities of the people taking part in these performances, have in spreading the popularity of the music.

This frivolous expression of music is at one end of the scale; but at the opposite end there is another way in which it enters

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very considerably into our modern life, and that is the economic way. Music has been pressed into the great service of wage-earning to such an extent that its practice as an art threatens often to be obliterated by its practice as a trade or profession. There are many institutions in this country which exist almost solely for equipping those who join them to be teachers of music —the success or failure of which is judged on almost purely economic grounds. Now the teaching of music is not a thing for which every musician is fitted, and because a student is a successful performer, it by no means follows that he or she will be a successful teacher. And here I think we touch upon a very real weakness of some of these institutions. Those who join them in order to learn a trade, whose parents invest so much money with the idea that in a few years they will be able to earn so much more, do not, in many cases, pursue their studies with any very real deep devotion to the subject, but too often with a view merely to acquire the necessary smattering that will enable them to earn fees by giving lessons. The teachers of music are thus divided very sharply into two classes. There is the genuine artist who works and studies hard, seeking always to perfect himself in his particular branch of music; a singer or a player perhaps, who finds himself unable to live on the engagements that he can get as a performer. There is no help for such a one, except in teaching; not the teaching of geniuses, but of any one who will come—often far removed from genius. There is no sadder thing in the world than to see some really artistic spirit gradually crushed and wearied by the drudgery of teaching, and its bright wings, that aspired to mount to the sun, soiled with the dust of the earth in the struggle for an actual living. To those genuinely artistic spirits, thoroughly sound musicians perhaps, but without the superlativeness of voice or technique which alone to-day commands a wide hearing, the modern world is no friendly place, and modern life is no easy condition. Such people necessarily live completely out of harmony with the world about them. Their ambition is the attainment of perfection, and perfection is a luxury which they are neither allowed to attain themselves, nor assist others to the attainment of. If they have a brilliant pupil, he or she soon passes into other hands; the dull ones require results of some kind in the shortest possible time, and with the least possible expenditure of money; to be taught how to get through a song or pianoforte piece, in a way that will secure the admiration of their uncritical friends, is all they want. And in the deadly struggle for life, the artist is again and again forced down into the prosecution of this melan-

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choly business, until too often his faith in himself, and even in his art, is lost, and he becomes a mere drudge in the economic service. In such a life it can hardly be said that music is in harmony with modern conditions.

IV

I could multiply instances of this kind to any extent, and in a way rather depressing to those who love and study music for itself; but they would only tend to strengthen and support my theory, that all attempts to change the character of music with the changed character of our age; all attempts to force it from what it is into something that it is not and cannot be; all efforts to turn an artistic and spiritual thing into an economic and commercial thing; in a word, all efforts to make music move with the times, are bound to end in failure. What place then has music in our modern life? I believe that it has a very real place and use with us to-day. And the great use of music in modern life, it seems to me, may be expressed in a paradox. Its use in modern life is as a means of escape from modern life. Its value to us lies, not in its likeness to the conditions around us, but in its difference from them; not in its correspondence with our everyday life, but in its contrast to it. It is a life-belt which will preserve those who carry it from altogether sinking in the welter of sordid material conditions about them; it is a fiery chariot that will catch us up out of cares and struggles here, and bear us to a world of serene and exalted things; that may carry us from turmoil into peace, and from earth to heaven. Poetry and music, as Hector Berlioz said, are the two wings of the soul; and as it has in all times been regarded as a means of rising beyond the limitations of material conditions into the free world of the spirit, so, more truly to-day than ever, it may still be regarded. And to those who have chosen music as the main work and study of their lives, and who are not infrequently confronted with these very questions of its apparent incompatibility with the general run of the world's thought and interest to-day, I cannot help feeling that it will be a great strength, a great consolation, and a great encouragement, if they will think of music in this way, as having nothing whatever to do with the material interests and affairs of mankind, but as belonging to another world, another dimension, another element. How often at sea is one not awed and confounded, if one's eye is raised no higher than the horizon, by the tumult and desolation of the waters, the busy, tiresome, laborious activities of the ship, the grinding and commotion, the throbbing and pulsing, the humming of winds, and roar and

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crashing of waves. Yet raise your eyes above the salt wilderness of water, above the labouring ship, above the swinging mast-heads, and there, visibly above you, is a world of peace, unbroken and eternal, where stars are shining quietly, and whither the tumults of the sea do not reach. And those of us with the cultivation and perception to appreciate great music have always close at hand just such another world, another element in which our spirits may refresh themselves. There never was a time when we more needed such an escape; there never was a time when material things were so pressing; when the clamour and tumult of the world was so outrageous; when the things of life itself were so deafening as to dull our ears to all the finer sounds. We need music more than ever in the world to-day, and the mission of those who cultivate it is a higher and more sacred mission than ever it was. It is no longer for the mere adornment and elegance of life that they labour, but for spiritual life itself; it is not to give the musical spirit more balmy airs to breathe, but for its very breath they are fighting.

It goes without saying that there are certain kinds of music that appeal to us more easily to-day than other kinds. It is always easy to listen to Wagner or Chopin, because there is in all their music a trace of that emotional fever that is never far below the surface of our modern life; but it is often hard to get into the necessary frame of mind to be able to enjoy the music of Beethoven or Mozart. We must all have been aware of experiencing this difficulty of going into a concert-room, and looking forward to hearing a favourite symphony, and finding when it came to be played that it had nothing to say to us, that we were not in the mood for it, that we were listening to its notes without really hearing it. All very serious music requires an atmosphere, a *stimmung* to be established, before it can really come to life, and this atmosphere is one which it is increasingly hard to establish, in proportion as it becomes farther and farther removed from the atmosphere in which we live our lives. All chamber music needs it; for example, how often is one really in the mood to appreciate or even enjoy a Beethoven quartette? Such things have really no part with our everyday life; they belong to a region of things which we must deliberately enter into if we are to appreciate or enjoy them, and that region is very far from the region which we inhabit during the greater part of our waking lives. In a simpler age it lay near at hand, and from the daily life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was but a step into that world, now so spiritually removed from us. Between the life of London to-day, with its high pressure,

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its domination by money, its fierce battles, the endless struggle for life that is going on in it, the endless grim effort to keep a foothold at all amid its jostling crowds, the tremendous hurrying tide and torrent of activity that roars for ever in our ears—ah! between that and the quiet little world of candle-light in a home in some German country town, two hundred years ago, what a contrast! Could we but open the windows of our mental vision and see the little family group surrounding the open scores and steeping themselves in the joy and understanding of deep and true music, what peace and refreshment might we not find!

Well, it is to some extent possible for us to do it still; that world lies still within our reach, although the journey to it becomes longer and longer every day. It is very hard for the individual to reach it alone. The atmosphere that I have spoken of may be, and is, still established where a number of people, who really care for music, gather together and work at it. Such things as quartette-parties and singing-societies, even though the standard of performance which they attain may not be a very high one, are invaluable aids to the cultivation of music in our life to-day. One of the strongest and healthiest branches of English music is to be found in the brass bands of the towns and villages of England. And why? Just because they involve the association of people, the meeting together with the one purpose of working at and studying music, and consequently, that temporary escape from ordinary life, which I have emphasised as being the most valuable thing that music can give us to-day.

And I would strongly urge, as the sum of what I have been trying to say about the place of music in modern life, that the thing to be striven for, and worked for to-day, is the cultivation of a musical atmosphere. It is less important to-day that we should produce new music, than that we should cultivate an atmosphere in which music that has already been produced can be heard and enjoyed. That really is the thing that is in danger to-day. There is no danger that we shall lose our technical accomplishments, for there never was an age when technique was in such a high state of perfection as it is to-day. Be sure that we shall never lack performers, never lack producers of music. What we may come to lack is listeners—not because the world shall have grown weary of music, or will come to need it any the less, but because in the crowded material conditions of modern life the atmosphere in which people can listen at all may become less and less easy of attainment. And the establishment of that

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atmosphere, whenever and wherever it is possible, is the best service that we can render music to-day; that we may preserve it, not as part of our modern life, but as a part of that greater life which is not ancient or modern, but universal and eternal, into which our spirits may escape in hours of heaviness or oppression here.

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Fear

By Catherine Wells

On the Kentish coast between Folkestone and Dover there is a stretch of stunted trees and thickly tangled bushes and undergrowth between the sea and the receded cliffs, a strip of picturesque desolation some half mile broad and five miles long. In high summer the nearer end towards Folkestone is the resort of happy holiday parties, picnicking all about a tea and ginger beer shanty; further on its solitudes, wilder and more beautiful, are seldom disturbed. The high road to Dover lies distantly up and away over the top of the cliffs, and such few houses as there are on that road stand remotely back, as if they shrink from the approach of the treacherous cliff edge that creeps ever nearer to them. Here and there the sheer white fall of the cliff is broken by a weedy slope down which a scrambling path traces a thin line, and beneath comes that stretch of tumbled land-slidden ground, its little hills and valleys richly netted with rosebriars and brambles, wayfaring tree and hawthorn, and carpeted with short grass all beset with yellow rock roses and violets and a hundred other flowers.

There, close to the sea, in a grassy hollow that spread itself to the hot summer sun, lay a woman face downward to the ground, and sobbed. Her expensive, pretty muslin dress showed little rents here and there where it had been caught by unheeded brambles. And she sobbed because she had come into that lonely and beautiful place to take her life into her hands and end it and die.

She had been sitting there on the grass a long while, it seemed to her, trying to think for the last of so many times, what other thing she could possibly do. But no new light came to her. Her life seemed all too tangled now for new beginnings, and she herself too weary to imagine any. Her husband would never forgive her when he knew, and so went her tired mind again over the old trodden track—nothing could stop his knowing, even if he did not know already. She thought it certain that he

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did know already. Why else should he have got leave and be coming home again so soon ?

She stared upon the sea that lay before her, calm and flat like a lake surface, its edge slapping gently on the grey, clayish sand. Silvery pale blue with lights and shades like satin it was, and further out it was streaked with azure bands. Far on the horizon hung the sails of the fishing-fleet, and it was so still about her that there seemed no nearer living thing.

She could not meet her husband, passionate, noisy, raging with anger as he would be. It was the sick fear of him that had driven her away here. He must be already in their house. She could imagine, and it made her tremble, his heavy tread upstairs, the flung open doors, the harsh loud demands for her. Even if she had stayed to meet him and brave it out with what courage she could, what good would it have been ? He would never have let her speak one word of excuse or explanation ; he would shout at her and curse, and fling her at last out of his house as he would a dead flower from his coat. What could she be but helpless before a creature so fixed and immutable ? Why was there never a human being who could understand the trouble and the happiness and the misery, and the muddle and the lies that had netted about her ? She wanted to cry, cry to that wise and kindly soul like a child that is hurt, and be comforted and loved and set on her feet to try again. And instead of that it seemed to her as if an invisible hand had thrust her down a narrow passage of consequences, impelling her by the whispered fear of the terror behind, till she had come at last to a door, a way out, the only way out, that escape whose key was in the little chemist's bottle in her pocket. The memory of it there stung her with fear ; in it she saw the terror that had followed her re-embodied, before her now instead of behind her, crouched to spring and grip and shake the pulsating life out of her young and beautiful body.

She sat and gazed at the blue sea, and tried to make it seem real to herself that she would presently lie there dead, growing colder and stiff. In a few moments it might be, if she chose. In a few hours it would have to be. She felt suddenly very lonely. For a long time now she had sat there and seen no one. About an hour since a straggling line of black dots had appeared over the headland on the Folkestone side, schoolboys, they were, hunting the bay for fossils under the energetic direction of an explanatory master. They had come near enough for her to hear their shouts and the deeper voice of their tutor, and then they had turned back again, and disappeared at last in twos and

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threes beyond the headland. They left her the lonelier for having come and gone. Indeed, she felt a little frightened at seeing, so measured out to her eye by those remote black dots, how much she was alone. A rustle in the grass above, the dart of a bird back to its hidden nest, made her start; and then she turned and watched for some time the businesslike coming and going of a pair of blue tits among the pale gold dried grass stems that fringed against the sky; patiently and lovingly attendant they were upon a faintly clamorous invisible cheeping. It was their happy domesticity that struck to her heart, and set her sobbing, a sobbing that became violent and uncontrolled. And afterwards she lay still.

She sat up at last, and then stood up with the thought of going down to the edge of the satin-surfaced sea. But as she turned she saw about a quarter of a mile away on a little hillock among the bushes, the slouching figure of a man who seemed to look at her.

Before she recognised its unlikeness she had an instant's panic fear that it might be her husband. She turned from the sea and walked on among the bushes, the softly bred woman's fear of tramps instinctively setting her to put distance between herself and that dubious figure. She walked on quickly for about half a mile, among the stunted trees and up and down slopes, having lost sight of the man almost at once, and then she stopped and sat again upon the grass.

She would have to do it soon; she would have to do it soon. That invisible hand was pressing her hardly now against the very door itself. The afternoon had grown late, and the shadows had lengthened till those of a gorse bush three yards away lay across her feet. The blue was paling out of the sea before a tinge of yellow that grew warmer. The sea was swelling up, and flowing silently nearer with the turned tide. A faint chill crept into the air. It would have to be done soon.

She slipped her hand into her pocket, and felt the cool smooth glass of the little bottle there between her fingers. Slowly she drew it out and held it in her lap, and looked at it. The thing she had to do became to her as queer and meaningless, as unreasonably stupid, as something that happens in a dream.

She turned as if to look once more upon all the beauty that was about her, and with a clutch of terror at her heart saw the ill-conditioned figure she had seen before, looking at her and coming towards her, less than a hundred yards away.

With a rush came Fear upon her, and possessed her. She had a watch upon her breast that glittered, shining trinkets on her wrists. She got up hastily, turned some high bushes, and

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frankly began to run, running into the thicker undergrowth, and bending where the trees fell away, lest her head should show. She ran inland towards the cliff and doubled back, her heart thumping heavily with fear, threading through a maze of little tracks, through tiny woods, by a deep-lying pool of black and green stagnant water, struggling with brambles that caught and tore at her, pressed by one thought, to escape the horror of that stealthy pursuer. Thicker grew the trees, and thicker.

She stopped at last in a little opening among them, a circle of thin grass and bracken surrounded so completely by high bushes and small trees that she could hardly see from where she had stepped into the place. She was hot and panting, and the noisy beating of her heart against her breast left her breathless. But here was safe hiding. She sank down upon the grass.

Her hand still clutched upon the little bottle. As her breath grew quiet she saw it there, and sat and gazed at it, helplessly, in a curious state of mind that was not thought, but only a dull pain. Twilight grew upon her. A light wind stirred; she shivered. Ah! night was coming and the cold; cold and solitude and the dark; presently she would grow hungry, and the world that had ever held her so caressingly in its lap would lash her with the whip of elementary human needs. That waited for her here, and over there waited her home—her home and her husband. With a low shuddering cry she pulled the stopper from the little bottle, shut her eyes in anguish, and pushed it against her mouth and swallowed.

It dropped out of her hand. For an instant that seemed long she thought that nothing was going to happen to her. Everything was suddenly without sound. Then came a spasm at her heart more terrible in its instant pain than anything she had ever imagined. Without knowing it she fell back upon the ground, and the bushes and patch of sky before her grew small in her vision and very distant, then rushed back upon her and swayed and swayed.

Then she saw, and the sight glazed her eyes in horror, the bushes part before her, and from among them looked out a cunning, evil face.

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Under Western Eyes*

By Joseph Conrad

PART FIRST. III (*continued*)

THERE was nothing formidable about the man bearing that name. His mild expectant glance was turned on the door already when Razumov entered. At once, with the penholder he was holding in his hand, he pointed to a deep sofa between two windows. He followed Razumov with his eyes while that last crossed the room and sat down. The mild gaze rested on him, not curious, not inquisitive—certainly not suspicious—almost without expression. In its passionless persistence there was something resembling sympathy.

Razumov, who had prepared his will and his intelligence to encounter General T—— himself, was profoundly troubled. All the moral bracing up against the possible excesses of power and passion went for nothing before this sallow man, who wore a full unclipped beard. It was fair, thin, and very fine. The light fell in coppery gleams on the protuberances of a high rugged forehead. And the aspect of the broad soft physiognomy was so homely and rustic that the careful middle parting of the hair seemed a pretentious affectation.

The diary of Mr. Razumov testifies to some irritation on his part. I may remark here that the diary proper consisting of the more or less daily entries seems to have been begun on that very evening after Mr. Razumov had returned home.

Mr. Razumov, then, was irritated. His strung up individuality had gone to pieces within him very suddenly.

"I must be very prudent with him," he warned himself in the silence during which they sat gazing at each other. It lasted some little time and was characterised (for silences have their character) by a sort of sadness imparted to it perhaps by the mild and thoughtful manner of the bearded official. Razumov learned later that he was the chief of a department in the General Secretariat, with a rank in the civil service equivalent to that of a colonel in the army.

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Razumov's mistrust became acute. The main point was, not to be drawn into saying too much. He had been called there for some reason. What reason? To be given to understand that he was a suspect—and also no doubt to be pumped. As to what precisely? There was nothing. Or perhaps Haldin had been telling lies. . . . Every alarming uncertainty beset Razumov He could bear the silence no longer and cursing himself for his weakness spoke first, though he had promised himself not to do so on any account.

"I haven't lost a moment's time," he began in a hoarse, provoking tone; and then the faculty of speech seemed to leave him and enter the body of Councillor Mikulin who chimed in approvingly.

"Very proper. Very proper. Though as a matter of fact . . ."

But the spell was broken and Razumov interrupted him boldly, under a sudden conviction that this was the safest attitude to take. With a great flow of words he complained of being totally misunderstood. Even as he talked with a perception of his own audacity he thought that the word "misunderstood" was better than the word "mistrusted" and he repeated it again with insistence. Suddenly he ceased, being seized with fright before the attentive immobility of the official. "What am I talking about?" he thought, eyeing him with a vague gaze. Mistrusted —not misunderstood was the right symbol for these people. Misunderstood was the other kind of curse. Both had been brought on his head by that fellow Haldin. And his head ached terribly. He passed his hand over his brow—an involuntary gesture of suffering, which he was too careless to restrain. At that moment Razumov beheld his own brain suffering on the rack—a long, pale figure drawn asunder horizontally with terrific force in the darkness of a vault, whose face he failed to see. It was as though he had dreamed for an infinitesimal fraction of time of some dark print of the Inquisition. . . .

It is not to be seriously supposed that Razumov had actually dozed off and had dreamed in the presence of Councillor Mikulin, of an old print of the Inquisition. He was indeed extremely exhausted, and he records a remarkably dream-like experience of anguish at the circumstance that there was no one whatever near the pale and extended figure. The solitude of the racked victim was particularly horrible to behold. The mysterious impossibility to see the face, he also notes, inspired a sort of terror. All these characteristics of an ugly dream were present. Yet he is certain that he never lost the consciousness of himself on the

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sofa, leaning forward with his hands between his knees and turning his cap round and round in his fingers. But everything vanished at the voice of Councillor Mikulin. Razumov felt profoundly grateful for the even simplicity of its tone.

"Yes. I have listened with interest. I comprehend in a measure your . . . But indeed, you are mistaken in what you . . ." Councillor Mikulin uttered a series of broken sentences. Instead of finishing them he glanced down his beard. It was a deliberate curtailment which somehow made the phrases more impressive. But he could talk fluently enough, as became apparent when changing his tone to persuasiveness he went on: "By listening to you as I did, I think I have proved that I do not regard our intercourse as strictly official. In fact, I don't want it to have that character at all. . . . Oh yes! I admit that the request for your presence here had an official form. But I put it to you whether it was a form which would have been used to secure the attendance of a . . ."

"Suspect," exclaimed Razumov, looking straight into the official's eyes. They were big with heavy eyelids, and met his boldness with a dim, steadfast gaze. "A suspect." The open repetition of that word which had been haunting all his waking hours gave Razumov a strange sort of satisfaction. Councillor Mikulin shook his head slightly. "Surely you do know that I've had my rooms searched by the police?"

"I was about to say a 'misunderstood person,' when you interrupted me," insinuated quietly Councillor Mikulin.

Razumov smiled without bitterness. The renewed sense of his intellectual superiority sustained him in the hour of danger. He said a little disdainfully.

"I know I am but a reed. But I beg you to allow me the superiority of the thinking reed over the unthinking forces that are about to crush him out of existence. Practical thinking in the last instance is but criticism. I may perhaps be allowed to express my wonder at this action of the police being delayed for two full days during which, of course, I could have annihilated everything compromising by burning it—let us say—and getting rid of the very ashes, for that matter."

"You are angry," remarked the official, with an unutterable simplicity of tone and manner. "Is that reasonable?"

Razumov felt himself colouring with annoyance.

"I am reasonable. I am even—permit me to say—a thinker, though to be sure, this name nowadays seems to be the monopoly of hawkers of revolutionary wares, the slaves of some French or German thought—devil knows what foreign notions. But I am

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not an intellectual mongrel. I think like a Russian. I think faithfully—and I take the liberty to call myself a thinker. It is not a forbidden word, as far as I know."

"No. Why should it be a forbidden word?" Councillor Mikulin turned in his seat with crossed legs and resting his elbow on the table propped his head on the knuckles of a half closed hand. Razumov noticed a thick forefinger clasped by a massive gold band set with a blood red stone—a signet ring that, looking as if it could weigh half a pound, was an appropriate ornament for that ponderous man with the accurate middle-parting of glossy hair above a rugged Socratic forehead.

"Could it be a wig?" Razumov detected himself wondering with an unexpected detachment. His self-confidence was much shaken. He resolved to chatter no more. Reserve! Reserve! All he had to do was to keep the Ziemianitch episode secret with absolute determination, when the questions came. Keep Ziemianitch strictly out of all the answers.

Councillor Mikulin looked at him dimly. Razumov's self-confidence abandoned him completely. It seemed impossible to keep Ziemianitch out. Every question would lead to that because of course, there was nothing else. He made an effort to brace himself up. It was a failure. But Councillor Mikulin was surprisingly detached too:

"Why should it be forbidden," he repeated. "I too, consider myself a thinking man. I assure you. The principal condition is to think correctly. I admit it is difficult sometimes at first for a young man abandoned to himself—with his generous impulses undisciplined so to speak—at the mercy of every wild wind that blows. Religious belief of course is a great . . ."

Councillor Mikulin glanced down his beard and Razumov, whose tension was relaxed by that unexpected and discursive turn murmured with gloomy discontent:

"That man, Haldin, believed in God."

"Ah! You are aware," breathed out Councillor Mikulin, making the point softly, as if with discretion, but making it nevertheless plainly enough, as if he too, were put off his guard by Razumov's remark. That last preserved an impassive moody countenance, though he reproached himself bitterly for a pernicious fool, to have given thus an utterly false impression of intimacy. He kept his eyes on the floor. "I must positively hold my tongue unless I am obliged to speak," he admonished himself. And at once against his will the question, "Hadn't I better tell him everything?" presented itself with such force that he had to bite his lower lip. Councillor Mikulin could

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not, however, have nourished any hope of confession. He went on :

" You tell me more than his judges were able to get out of him. He was judged by a commission of three. He would tell them absolutely nothing. I have the report of the interrogatories here, by me. After every question there stands ' Refuses to answer—refuses to answer.' It's like that page after page. You see, I have been entrusted with some further investigations around and about this affair. He has left me nothing to begin my investigations on. A hardened miscreant. And so, you say, he believed in . . ."

Again Councillor Mikulin glanced down his beard with a faint grimace ; but he did not pause for long. Remarking with a shade of scorn that blasphemers also had that sort of belief, he concluded by supposing that Mr. Razumov had conversed frequently with Haldin on the subject.

" No," said Razumov loudly without looking up. " He talked and I listened. That is not a conversation."

" Listening is a great art," observed Mikulin parenthetically.

" And getting people to talk is another," mumbled Razumov.

" Well no—that is not very difficult," Mikulin said innocently, " except of course, in special cases. For instance, this Haldin. Nothing could induce him to talk. He was brought four times before the delegated judges. Four secret interrogatories—and even during the last, when your personality was put forward . . ."

" My personality put forward," repeated Razumov, raising his head brusquely. " I don't understand."

Councillor Mikulin turned squarely to the table, and taking up some sheets of grey foolscap dropped them one after another, retaining only the last in his hand. He held it before his eyes while speaking.

" It was—you see—judged necessary. In a case of that gravity no means of action upon the culprit should be neglected. You understand that yourself, I am certain."

Razumov stared with enormous wide eyes at the side view of Councillor Mikulin, who now was not looking at him at all.

" So it was decided—I was consulted by General T— that a certain question should be put to the accused. But in deference to the earnest wishes of Prince K—— your name has been kept out of the documents and even from the very knowledge of the judges themselves. Prince K—— recognised the propriety, the necessity of what we proposed to do, but he was concerned for your safety. Things do leak out—that we can't deny. One

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cannot always answer for the discretion of inferior officials. There was, of course, the secretary of the special tribunal—one or two gendarmes in the room. Moreover, as I have said, in deference to Prince K—— even the judges themselves were to be left in ignorance. The question ready framed was sent to them by General T—— (I wrote it out with my own hand)—with instructions to put it to the prisoner the very last of all. Here it is."

Councillor Mikulin threw back his head into proper focus and went on reading monotonously—"Question—Has the man well known to you, in whose rooms you remained for several hours on Monday and on whose information you have been arrested—has he had any previous knowledge of your intention to commit a political murder? . . . Prisoner refuses to reply.

"Question repeated. Prisoner preserves the same stubborn silence.

"The venerable Chaplain of the Fortress being then admitted and exhorting the prisoner to repentance, entreating him also to atone for his crime by an unreserved and full confession which should help to liberate from the sin of rebellion against the Divine laws and the sacred Majesty of the Ruler, our Christ-loving land—the prisoner opens his lips for the first time during this morning's audience and in a loud, clear voice rejects the venerable Chaplain's ministrations.

"At eleven o'clock the Court pronounces in summary form the death sentence.

"The execution is fixed for four o'clock in the afternoon, subject to further instructions from superior authorities."

Councillor Mikulin dropped the page of foolscap, glanced down his beard and turning to Razumov, added in an easy, explanatory tone:

"We saw no object in delaying the execution. The order to carry out the sentence was sent by telegraph at noon. I wrote out the telegram myself. He was hanged at four o'clock this afternoon."

The definite information of Haldin's death gave Razumov the feeling of general lassitude which follows a great exertion or a great excitement. He kept very still on the sofa, but a murmur escaped him.

"He had a belief in a future existence."

Councillor Mikulin shrugged his shoulders slightly, and Razumov got up with an effort. There was nothing now to stay for in that room. Haldin had been hanged at four o'clock. There could be no doubt of that. He had, it seemed, entered

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upon his future existence, long boots, astrachan fur cap and all, down to the very leather strap round his waist. A flickering, vanishing sort of existence. It was not his soul, it was his mere phantom that he left behind on this earth—thought Razumov, smiling caustically to himself while he crossed the room, utterly forgetful of where he was and of Councillor Mikulin's existence. This last could have set a lot of bells ringing all over the building without leaving his chair. He let Razumov come up quite to the door before he spoke.

"Come, Kirylo Sidorovitch—what are you doing?"

Razumov turned his head and looked at him in silence. He was not in the least disconcerted. Councillor Mikulin's arms were stretched out on the table before him and his body leaned forward a little with an effort of his dim gaze.

"Was I actually going to clear out like this?" Razumov wondered at himself with an impassive countenance. And he was aware of this impassiveness concealing a lucid astonishment.

"Evidently I was going out if he had not spoken," he thought. "What would he have done then? I must end this affair one way or another. I must make him show his hand."

For a moment longer he reflected behind the mask as it were, then let go the door-handle and came back to the middle of the room.

"I'll tell you what you think," he said explosively, but not raising his voice. "You think that you are dealing with a secret accomplice of that unhappy man. No, I do not know that he was unhappy. He did not tell me. He was a wretch from my point of view, because to keep alive a false idea is a greater crime than to kill a man. I suppose you will not deny that? I hated him! Visionaries work everlasting evil on earth. Their Utopias inspire in the mass of mediocre minds a disgust of reality and a contempt for the secular logic of human development."

Razumov shrugged his shoulders and stared. "What a tirade," he thought. The silence and immobility of Councillor Mikulin impressed him. The bearded bureaucrat sat at his post, mysteriously self-possessed like an idol with dim unreadable eyes. Razumov's voice changed involuntarily.

"If you were to ask me where is the necessity of my hate for such as Haldin, I would answer you—there is nothing sentimental in it. I did not hate him because he had committed the crime of murder. Abhorrence is not hate. I hated him simply because I am sane. It is in that character that he outraged me. His death . . ."

Razumov felt his voice growing thick in his throat. The

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dimness of Councillor Mikulin's eyes seemed to spread all over his face and made it indistinct to Razumov's sight. He tried to disregard these phenomena.

"Indeed," he pursued, pronouncing each word carefully. "What is his death to me? If he were lying here on the floor I could walk over his breast. . . . The fellow is a mere phantom. . . ."

Razumov's voice died out very much against his will. Mikulin behind the table did not allow himself the slightest movement. The silence lasted for some little time before Razumov could go on again.

"He went about talking of me. . . . Those intellectual fellows sit in each other's rooms and get drunk on foreign ideas in the same way young Guards' officers treat each other with foreign wines. Merest debauchery. . . . Upon my word—" Razumov, enraged by a sudden recollection of Ziemianitch lowered his voice forcibly—"Upon my word we Russians are a drunken lot. Intoxication of some sort we must have: to get ourselves wild with sorrow or maudlin with resignation; to lie inert like a log or set fire to the house. What is a sober man to do, I should like to know. To cut oneself entirely from one's kind is impossible. To live in a desert one must be a saint. But if a drunken man runs out of the grog shop, falls on your neck and kisses you on both cheeks because something about your appearance has taken his fancy, what then—kindly tell me? You may break, perhaps, a cudgel on his back and yet not succeed in beating him off. . . ."

Councillor Mikulin raised his hand and passed it down his face deliberately.

"That's . . . of course," he said in an undertone.

The quiet gravity of that gesture made Razumov pause. It was so unexpected too. What did it mean? It had an alarming aloofness. Razumov remembered his intention of making him show his hand.

"I have said all this to Prince K——" he began with assumed indifference, but lost it on seeing Councillor Mikulin's slow nod of assent. "You know it? You've heard . . . Then why should I be called here to be told of Haldin's execution. Did you want to confront me with his silence now that the man is dead? What is his silence to me? This is incomprehensible. You want in some way to shake my moral balance."

"No. Not that," murmured Councillor Mikulin, just audibly. "The service you have rendered is appreciated. . ."

"Is it?" interrupted Razumov ironically.

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". . . And your position too." Councillor Mikulin did not raise his voice. "But only think! You fall into Prince K——'s study as if from the sky with your startling information. . . . You are studying yet, Mr. Razumov, but we are serving already—don't forget that. . . . And naturally some curiosity was bound to . . ."

Councillor Mikulin looked down his beard. Razumov's lips trembled.

"An occurrence of that sort marks a man," the homely murmur went on. "I admit I was curious to see you. General T—— thought it would be useful too. . . . Don't think I am incapable of understanding your sentiments. When I was young like you I studied. . . ."

"Yes—you wished to see me," said Razumov in a tone of profound distaste. "Naturally you have the right—I mean the power. It all amounts to the same thing. But it is perfectly useless, if you were to look at me and listen to me for a year. I begin to think there is something about me which people don't seem able to make out. It's unfortunate. I imagine, however, that Prince K—— understands. He seemed to."

Councillor Mikulin moved slightly and spoke:

"Prince K—— is aware of everything that is being done, and I don't mind informing you that he approved my intention of becoming personally acquainted with you."

Razumov concealed an immense disappointment under the accents of railing surprise.

"So he is curious too! . . . Well—after all Prince K—— knows me very little. It is really very unfortunate for me, but—it is not exactly my fault."

Councillor Mikulin raised a hasty deprecatory hand and inclined his head slightly over his shoulder.

"Now, Mr. Razumov—is it necessary to take it in that way? Everybody I am sure can . . ."

He glanced rapidly down his beard, and when he looked up again there was for a moment an interested expression in his misty gaze. Razumov discouraged it with a cold repellent smile.

"No. That's of no importance to be sure—except that in respect of all this curiosity being aroused by a very simple matter. . . . What is to be done with it? It is unappeasable. I mean to say there is nothing to appease it with. I happen to have been born a Russian with patriotic instincts—whether inherited or not I am not in a position to say."

Razumov spoke consciously with elaborate steadiness:

"Yes, patriotic instincts developed by a faculty of

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independent thinking—of detached thinking. In that respect I am more free than any social democratic revolution could make me. It is more than probable that I don't think exactly as you are thinking. Indeed, how could it be. You would think most likely at this moment that I am elaborately lying to cover up the track of my repentance."

Razumov stopped. His heart had grown too big for his breast. Councillor Mikulin did not flinch.

"Why so?" he said simply. "I assisted personally at the search of your rooms. I looked through all the papers myself. I have been greatly impressed by a sort of political confession of faith. A very remarkable document. Now may I ask for what purpose. . . ."

"To deceive the police naturally," said Razumov savagely. . . . "What is all this mockery? Of course, you can send me straight from this room to Siberia. That would be intelligible. To what is intelligible I can submit. But I protest against this comedy of persecution. The whole affair is becoming too comical altogether for my taste. A comedy of errors, phantoms and suspicions. It's positively indecent . . ."

Councillor Mikulin turned an attentive ear.

"Did you say phantoms?" he murmured.

"I could walk over dozens of them." Razumov, with an impatient wave of his hand, went on headlong: "But, really, I must claim the right to be done once for all with that man. And in order to accomplish this I shall take the liberty . . ."

Razumov on his side of the table bowed slightly to the seated bureaucrat.

". . . To retire—simply to retire," he finished with great resolution.

He walked to the door, thinking, "Now he must show his hand. He must ring and have me arrested before I am out of the building, or he must let me go. And either way . . ."

An unhurried voice said:

"Kirylo Sidorovitch."

Razumov at the door turned his head.

"To retire," he repeated.

"Where to?" asked Councillor Mikulin softly.

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PART SECOND. I

In the conduct of an invented story there are, no doubt, certain proprieties to be observed for the sake of clearness and effect. A man of imagination, however inexperienced in the art of narrative, has his instinct to guide him in the choice of his words, and in the development of the action. A grain of talent excuses many mistakes. But this is not a work of imagination; I have no talent; my excuse for this undertaking lies not in its art, but in its artlessness. Aware of my limitations and strong in the sincerity of my purpose, I would not try (were I able) to invent anything. I push my scruples so far that I would not even invent a transition.

Dropping then Mr. Razumov's record at the point where Councillor Mikulin's question "Where to?" comes with its air of an insoluble problem, I shall simply say that I made the acquaintance of these ladies about six months before that time. By "these ladies" I mean, of course, the mother and the sister of the unfortunate Haldin.

By what arguments he had induced his mother to sell their little property and go abroad for an indefinite time, I cannot tell precisely. I have an idea that Mrs. Haldin, at her son's wish, would have set fire to her house and emigrated to the moon without any sign of surprise or apprehension; and that Miss Haldin Nathalie, caressingly Natalka—would have given her assent to the scheme.

Their proud devotion to that young man became clear to me in a very short time. Following his directions they went straight to Switzerland—to Zurich—where they remained the best part of a year. From Zurich, which they did not like, they came to Geneva. A friend of mine in Lausanne, a lecturer in history at the University (he had married a Russian lady, a distant connection of Mrs. Haldin's), wrote to me suggesting I should call on these ladies. It was a very kindly meant business suggestion. Miss Haldin wishes to go through a course of reading the best English authors with a competent teacher.

Mrs. Haldin received me very kindly. Her bad French, of which she was smilingly conscious, did away with the formality of the first interview. She was a tall woman in a black silk dress. A wide brow, regular features and delicately cut lips, testified to her past beauty. She sat upright in an easy chair and in a

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rather weak gentle voice told me that her Natalka simply thirsted after knowledge. Her thin hands were lying on her lap, her facial immobility had in it something monachal. "In Russia," she went on, "all knowledge was tainted with falsehood. Not chemistry and all that," she explained. The Government corrupted the teaching for its own purposes. Both her children felt that. Her Natalka had obtained a diploma of a Superior School for Women and her son was a student at the St. Petersburg University. He had a brilliant intellect, a most noble unselfish nature, and he was the oracle of his comrades. Early next year, she hoped he would join them and they would then go to Italy together. In any other country but their own she would have been certain of a great future for a man with the extraordinary abilities and the lofty character of her son—but in Russia . . .

The young lady sitting by the window turned her head and said:

"Come, mother. Even with us things change with years."

Her voice was deep, almost harsh, and yet caressing in its harshness. She had a dark complexion, with red lips and a full figure. She gave the impression of strong vitality. The old lady sighed.

"You are both young—you two. It is easy for you to hope. But I, too, am not hopeless. Indeed, how could I be with a son like this."

I addressed Miss Haldin, asking her what authors she wished to read. She directed upon me her grey eyes shaded by black eye-lashes, and I became aware, notwithstanding my years, how attractive physically her personality could be to a man capable of appreciating in a woman something else than the mere grace of femininity. Her glance was as direct and trustful as that of a young man yet unspoiled by the world's wise lessons. And it was intrepid, but in this intrepidity there was nothing aggressive A naïve yet thoughtful assurance is a better definition. She had reflected already (in Russia the young begin to think early), but she had never known deception as yet because obviously she had never yet fallen under the sway of passion. She was—to look at her was enough—very capable of being roused by the idea or simply by a person. At least, so I judged with I believe an unbiassed mind; for clearly my person could not be the person—and as to my ideas! . . .

But we became excellent friends in the course of our reading. It was very pleasant. Without fear of provoking a smile, I shall confess that I became very much attached to that young girl.

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At the end of four months I told her that now she could very well go on reading English by herself. It was time for the teacher to depart. My pupil looked unpleasantly surprised.

Mrs. Haldin, with her immobility of feature and kindly expression of the eyes, uttered from her armchair in her uncertain French: "*Mais l'ami reviendra.*" And so it was settled. I returned—not four times a week as before, but pretty frequently. In the autumn we made some short excursions together in company with other Russians. My friendship with these ladies had given me a standing in the Russian colony which otherwise I could not have had.

The day I saw in the papers the news of Mr. de P——'s assassination—it was a Sunday—I met the ladies in the street and walked with them for some distance. Mrs. Haldin wore a heavy grey cloak, I remember, over her black silk dress, and her fine eyes met mine with a very quiet expression.

"We have been to the late service," she said. "Natalka came with me. Her girl-friends, the students here, of course don't. . . . With us in Russia the church is so identified with oppression, that it seems almost necessary when one wishes to be free in this life, to give up all hope of a future existence. But I cannot give up praying for my son."

She added with a sort of stony grimness, colouring slightly, and in French: "*Ce n'est peut être qu'une habitude.*" ("It may be only habit.")

Miss Haldin was carrying the prayer-book. She did not glance at her mother.

"You and Victor are both profound believers," she said.

I communicated to them the news from their country which I had just read in a *café*. For a whole minute we walked together fairly briskly in silence. Then Mrs. Haldin murmured:

"There will be more trouble, more persecutions for this. They may be even closing the University. There is neither peace nor rest in Russia for one but in the grave."

"Yes. The way is hard," came from the daughter, looking straight before her at the Chain of Jura covered with snow, like a white wall closing the end of the street. "But concord is not so very far off."

"That is what my children think," observed Mrs. Haldin to me.

I did not conceal my feeling that these were strange times to talk of concord. Nathalie Haldin surprised me by saying as if she had thought very much on the subject, that the occidentals

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did not understand the situation. She was very calm and youthfully superior.

"You think it is a class conflict, or a conflict of interests, as social contests are with you in Europe. But it is not that at all. It is something quite different."

"It is quite possible that I don't understand," I admitted.

That propensity of lifting every problem from the plane of the understandable by means of some sort of mystic expression, is very Russian. I knew her well enough to have discovered her scorn for all the practical forms of political liberty known to the western world. I suppose one must be a Russian to understand Russian simplicity, a terrible corroding simplicity in which mystic phrases clothe a naïve and hopeless cynicism. I think sometimes that the psychological secret of the profound difference of that people consists in this that they detest life, the irremediable life of the earth as it is, whereas we westerners cherish it with perhaps an equal exaggeration of its sentimental value. But this is a digression indeed. . . .

I helped these ladies into the tramcar and they asked me to call in the afternoon. At least Mrs. Haldin asked me as she climbed up, and her Natalka smiled down at the dense westerner indulgently from the rear platform of the moving car. The light of the clear wintry forenoon was softened in her grey eyes.

Mr. Razumov's record, like the open book of fate, revives for me the memory of that day as something startlingly pitiless in its freedom from all forebodings. Victor Haldin was still with the living, but with the living whose only contact with life is the expectation of death. He must have been already referring to the last of his earthly affections, the hours of that obstinate silence, which for him was to be prolonged into eternity. That afternoon the ladies entertained a good many of their compatriots —more than was usual for them to receive at one time; and the drawing-room on the ground floor of a large house on the Boulevard des Philosophes was very much crowded.

I outstayed everybody; and when I rose Miss Haldin stood up too. I took her hand and was moved to revert to that morning's conversation in the street.

"Admitting that we occidentals do not understand the character of your people . . ." I began.

It was as if she had been prepared for me by some mysterious fore-knowledge. She checked me gently:

"Their impulses—their. . ." she sought the proper expression and found it, but in French . . . "their *mouvements d'âme.*"

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Her voice was not much above a whisper.

"Very well," I said. "But still we are looking at a conflict. You say it is not a conflict of classes and not a conflict of interests. Suppose I admitted that. Are antagonistic ideas then to be reconciled more easily—can they be cemented with blood and violence into that concord which you proclaim to be so near?"

She looked at me searchingly with her clear grey eyes, without answering my reasonable question—my obvious, my unanswerable question.

"It is inconceivable," I added, with something like annoyance.

"Everything is inconceivable," she said. "The whole world is inconceivable to the strict logic of ideas. And yet the world exists to our senses, and we exist in it. There must be a necessity superior to our conceptions. It is a very miserable and a very false thing to belong to the majority. We Russians shall find some better form of national freedom than an artificial conflict of parties—which is wrong because it is a conflict and contemptible because it is artificial. It is left for us Russians to discover a better way."

Mrs. Haldin had been looking out of the window. She turned upon me the almost lifeless beauty of her face, and the living benign glance of her big dark eyes.

"That's what my children think," she declared.

"I suppose," I addressed Miss Haldin, "that you will be shocked if I tell you that I haven't understood—I won't say a single word; I've understood all the words. . . . But what can be this era of disembodied concord you are looking forward to. Life is a thing of form. It has its plastic shape and a definite intellectual aspect. The most idealistic conceptions of love and forbearance must be clothed in flesh as it were before they can be made understandable."

I took my leave of Mrs Haldin, whose beautiful lips never stirred. She smiled with her eyes only. Nathalie Haldin went with me as far as the door, very amiable.

"Mother imagines that I am the slavish echo of my brother Victor. It is not so. He understands me better than I can understand him. When he joins us and you come to know him you will see what an exceptional soul it is." She paused. "He is not a strong man in the conventional sense, you know," she added. "But his character is without a flaw."

"I believe that it will not be difficult for me to make friends with your brother Victor."

"Don't expect to understand him quite," she said, a little maliciously. "He is not at all—at all—western at bottom."

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And on this unnecessary warning I left the room with another bow in the doorway to Mrs. Haldin in her armchair by the window. The shadow of autocracy all unperceived by me had already fallen upon the Boulevard des Philosophes, in the free independent and democratic city of Geneva, where there is a quarter called "La Petite Russie." Whenever two Russians come together, the shadow of autocracy is with them, tinging their thoughts, their views, their most intimate feelings, their private life, their public utterances—haunting the secret of their silences.

What struck me next in the course of a week or so was the silence of these ladies. I used to meet them walking in the public garden near the University. They greeted me with their usual friendliness, but I could not help noticing their taciturnity. By that time it was generally known that the assassin of M. de P—— had been caught, judged and executed. So much had been declared officially to the news agencies. But for the world at large he remained anonymous. The official secrecy had withheld his name from the public. I really cannot imagine for what reason.

One day I saw Miss Haldin walking alone in the main valley of the Bastions under the naked trees.

"Mother is not very well," she explained.

As Mrs. Haldin had, it seemed, never had a day's illness in her life this indisposition was disquieting. It was nothing definite, too.

"I think she is fretting because we have not heard from my brother for rather a long time."

"No news—good news," I said cheerfully, and we began to walk slowly side by side.

"Not in Russia," she breathed out so low that I only just caught the words. I looked at her with more attention.

"You too are anxious?"

She admitted after a moment of hesitation that she was.

"It is really such a long time since we heard . . ."

And before I could offer the usual banal suggestions she confided in me.

"Oh! But it is much worse than that. I wrote to a family we know in Petersburg. They had not seen him for more than a month. They thought he was already with us. They were even offended a little that he should have left Petersburg without calling on them. The husband of the lady went at once to his lodgings. Victor had left there and they did not know his address.

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I remember her catching her breath rather pitifully. Her brother had not been seen at lectures for a very long time either. He only turned up now and then at the University gate to ask the porter for his letters. And the gentleman friend was told that the student Haldin did not come to claim the last two letters for him. But the police came to inquire if the student Haldin ever received any correspondence at the University and took them away.

" My two last letters," she said.

We faced each other. A few snow-flakes fluttered under the naked boughs. The sky was dark.

" What do you think could have happened ? " I asked.

Her shoulders moved slightly.

" One can never tell—in Russia."

I saw then the shadow of autocracy lying upon Russian lives in their submission or their revolt. I saw it touch her handsome open face nestled in a fur collar and darken her clear eyes that shone upon me brilliantly grey in the murky light of a beclouded, inclement afternoon.

" Let us move on," she said. " It is cold standing—to-day."

She shuddered a little and stamped her little feet. We moved briskly to the end of the alley and back to the great gates of the garden.

" Have you told your mother ? " I ventured to ask.

" No. Not yet. I came out to walk off the impression of this letter."

I heard a rustle of paper somewhere. It came from her muff. She had the letter with her in there.

" What is it that you are afraid of ? " I asked.

To us Europeans of the West, all ideas of political plots and conspiracies seem childish, crude inventions for the theatre or a novel. I did not like to be more definite in my inquiry.

" For us—for my mother specially, what I am afraid of is incertitude. People do disappear. Yes, they do disappear. I leave you to imagine what it is—the cruelty of the dumb weeks —months—years ! This friend of ours has abandoned his inquiries when he heard of the police getting hold of the letters. I suppose he was afraid of compromising himself. He has a wife and children—and why should he after all. . . . Moreover, he is without influential connections and not rich. What could he do ? . . . Yes, I am afraid of silence—for my poor mother. She won't be able to bear it. For my brother I am afraid of . . ." She became almost indistinct, ". . . of anything."

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We were now near the gate opposite the theatre. She raised her voice.

"But lost people do turn up even in Russia. Do you know what my last hope is? Perhaps the next thing we know, we shall see him walking into our rooms."

I raised my hat and she passed out of the gardens, graceful and strong, after a slight movement of the head to me, her hands in the muff, crumpling the cruel Petersburg letter.

On returning home I opened the newspaper I receive from London, and glancing down the correspondence from Russia—not the telegrams but the correspondence—the first thing that caught my eye was the name of Haldin. Mr. de P——'s death was no longer an actuality, but the enterprising correspondent was proud of having ferreted out some unofficial information about that fact of modern history. He had got hold of Haldin's name, and had picked up the story of the midnight arrest in the street. But the sensation from a journalistic point of view was already well in the past. He did not allot to it more than twenty lines out of a full column. It was quite enough to give me a sleepless night. I perceived that it would have been a sort of treason to let Miss Haldin come without preparation upon that journalistic discovery which would infallibly be reproduced on the morrow by French and Swiss newspapers. I had a very bad time of it till the morning, wakeful with nervous worry and night-marish with the feeling of being mixed up with something theatrical and morbidly affected. The incongruity of such a complication in those two women's lives was sensible to me all night in the form of absolute anguish. It seemed due to their refined simplicity that it should remain concealed from them for ever. At an unconscionably early hour at the door of their apartment I felt as if I were about to commit an act of vandalism. . . .

The middle-aged servant woman led me into the drawing-room where there was a duster on a chair and a broom leaning against the centre table. The motes danced in the sunshine; I regretted I had not written a letter instead of coming myself, and was thankful for the brightness of the day. Miss Haldin in a plain black dress came lightly out of her mother's room with a fixed uncertain smile on her lips.

I pulled the paper out of my pocket. I did not imagine that a number of the *Standard* could have the effect of Medusa's head. Her face went stony in a moment—her eyes—her limbs. The most terrible thing was that being stony she remained alive. One was conscious of her palpitating heart. I hope she forgave

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me the delay of my clumsy circumlocution. It was not very prolonged; she could not have kept so still from head to foot for more than a second or two; and then I heard her draw a breath. As if the shock had paralysed her moral resistance, and affected the firmness of her muscles, the contours of her face seemed to have given way. She was frightfully altered. She looked aged—ruined. But only for a moment. She said with decision:

"I am going to tell my Mother at once."

"Would that be safe in her state?" I objected.

"What can be worse than the state she has been in for the last month? We understand this in another way. The crime is not at his door. Don't imagine I am defending him before you."

She went to the bedroom door, then came back to ask me in a low murmur not to go till she returned. For twenty interminable minutes not a sound reached me. At last Miss Haldin came out and walked across the room with her quick light step. When she reached the armchair she dropped into it heavily as if completely exhausted.

Mrs. Haldin, she told me, had not shed a tear. She was sitting up in bed, and her immobility, her silence, were very alarming. At last she lay down gently and had motioned her daughter away.

"She will call me in presently," added Miss Haldin. "I left a bell near the bed."

I confess that my very real sympathy had no standpoint. The Western readers for whom this story is written will understand what I mean. It was, if I may say so, the want of experience. Death is a remorseless spoliator. The anguish of irreparable loss is familiar to us all. There is no life so lonely as to be safe against that experience. But the grief I had brought to these two ladies had gruesome associations. It had the associations of bombs and gallows—a lurid, Russian colouring which made the complexion of my sympathy uncertain.

I was grateful to Miss Haldin for not embarrassing me by an outward display of deep feeling. I admired her for that wonderful command over herself, even while I was a little frightened at it. It was the stillness of a great tension. What if it should suddenly snap? Even the door of Mrs. Haldin's room, with the old mother alone in there, had a rather awful aspect.

Nathalie Haldin murmured sadly:

"I suppose you are wondering what my feelings are?"

Essentially that was true. It was that very wonder which

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unsettled my sympathy of a dense Occidental. I could get hold of nothing but of some commonplace phrases, those futile phrases that give the measure of our impotence before each other's trials. I mumbled something to the effect that for the young life held its hopes and compensations. It held duties too—but of that I was certain it was not necessary to remind her.

She had a handkerchief in her hands and pulled at it nervously.

"I am not likely to forget my mother," she said. "We used to be three. Now we are two—two women. She's not so very old. She may live quite a long time yet. What have we to look for in the future? For what hope and what consolation?"

"You must take a wider view," I said resolutely, thinking that with this exceptional creature this was the right note to strike. She looked at me steadily for a moment, and then the tears she had been keeping down flowed unrestrained. She jumped up and stood in the window with her back to me.

I slipped away without attempting even to approach her. Next day I was told at the door that Mrs. Haldin was better. The middle-aged servant remarked that a lot of people——Russians—had called that day, but Miss Haldin had not seen anybody. A fortnight later, when making my daily call I was asked in and found Mrs. Haldin sitting in her usual place by the window.

At first one would have thought that nothing was changed. I saw across the room the familiar profile, a little sharper in outline and overspread by a uniform pallor as might have been expected in an invalid. But no disease could have accounted for the change in her black eyes, smiling no longer with gentle irony. She raised them as she gave me her hand. I observed the three weeks' old number of the *Standard* folded with the correspondence from Russia uppermost, lying on a little table by the side of the armchair. Mrs. Haldin's voice was startlingly weak and colourless. Her first words to me framed a question.

"Has there been anything more in your newspapers?"

I released her long emaciated hand, shook my head negatively, and sat down.

"The English press is wonderful. Nothing can be kept secret from it, and all the world must hear. Only our Russian news is not always easy to understand. Not always easy. . . . But English mothers do not look for news like that . . ."

She laid her hand on the newspaper and took it away again. I said:

"We too have had tragic times in our history."

"A long time ago. A very long time ago."

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"Yes."

"There are nations that have made their bargain with fate," said Miss Haldin, who had approached us. "We need not envy them."

"Why this scorn?" I asked, gently. "It may be that our bargain was not a very lofty one. But the terms men and nations obtain from Fate are hallowed by the price."

Mrs. Haldin turned her head away and looked out of the window for a time, with that new, sombre, extinct gaze of her sunken eyes which so completely made another woman of her.

"That Englishman, this correspondent," she addressed me suddenly, "do you think it is possible that he knew my son?"

To this strange question I could only say that it was possible of course. She saw my surprise.

"If one knew what sort of man he was one could perhaps write to him," she murmured.

"Mother thinks," explained Miss Haldin, standing between us, with one hand resting on the back of my chair, "that my poor brother perhaps did not try to save himself."

I looked up at Miss Haldin in sympathetic consternation, but Miss Haldin was looking down calmly at her mother. The latter said:

"We do not know the address of any of his friends. Indeed, we know nothing of his Petersburg comrades. He had a multitude of young friends, only he never spoke much of them. One could guess that they were his disciples and that they idolised him. But he was so modest. One would think that with so many devoted . . ."

She averted her head again and looked down the Boulevad des Philosophes, a singularly arid and dusty thoroughfare, where nothing could be seen at the moment, but two dogs, a little girl in a pinafore hopping on one leg, and in the distance a workman wheeling a bicycle.

"Even amongst the Apostles of Christ there was found a Judas," she whispered as if to herself, but with the evident intention to be heard by me.

The Russian visitors assembled in little knots, conversed amongst themselves meantime, in low murmurs, and with brief glances in our direction. It was a great contrast to the usual loud volubility of these gatherings. Miss Haldin followed me into the ante-room.

"People will come," she said. "We cannot shut the door in their faces."

While I was putting on my overcoat she began to talk to me

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of her mother. Poor Mrs. Haldin was fretting after more news. She wanted to go on hearing about her unfortunate son. She could not make up her mind to abandon him quietly to the dumb unknown. She would persist in pursuing him in there through the long days of motionless silence face to face with the empty Boulevard des Philosophes. She could not understand why he had not escaped—as so many other revolutionists and conspirators had managed to escape in other instances of that kind. It was really inconceivable that the means of secret revolutionary organisations should have failed so inexcusably to preserve her son. But in reality the inconceivable that staggered her mind was nothing but the cruel audacity of Death passing over her head to strike at that young and precious heart.

Miss Haldin mechanically, with an absorbed look, handed me my hat. I understood from her that the poor woman was possessed by the sombre and simple idea that her son must have perished because he did not want to be saved. It could not have been that he despaired of his country's future. That was impossible. Was it possible that his mother and sister had not known how to merit his confidence; and that, after having done what he was compelled to do, his spirit became crushed by an intolerable doubt, his mind distracted by a sudden mistrust.

I was very much shocked by this piece of ingenuity.

"Our three lives were like that!" Miss Haldin twined the fingers of both her hands together in demonstration, then separated them slowly, looking straight into my face. "That's what poor Mother found to torment herself and me with, for all the years to come," added the strange girl. At that moment her indefinable charm was revealed to me in the conjunction of passion and stoicism. I imagined what her life was likely to be by the side of Mrs. Haldin's terrible immobility, inhabited by that fixed idea. But my concern was reduced to silence by my ignorance of her modes of feeling. Difference of nationality is a terrible obstacle for our complex Western natures. But Miss Haldin probably was too simple to suspect my embarrassment. She did not wait for me to say anything, but as if reading my thoughts on my face she went on courageously:

"At first poor Mother went numb, as our peasants say; then she began to think and she will go on now thinking and thinking in that unfortunate strain. You see yourself how cruel that is. . . ."

I never spoke with greater sincerity than when I agreed with her that it would be deplorable in the highest degree. She took an anxious breath.

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"But all these strange details in the English paper," she exclaimed suddenly. "What is the meaning of them? I suppose they are true? But is it not terrible that my poor brother should be caught wandering alone, as if in despair, about the streets at night. . . ."

We stood so close to each other in the dark ante-room that I could see her biting her lower lip to suppress a dry sob. After a short pause she said:

"I suggested to Mother that he may have been betrayed by some false friend or simply by some cowardly creature. It may be easier for her to believe that."

I understood now the poor woman's whispered allusion to Judas.

"It may be easier," I admitted, admiring inwardly the directness and the subtlety of the girl's outlook. She was dealing with life as it was made for her by the political conditions of her country. She faced cruel realities, not morbid imaginings of her own making. I could not defend myself from a certain feeling of respect when she added simply:

"Time they say can soften every sort of bitterness. But I cannot believe that it has any power over remorse. It is better that Mother should think some person guilty of Victor's death, than that she should connect it with a weakness of her son or a shortcoming of her own."

"But you, yourself, don't suppose that . . ." I began.

She compressed her lips and shook her head. She harboured no evil thoughts against any one, she declared—and perhaps nothing that happened was unnecessary. On these words, pronounced low and sounding mysterious in the half obscurity of the ante-room, we parted with an expressive and warm handshake. The grip of her strong, shapely hand had a seductive frankness, a sort of exquisite virility. I do not know why she should have felt so friendly to me. It may be that she thought I understood her much better than I was able to do. The most precise of her sayings seemed always to me to have enigmatical prolongations vanishing somewhere beyond my reach. I am reduced to suppose that she appreciated my attention and my silence. The attention she could see was quite sincere, so that the silence could not be suspected of coldness. It seemed to satisfy her. And it is to be noted that if she confided in me it was clearly not with the expectation of receiving advice for which, indeed, she never asked.

(To be continued)

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The New Censorship

THE other day, feeling in an avuncular frame of mind, I took three dear little friends of mine, without their parents, to the pantomime, two being girls of nine and ten and the other a small boy of about eight summers, for I thought how jolly it would be to see these happy mites enjoy themselves at what I knew to be their first theatrical entertainment. We spanked down, rather shy and suspicious of one another, in a green taxi, but the moment my little friends found themselves in an ample box looking down on to the heads of the orchestra I realised that it would require all my wits to furnish even the dullest of answers to the copious questions piled upon me, not the least embarrassing of which was little Dorien's persistency to discover some adequate reason for the conductor's baldness. I had determined to do the thing properly. We had four teas served separately. We had chocolates, butter-scotch, and brandy-balls. And there being no mother or nurse or guardian within reach, I just egged them on to unrestrained refreshment and hilarity.

OUR first half-hour was a great success. The band, the house full of "other children," the demon scene, the first appearance of the fairy spirit, the funny man, the animals—these things evidently astonished and delighted, and then there began the modern business of the pantomime, which may be described as a series of "turns" worked in more or less harmoniously with the whole—the eccentric dancer having his ten-minute dance, following on the pantomime boy's love-song, the new comedian from the north doing his "little bit" afterwards, and so on, with this and that interlude, coon refrain, knock-about business and music-hall turn, some of which was dull enough and some quite funny. It was at this juncture that little Dorien, putting his arms round my neck, broke the silence.

"I WANT to go home," he said, "this *is* silly rot." At first I thought it was the lollipops. But no. Dorien was perfectly

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serious. When I expostulated, he said, "I don't want to see that silly girl sing." When I remarked how excellent the music was, he replied, "Oh, that's the sort of music you like, is it?" And it took all my suasion and all Arabella's golden curls and blandishments to settle little Dorien into his seat again. The funny man saved the situation by some judicious kicks and blows administered to his mother-in-law, but long before the interval, not only Dorien and Arabella, but even Mabel, who was ten, were playing some game together on the floor of the box, only rushing to the side to see what was going on when the music grew particularly loud or the adult house rocked with laughter.

At the interval things brightened up, because tea came and there were a great many sultanas in the cake, but I began to see that we should never manage to sit the five hours out and that, theatrically speaking, the afternoon had been distinctly a failure. The love-songs bored them unutterably. The long music-hall turns, which elicited peals of laughter from the adults, left these mites perfectly cold. The processional corybantic part of the entertainment said nothing to them at all. They laughed when they heard the grown-ups laughing, and so about 5.30, seeing that Arabella lay with her head wearily posed upon the sill of the box, I thought it time to take them home. "I did like it," said Dorien—"silly old pantomime!" but Mabel, who knew something of the world, thanked me deliciously. "What did you like best?" I asked of her and Arabella and they both answered "The witch." "And you, Dorien?" I pleaded. He put his arms round my neck again and whispered, "The cake."

I believe that to be the attitude of most children towards the Pantomime, which really exists in England for the "grown-ups." Most of the men and youths I saw that afternoon were enjoying it hugely, and so apparently were the women. The boisterous, spasmodic guffaws which characterise our theatres all came from adults bald-pated and white-haired, quite elderly gentlemen, too, sitting there without even a young face beside them. The entire spirit of the production was tuned up to their comprehension, to their appreciation, while the children stared for the most part wonderingly at the stage as those same adults do when a venturesome theatrical manager lures them into his theatre to witness a serious play or a tragedy. It is they who maintain the demand in this country for pantomime. It is the

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adults who like to revel in the six weeks' make-believe of pantomime fairyland and take their children as a pretext. Let Mr. Balfour submit the Pantomime to a children's Referendum, and there will be short shrift made of "Joey, Joey."

Now what in the name of Cinderella has all this talk about the pantomime got to do with the censorship of literature and the new form it has taken in connection with the libraries? Just this: that in our genuine adult enjoyment of the pantomime lies the kernel of our whole method of literary supervision and the national attitude towards it. It may be due to the climate, to Puritanism, to our insularity, to our unctuous hypocrisy—I cannot say. But it is this curious habit, this idiosyncrasy, this mania of ours for pretending that we are not grown up, that places our stage and our literature under the jack-boot of Tom Thumb and the sterilising veto of the "won't-grow-ups." On the top of the pedestal once occupied by Shakespeare sits Peter Pan, like a dear, delightful, ingenuous boy scout; and the readers of books, as the votaries of pantomime, worship him, and the one thing a man may not do in the name of literature and the theatre is to write about the adult and moving things of life with such truth as he can.

PETER PAN—Tom Thumb—or the "young person," it is the same. It is magnificent, but it is not art because without truth there will be no art, no humanity, and no beauty. Now if we English people really were children, really never did grow up, really had no artistic sense within us, why, it would not much matter. If we could be sure that children enjoyed the pantomime as their fathers and grown-up brothers do; if we could be certain that children—Tom Thumb, Peter Pan, or the "young person"—read all the books that come out, the "leaders" of the Press, the long and detailed divorce reports, plays such as *Waste*, *Monna Vanna*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, Carlyle's *French Revolution* for example, Pater's and Morley's *Essays*, Gibbons' *Decline and Fall*, Hardy's *Dynasts*, Ibsen, Gorki, Tolstoi, Anatole France, &c., and that their opinion on these works did give the imprimatur to their worth, then no man should complain if Master Jacky or Missessy Lily banned them as long and "stodgy," as little Dorien banned the pantomime. But we know that children do not read them, would not if they were told to, nor would the nebulous "young

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person," even if she were promised a new pair of roller-skates for the performance. We know that plays such as *Waste*, *Monna Vanna*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession* could exercise no sort of evil influence upon children, if they were taken every night for a week to see them, just as we all know that writers such as Victoria Cross, Elinor Glyn and Mr. Wales, and the "girls" of musical comedy histrionics owe their enormous popularity to the high standard of their moral teaching. It is merely our logic that is at fault, and it is the logic of the pantomime. We like that, and we like Elinor Glyn because we feel that we are in the grip of unreality. We suffer the extrinsic while we condemn the intrinsic, just as what we allowed Maud Allan to do and rapturously applauded her for doing, we sternly refused to Strauss and Thomas Beecham.

It is worth while rehearsing in full dress the calvary of *Salome* in this country, because in face of the suppression of Sudermann's *Song of Songs* (*Das hohe Lied*) and Mr. Neil Lyons' *Cottage Pie*, the new censorship is becoming a matter of public concern. Now we allowed Maud Allan to dance in Edenic simplicity to the head of the Baptist for the same extrinsic reason that we allow Victoria Cross to write her *Purple Nights* and Elinor Glyn her *Three Weeks* because we realise that there is an artificiality of sentiment and atmosphere about these books, which are spliced with the pretty-pretty stamp of sham art. So Maud Allan, as Salome, carried London by storm. Her charming youth and native sense of virginal interpretation enthralled us. She came and danced with all the voluptuous rhythm and emotion she could suggest to a great black-bearded head, which somehow, because it was on the halls and not on the legitimate stage, we were not in the least shocked to find billed on the programme as the head of the Baptist; and that was how the *gros* of the British public first came to hear about Oscar Wilde's play.

Of course, when Mr. Thomas Beecham produced the opera it never occurred to any censor to consider whether the music of *Salome* was immoral, suggestive, disturbing. It never occurred to any Vigilance Society to consider whether the nude figure of Madame Akté carried into every drawing-room and best parlour by the illustrated Press was not more harmful to the morality of the nation than one of Mr. Clarkson's heads repre-

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senting the Baptist would have been, or was when Maud Allen danced a twelvemonth and more to it, or any of her numerous serious and serio-comic disciples. The meaning, the higher morality, the true art, our wooden censors scarcely seem to consider; so that while the only palpably censorable thing in *Salome* is the deliberate lasciviousness of the dance, it is precisely the dance that has gorged to the surfeit our music-hall audiences until the very word Salome fills us now with the sinister terror of Yip-i-addy-i-ay.

YET it was the rollicking, robustious melody of that song that charmed us—which would seem to show that sound does exercise some emotional influence upon the English race and that here there may lie a new branch of activity for some new vigilance society. In sound, much may be expressed in music which is still, as an art, in its infancy. Why is Sudermann's *Song of Songs* suppressed (the bitter account of a modern German woman's life) when the Sadic nature of Strauss's music is played upon every cottage piano with impunity? Why is the delicate, kindly, subtle, fascinating art of a book such as *Cottage Pie* banned from the libraries, while the strange nudities and incongruities of Post-impressionism—the Post-nuptials, as a lady Malaprop recently observed—are stared at nightly by the *fine fleur* of London's youth at the Grafton Gallery balls? Why may the Press publish columns of divorce-court news, horrible and distressing details of wrecked homes and lives, whereas the written word of an honest workman, such as Mr. Neil Lyons, is subjected to a censorship withheld from music and painting, apparently inapplicable to the novels of Elinor Glyn, acting upon a code governed by no recognised literary principle or authority? The reason is that in things literary the Englishman refuses to grow up. He likes his pantomime, his "Yip-i-addy-i-ay," the little jejune thrills afforded him by sentimental and inartistic literature, the false romance of the "shocker," for he gets his real meat in the Divorce Court columns.

CUT out soap advertisements and divorce news from our Press, and journalism in England would be no better than any other trade; but as a fact it is the advertisements and the police courts that keep our Press so healthy. And it is coming to this in our literary world, that the man on the rink now looks to the Press for the real facts and moving emotions of humanity, while in fiction he seeks but unreality. The bitterest

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foe of literature in this country is the Press, not because of any spirit of hostility, but simply because the Press is more and more becoming the true mirror of our lives whereas our novels are being forced ever further away into the channels of artificiality. We had only the other day a play called *Strife*, which has shaken to the foundation our prison system; yet it barely ran a month. But when the Crippen trial was on, all London, all England, hung on the editions as they were hurried out, and the circulation of newspapers rose by the ten thousands. What does this mean, if not that in our art, in our enjoyment and appreciation of art, we are drifting further and further away from the truth which is the inspiration of all creative effort, while fostering the insipid, the unreal, the extrinsic, pandering to a false and unworthy god?

How else is the ban upon Neil Lyons's volume of stories, *Cottage Pie*, to be explained? A charming human sympathy illuminates them all. He writes with wit, distinction, and a splendid observation. The true Christian spirit of human joy and sorrow, of fellow kindliness, of good humour, of social helpfulness, of understanding, distinguishes each one of these little tales, in none of which is there a reprehensible word or thought. To the ordinary man, to the "young person," I fear many of these sketches would appear rather dull; and the rash youth who buys a copy now that it has been censored will be disappointed if he hopes to find within its pages anything at all in the nature of a "purple" thrill. There is a story there of a conversation with a "lady" tramp—"The Lady with a Fringe"—which marks the author as a real humorist of literature. Submit the book to any three genuine literary men in the world, and the answer must be that it is the work of an artist; clean, moral, and even helpful. To ban this book from the libraries when every "young person" was allowed to feast upon the horrors of the Crippen case is one of the most stupendous paradoxes in our English life. It is the paradox of the relative moral value of the Baptist's head at Covent Garden and the halls.

THE ban is too grotesque to be maintained, but it is high time some organised, concerted action on the part of the writers of England took place to put down this monstrous Philistine hypocrisy. For the present position is this. Literature, as an art, is to-day literally in the power of a group of well-meaning molly-coddles banded together under the name of the Vigilance Society, whose deliberate corporate purpose it is to act as

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informers to the police. They possess no literary authority or distinction. They work subterraneously; and, to judge by their work, they appear to spend their time ferreting through the pages of new books on the chance of finding some word or expression which in their narrow-minded judgment may be held to be offensive to the public taste. The higher purpose, the beauty, the truth, the true morality of a book or story would seem to have no meaning to them. They are out for the *word*, just as boys at school idly search through the pages of the Bible. And it is the same with the libraries, only that the libraries are purely commercial undertakings, carried on solely for commercial profit and so honestly and venially dependent upon the opinion and representations of the public who support them.

It is one of the strangest characteristics of the English race that, whereas we are physically the most pugnacious and the bravest people in the world, we are morally often the weakest. Our hideous national hypocrisy is a case in point. It is illustrated by our attitude towards Socialism, towards change, innovation, theory, and idea generally; and especially towards literature and the theatre. It partly explains our national pretence of never growing up. It is for that reason that we get Ibsen twenty years after Ibsen has ruled Europe, that we called Wagner a madman, while most new stages in artistic development have roused the bile of England to fury before the light has at last been suffered to filter through.

If it were not so, the most practical nation in the world with the most glorious literary tradition, would never tolerate that the literature and drama of the country should actually be placed in a state of pupilage, under the collar, so to speak, of the "won't-grow-ups" and the inveterate old women of the land, who know practically nothing about literature and certainly care less. Yet that is the actual condition of affairs. Of all men in the world, Englishmen are the least tolerant of control. Our Empire, our whole social fabric and polity, has been built up on the principle of individuality, and they are maintained on that principle. But individuality in the arts is the one thing we taboo. Towards the arts we are oppressed with a curious shyness. Taking games and all other work and amusement with intense seriousness, we treat art as other peoples treat recreation, and many seem to regard it as a kind of nettle-

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rash. We, who if any nation were to tell us to stop building ships, would fight to the last man and penny for our freedom, are apt to smile when we hear that some "poor devil's" book has been censored. We smile because we do not sufficiently realise that freedom and individuality of expression—the greatest principle in English life—are denied to the literary world.

So far as the library censorship is concerned, I do not see that there is much need for alarm. The remedy lies with the public. Books being commercial commodities, like pyjamas and stockings, it should be obvious enough to the book-reading public that if one library refuses to supply a subscriber with a copy of the banned *Cottage Pie*, all that the subscriber need do is to withdraw his subscription and either buy the book—which is the most sensible thing to do—or go to another library that will provide it. If during the craze of the "hobble," Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove declined to sell skirts after that fashion because, say, their leading shop-walker considered the outline of such a skirt offensive to his masculine modesty, why, the loss to the establishment would have been terrifying. The roller-skating, individual "young person" out for the "hobble" would have transferred her custom elsewhere. That is all. And why it is not the same with books, only those who subscribe to libraries can explain.

Let the libraries have the benefit of the doubt. We have to remember that they are dependent upon the opinion of their subscribers, who, for the most part entirely indifferent to real literature, are intellectually quite incapable of differentiating as to what is or is not in a book evil. Such people flesh their appetites upon a book like *His Hour* and consider *The Song of Songs* to be utterly immodest and harmful. Of course they do. Because the one is bad, the other true art. As for the libraries, well, they have to pander to the demand. They live by it. If a number of dear old ladies and well-meaning gentlemen write ferocious letters to the librarian complaining about the serious art of *Cottage Pie*, what, oh what can the harassed librarian do? He may himself be of a literary bent. Very likely he considers *Cottage Pie* an admirable work. But he cannot beard the Grundy-ans who provide him with a fur-coat in the winter, and so if there are sufficient letters of protest, out goes *Cottage Pie* and in comes Mr. Wales.

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With the Vigilance Society it is another thing. These gentlemen form a sort of trade-union to act as informer and constable. What their qualifications for so difficult a task are nobody knows. They are self-constituted, self-contained, self-sufficient. They discover a line, two words, a sentence in a story, or novel, which they consider offensive, and down they privately go to publisher, magazine or newspaper editor to try and enforce its suppression. The real tone of the story may be highly moral, probably it is—but they are not on the wing for that; yet these gentlemen, possessing no literary right of judgment whatever, are permitted to tyrannise over the whole literary world of England, to terrify publishers, who are timorous people, editors and authors, to set themselves up with impunity as the rightful tribunal of literary censorship until they have created a state of irritation in English letters which has become intolerable.

We worship the crank, the negro preacher in the park, any man, however uneducated, whose pose it is to preach a gospel of morality, otherwise it would be impossible for English literature to be thus degraded by the tutelary supervision of these self-appointed worthies; but the thinking public will see that after the boycott of *Cottage Pie* and *The Song of Songs* it is high time that the writers of England took co-operative action to display and sell their wares, at any rate, on the commercial equality of ladies' underclothing. Now I should like to ask the acting President of the Vigilance Society these three questions: (1) Whether he considers Sudermann's *Song of Songs* to be more harmful to public morality than *Three Weeks?* (2) Whether he thinks *Cottage Pie* to be more injurious to the youth of England than the lavish, beautiful, and astonishing display of women's undergarments—stays, chemisettes, pantalettes, and what not—to be found in the innumerable illustrated magazines—features which I have heard one excellent old gentleman friend of mine to declare to be among the best things in the magazines? (3) Whether, humanly speaking, he thinks the public perusal of painful and sordid Divorce Court sensations less calculated to injure either the real children or the "won't-grow-ups" than any of the artistic, honest works of art that we have censored, from that scrupulously moral work *Monna Vanna* to the present day?

"Let him that is without evil cast the first stone!"

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In all this we have to face the real clue to the position, which is that for some curious reason books are supposed to be written *virginibus puerisque*. It is the one art we treat in this singular fashion. Yet when a man grows red in the face and denounces a book, his stock argument rises no higher than the infantile formula that " It is not a good book, sir, for the ' young person.' " Now painting, sculpture, music are not so treated. And the strange thing about it is that this library censorship is really a public declaration of our mothers' bankruptcy. It means this, that the modern mother is not able, does not, or is too idle, to guide her daughter's reading, and so leaves her girl to go to a library and read any trash she pleases, trusting in the judgment of the librarian, about whose competency she knows nothing. Can any mother's conduct be more ludicrous ? Just think what it implies ! It means that a writer who has a great work of love to write positively has to stop and say to himself all the while he is writing his book, " Oh, what will the censors say to this. I must tone it down and turn it into false, boy-and-girl romance. Have I, I wonder, have I made it look pretty-pretty enough ? " and in despair he seizes the blue pencil.

Look at the books that do get published and remain uncensored—of a foolish, fatuous, finnicky prurience. Yet the " young person " is allowed to read *them*. Why is *Cottage Pie* banned when a book with the suggestive title of *Diary of a Honeymoon* escapes all censorship ? The thing is utterly puerile, unworthy of the English race. Obscene and fimetic literature should be the concern of the police, but a library censorship of literature, a censorship by informers, is a moral absurdity. The time has come for public fumigation. That the young should be guided and controlled in their reading is, of course, an essential of all moral education ; but that control should be done at home, by the parents, by the guardians. The trouble now is that parents no longer exercise that control. A girl may read through a whole library if she chooses. Well, if British mothers are such foolish people, we cannot complain. Nor can we complain if such people place more confidence in the judgment of librarians than they do, say, in their dressmakers. What cannot be tolerated is that these people, between them, should be able to " corner " the literary market, to set up a false, hypocritical, bad standard of censorship, to crush out the real in art while popularising what is cheap and vulgar and illiterate at the bid of a few cranks and fussy dilettanti.

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It is not the libraries writers must act against, for they are only timid like most publishers and newspaper proprietors. The seat of the evil is the terrorism of these informers—very strong because they cut below ground and pose as reformers—who, regarding literature with the savage dislike of the Puritan, refuse to permit it to grow up. This is a case where women, who are so rampageously political just now, should and could do excellent work. It concerns them just as much as it concerns men, and if only they would stand up to the vigilance societies and libraries with one half of the zest with which they slap policemen they would deserve most admirably of the commonwealth.

The case of *Cottage Pie* needs a heroine—it is too monstrous that such a thing be done in the land of Shakespeare. We have only to shake off this fit of moral cowardice towards literature to see the whole indignity, the absurdity, the hypocrisy of our modern censorship, which is a flagrant national disgrace. I can only say that the man who asserts *Cottage Pie* to be an indecent book had better fall on his knees and pray for a cleaner soul. He must need it. But it is time some of the true mothers of England came forward to free literature from this blighting ban. It is un-English and vile that libraries, bookshops, and bookstalls should actually refuse to sell a book or magazine because of some backstair warning by the Vigilance Society people. Does that public realise that that is happening to-day—to such a pass has literature fallen? Does the public know that literature is in the hands of the informer? It is. May those who love this English tongue combine and crush them.
—Editor.

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The Small Farmer and Protection

By Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.

Austria furnishes us with some interesting illustrations of that collapse of Protectionism under its own weight which is now manifest from the Adriatic to the Pacific. None however is more instructive than the signs of a recognition by the agricultural classes of that country that their latest "Scientific" Tariff, which has aroused universal and partially effective protest among the town consumers, damages, instead of benefiting, the great majority of the rural population. It is obvious, from some recent electoral reverses of the Protectionists in their own strongholds, that the German peasants have already begun to discover, with the assistance of a vigorous Free Trade propaganda, conducted among them by the Socialist party, that the Corn Laws imposed upon the Empire by the Prussian squirearchy only benefit the large landowners, who are alone in a position to take advantage of the duty on foreign corn, and the absurd subsidy granted by the State on its export from a country which does not grow enough for its own consumption. They are now realising that the vast majority of the smaller holders who only grow enough corn for their own requirements, or who are actually obliged to buy it, are taxed just like the town population and industrial centres for the advantage of a small class, who are encouraged to cultivate corn on poor land by the duties and the subsidy which alone render that uneconomic course profitable to them. In France a similar system leads to a like result, and all that is required there to open the eyes of the rural democracy is a well-organised agitation to bring the fact before them. But the awakening of the Austrian peasant, of which I heard a good deal during a recent visit to that country, is even more significant than that of the German peasant or than would be that of the small French peasant proprietor, both of whom are more in touch with the general current of European development. "Things must be worse before they are better,"

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and an evil system must sometimes be worked out to its logical conclusion before a long-suffering people rises in revolt against it. Probably there is no country where the "March Hare" logic of Protectionism has been so ruthlessly enforced as in Austria, and there we find at this moment the Chevalier von Pantz, an Austrian Deputy, and representative of the agricultural classes,* declaring that "the peasantry has been reduced to a very poor condition precisely by the high corn duties, which only benefit those who grow corn on a large scale. There is to-day universal indignation against the 'Agrarian bread and meat usurers.' The blind hatred of all the town consumers is already directed against the so-called agrarian rapacity. The poor peasant bears his share of this hatred and these reproaches, although, for the most part, he himself is as much exploited, indeed sometimes more than the town consumers. . . . The great majority of the peasantry has, therefore, had practically no advantage from the whole of the new economic era inaugurated in 1906. On the other hand, all the rest of the population is in the highest degree incensed against the peasantry in consequence of the rise in prices. . . . Our excessive corn-protection policy, which, moreover, almost exclusively benefits the large landed proprietors, may therefore eventually lead, owing to the indignation against agrarian arrogance, to a refusal to listen to these demands of the peasantry, which are not due to presumption and usurious rapacity, but are simply part of the defence of their absolutely essential conditions of existence. . . . I therefore maintain that the peasantry, and above all those of the Alpine districts, have far more community of interest with the trading classes and the working man than with the large landed proprietors. It is far more necessary for the peasant to adopt a conciliatory economic policy towards these two sections of the community than to pursue the one-sided class policy of the 'Central Office' (of the Agrarian party), which causes him to be regarded as an enemy by all other classes and which makes him, in the long run, merely a cat's-paw at his own risk."

The force of these remarks is all the greater owing to the fact that the writer, Chevalier von Pantz, is himself a landowner and representative of the agricultural interest, and no mere spokesman of the factory and the street criticising the agrarians ignorantly

* "Die Hochschutzzoll-Politik Hohenblums und der oesterreichesche Bauernstand . . . von Ferdinand Reichsritter von Pantz, Reichsrats-Abgeordneter, Sonnhof ob Stainach, Steiermark." Wien, 1910.

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and in a hostile spirit. He conducted the inquiry which led to the foregoing conclusions mainly, if not exclusively, in the interest of the agricultural classes. He was led at the beginning of 1909 to undertake that inquiry through observing in his own constituency, as well as in a large part of the Alpine districts of North Styria and Salzburg, that the economic position of the peasantry had noticeably deteriorated under the high Protectionist duties on agricultural produce and particularly on corn, introduced in 1906, as compared with the period of lower duties under commercial treaties by which it had been preceded. On requesting to be allowed to examine the scientific material on which the last agricultural tariff had been based, he found, to his surprise, that no such material existed.* Furthermore, that none had been collected by the Central Bureau for the Defence of the Interests of Agriculture and Forestry. The latter had simply adopted the policy of the League of Agriculturists (*Bund der Landwirte*) in Germany and submitted it to the Ministry of Agriculture, which "under agrarian high pressure" adopted it in the new Austrian tariff. One result was the increase in the duty on corn from 1.79 crowns to 6.30 crowns (1*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 3*d.*). A noteworthy fact was the absence of any material to answer the Chevalier von Pantz's question as to what kinds of farms and what sections of the Austrian agricultural population had an interest in securing higher prices for corn. The then Minister of Commerce, recognising the utility of such an inquiry, gave instructions to have it carried out by one of his officials, Dr. Hoffmeister, and allowed the Chevalier von Pantz to take copies of the results as they were received, while he, at the same time, arranged for their subsequent publication with notes by Dr. Hoffmeister. After the material was collected, however, the succeeding Minister not only refused to publish it officially, but forbade Dr. Hoffmeister to do so in his own name and on his own responsibility. According to the Chevalier von Pantz the explanation was that the result showed "that for the vast majority of the Austrian peasantry the new tariff was not of the slightest advantage, and consequently, that all the enormous sacrifices imposed upon the whole of

* The distinguished German economist, Professor Lujo Brentano, in his highly instructive "Deutsche Getreidezölle," shows that there is a similar lack of official data on this subject in Germany. It is not, he says, to the credit of the German Empire, that thirty years after the re-imposition of corn duties no trustworthy answer can be given on the basis of an official inquiry to the question who benefits by the maintenance of the high price of corn. To him it looks as if hesitation were felt in authoritative quarters to establish the truth.

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the consuming population by a measure said to be absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the peasantry were quite superfluous."

Dr. Hoffmeister's inquiry was carried out with the assistance and advice of the Imperial and Royal Agricultural Society in Vienna, which selected the typical farms chosen for the purpose in Lower Austria, and sent their General Secretary as a Delegate to control the manner in which the inquiry was made. Thus, however dissatisfied the agrarians may be with the results, they cannot contend that in the selection there was any bias against their standpoint. Indeed, Dr. Hoffmeister himself declared that at first he was convinced the inquiry would show that Austrian agriculture had progressed as a result of the higher duties, and was only gradually forced to a contrary opinion by the results. The Chevalier von Pantz considers that the first view taken by Dr. Hoffmeister was due to the exaggerated importance formerly attached to corn-growing in agriculture, owing to the absence of all scientific material. The consequence was that people assumed that the greater and really important part of the income derived from every typical peasant farm came from corn-growing, and not from cattle-breeding and dairy-farming, while, as a matter of fact, the contrary is the case. In this view the Chevalier von Pantz is now confirmed by Dr. Hoffmeister, and although the Secretary of the Agricultural Society maintains the contrary, he contends that the refusal of that Society and of the Ministry of Agriculture to allow the publication of the results of the inquiry is evidence that they do not believe in their own contention.

The fulness and minuteness of the inquiry is evident from the list of questions put concerning the different farms, which occupies no less than nine octavo pages in the pamphlet. The results so far ascertained in Lower Austria, Moravia, North Styria and the Tyrol, as laid before the Chevalier von Pantz, cover practically all possible types of farming and the most varied forms of production. The writer points out that, for the most part, the peasant farms are devoted to the growth of those products required for the subsistence of the owner and his family, a fact which constitutes an essential difference between them and the larger agricultural undertakings that produce for sale. The provision for the requirements of the household by men who have little ready money at their disposal accounts for the cultivation of corn by small farmers on land which only yields from three to four times the amount of the seed. This

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fact shows the worthlessness of calculations as to the cost of production made by the Agrarian Central Bureau, these calculations being, moreover, impossible in the case of the smaller farms. One such calculation for the year 1901 is accompanied by the following note: "These figures show that the cost of production of corn has been frequently higher than the average prices paid for it in recent years"—an interesting instance of the uneconomic production encouraged by Protection.

While the results of the inquiry show that farms yielding a considerable surplus of corn for sale have increased their revenue owing to the higher prices, the Chevalier von Pantz says that those of only ten acres must in general be regarded as incapable of producing any surplus corn for the market. Consequently, these and smaller farms have the same interest as the town consumers in the low price of corn, as they are obliged to buy it for human food and for fodder. Now according to the Austrian census of June 3, 1902, of the total of 2,856,349 agricultural and forest holdings, no fewer than 2,053,212, or 72 per cent., were under ten acres. The Chevalier von Pantz points out, however, that from the remaining 28 per cent. of larger holdings must be deducted nearly 9500 devoted exclusively to forestry, over 713,000 devoted partly to agriculture and partly to forestry, about 19,800 to vineyards, and 3500 to gardens and the considerable proportion of alpine and forest farms that grow no corn for sale. He therefore estimates that at the outside only 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. of the whole of the Austrian peasantry are interested in high prices for corn. Furthermore, the larger revenues of those who do sell corn is on the gross and not the net result, as it is necessary to deduct from it the higher wages, increased cost of maintenance of servants, &c., of which frequent complaints were made during the course of the inquiry —burdens that are particularly heavy on the small farmer who sells but little corn. A constantly repeated complaint was as to the increase, in some instances of 30 per cent., in the demands of blacksmiths, saddlers, wheelwrights, shoemakers, tailors, &c. "It is, therefore, not surprising that even in the typical corn-growing districts there has been no improvement in the position of the peasant farms with the exception of, perhaps, a very few large ones." In this respect the following remarks by the owner of a thirty-acre farm in a typical corn-growing country, is said to be characteristic: "In the year 1906–7 my total cash expenditure for house-keeping was 834 crowns (£34 15*s.*); in 1907–8, with exactly the same number of people to provide for

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it had risen to 1600 crowns (£66 13*s.* 4*d.*). There was no further increase in 1908–9." The Chevalier von Pantz observes that for this particular farmer the rise of 30 per cent. in the price of corn and hay would not increase his revenue by quite 400 crowns (£16 13*s.* 4*d.*) while there was an addition to his household expenses of 766 crowns (£31 18*s.* 4*d.*).

The inquiry further shows that cattle-breeding and dairy-farming is far more profitable than corn-growing, seeing that an increase of one heller (a tenth of a penny) or less in the price of a litre of milk is worth more to the peasant farmers of Austria than the 30 per cent. increase in the price of corn since 1906. Besides, as he shows by statistics, the price of wheat does not regulate the price of cattle. Indeed, on the contrary, the rise in wheat seems to be accompanied by a fall in the price of cattle. High wheat prices and a consequent rise in the price of fodder unfavourably affects the price of cattle, which is also depressed by the reduced consuming power of the masses, as is proved by the diminished consumption of meat in recent years, notwithstanding the growth of the population. Yet Austria-Hungary is in normal years obliged to import corn, while she is a large exporter of cattle for breeding and other purposes. The consequence is that the Austrian consumer has to pay the full amount of the duty on corn, while the cattle-breeder is hampered doubly by the high price of fodder, &c., and by the difficulties placed in the way of exports by the Tariff—a further instance of the manner in which Protection tends to divert the energies of a people in an uneconomic direction.

Of course the writer of this pamphlet has no difficulty in proving that neither wine-growers nor peasants in the Alpine districts have any advantage from higher prices for corn. Nor have the farmers in the districts in which but a small surplus of corn is sold, as there the profit from the increased price is more than cancelled by the increased expenditure due to Protection. Indeed, such is the distress occasioned in the Alpine districts by this Protectionist policy that in spite of the traditional attachment of the people to their homes, the small farms are being sold in ever-increasing numbers to the large landed proprietors for shooting, while in part of the Northern Tyrol the peasant proprietors have ceased to eat meat from year's end to year's end, their greatest luxury being a Sunday pudding seasoned with a little shredded salt meat.

From the mere fact that in Italy of all the landowners 66 per cent. have holdings of one hectare (2.4711 acres) or less, on

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which practically no corn is grown, it is evident that the majority even of the agricultural classes are there taxed for the benefit of a minority. To judge by particulars given in Professor Brentano's *Deutsche Getreidezölle* similar results have followed the application of the same policy in Germany. He cites the official report of a discussion of the corn duties which took place in 1883 in the Bavarian Agricultural Society showing that all the agriculturists in the Palatinate, Upper Franconia and Lower Franconia were obliged to buy wheat, while the majority of those in Middle Franconia, the Upper Palatinate, and the southern parts of Upper Bavaria and Swabia were under the same necessity. In Wurtemberg Herr Marquard found that only 0.19 per cent. of the farms, namely, those exceeding fifty hectares (123½ acres) had any tangible advantage from the high duties; while, according to Dr. G. Ruhland, not more than 2 per cent. of the farms in the Grand Duchy of Baden have any interest worth mentioning in the maintenance of those duties. In Hanover, as well as in Pomerania and other provinces east of the Elbe, where in general the land devoted to corn-growing is much less than that for cattle-breeding, and where consequently the farmers are obliged to purchase large additional supplies of fodder, they cannot possibly have such an interest in seeing its price increased in consequence of the corn duties as has the large corn-grower. Indeed, Prince Hohenlohe, speaking as Chancellor in the Reichstag, in March 1895, declared that only 21 per cent. of the agricultural population of the whole Empire had an interest in the high price of corn. Professor Brentano adds that, with the exception of a comparatively small number of peasant proprietors, it is the large landowners and particularly those east of the Elbe, who benefit by the corn duties. As long ago as 1884 Dr. G. Ruhland, at present scientific adviser of the League of Agriculturists (*Bund der Landwirte*) contended that a policy of high corn duties was a large landowner's policy (*Getreidepolitik ist Grossgrundbesitzerpolitik*) being thus in agreement with what the Chevalier von Pantz now maintains concerning Austria.

M. Yves Guyot in his excellent work *La Comédie Protectioniste** clearly proves that in France also the Protectionist food taxes benefit but a small proportion even of the agricultural classes, and are of no advantage to the small holders. Writing five years ago, he estimates that those who benefit most from the duties on corn and meat are the proprietors of 138,000 farms of

* Paris [Bibliothèque Charpentier], 1905.

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over forty hectares (roughly, 100 acres) and after them, but to a slight extent, those of some 711,000 smaller farms of ten to forty hectares (25 to 100 acres) who grow corn and breed cattle. Even estimating that all those who own farms of over ten hectares do benefit by the duties, their number is only 849,000 out of a total active agricultural population of 5,982,000 persons, that is to say 14 per cent. of the whole. The total number of those who enjoy Protection for industrial as well as agricultural products does not, according to M. Yves Guyot, exceed 5 per cent. of the entire population of France. But France herself, under the Cobden-Chevalier Treaty of Commerce enjoyed from 1861 to 1880 a *régime* of practically free importation, immediately following a period of the so-called Sliding Scale of Protectionist duties. So far was that experiment in Free Trade from diminishing production that there was an increase in the extent of the land under corn (notwithstanding the loss of Alsace-Lorraine), in the yield per acre, in the total production and in the average price as compared to the preceding Protectionist period. Under Free Trade the consumption of wheat had increased, while that of rye and meslin (a blend of wheat and rye similar to that of the common bread now used in Germany) declined in proportion—a characteristic note of that period, as the increased consumption of horse-flesh is of the present Protectionist *régime* in France.

There was a corresponding increase during the same period in the production and consumption of meat (51 per cent.) while in spite of growing imports, prices steadily rose, owing to the greater demand, at a time when the wages of the agricultural labourer had nearly doubled.*

The experience of another great Protectionist country, the United States, shows similar progress as the effect of a temporary adoption of an approach to Free Trade, in the form of the Walker Tariff of 1846. This is admitted by no less an authority than the great Protectionist and Republican champion, James G. Blaine in his "Twenty years of Congress" in which he says that the United States never enjoyed greater prosperity than it did from 1850 to 1860. He admitted, as Mr. Byron Holt recently recalled at Antwerp, that during no other decade had the population, both rural and urban, doubled, as it did during this one. The country recovered in a few months from the sharp financial

* M. G. de Molinari's "Conversations sur le Commerce des Grains et la Protection de l'Agriculture," pp. 234–8.

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panic of 1857, and as Mr. Blaine pointed out, everybody was so well satisfied with low and non-protective Tariff duties, that neither party championed Protection in the electoral campaign of 1860.

Before concluding these observations on a single aspect of Free Trade Policy affecting the rural population, it will be well to consider it from another standpoint, that of the intelligent and competent foreigner studying the effect of Free Trade on English agriculture. Few books can be more confidently recommended as a tonic to British farmers suffering from the effects of the calculated pessimism of their Tariff Reform friends, than the work published a few years ago by M. Albert Dulac, "On Agriculture and Free Trade in the United Kingdom—Essay on the Economic conditions of Agricultural production under a Free Trade *régime*." * In his Preface, M. Dulac, who has consistently avoided all theoretical consideration of the controversy between Free Traders and Protectionists, declares that while it is true that British agriculture has maintained itself solely by its own strength, it is no less true that it has subsisted up to the present and continues to subsist because it finds itself in economic conditions which render possible its existence. The object of his inquiry was to ascertain how it succeeded in doing so. French farmers complain, he says, of an agricultural crisis due to low prices, but prices, he points out, are still lower in England. How then has the English farmer been able to accommodate himself to a Free Trade system for half a century, and how does he succeed in supporting to-day the economic situation imposed upon him by Free Trade? M. Dulac's answer to that question, based on a profound study of British conditions made on the spot, and an illuminating comparison with French conditions, is highly encouraging for all Englishmen, and particularly instructive for the class more directly concerned. His comparison shows that more progress has been made by agriculture in Free Trade England than in Protectionist France, that the wages paid to labourers in England as well as the capital per acre invested are larger, while furthermore the estimated cost of working the farms and the taxes imposed upon them are heavier. According to an estimate which he makes of the production of meat per hectare (2½ acres) of the area of arable lands and fields, England produces a total of beef, mutton, and pork

* "Agriculture et Libre Echange dans le Royaume Uni. Essai sur les Conditions Economiques de la Production Agricole sous un régime Libre-echangiste." Paris, Larose, 1903.

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of 64.67 kilograms (about 142.57 lbs.) as compared to 43.65 kilograms (about 96.23 lbs.) by France, while the yield of a hectare of corn in England is twenty-seven hectolitres as compared to sixteen hectolitres in France. After mentioning that the culture of rye has been abandoned in England as unprofitable, and that of wheat reduced for the same reason, M. Dulac observes:

"The result of this excellent adaptation of the crops to the most favourable soils, their selection on economic principles, the long and intense cultivation doubtless imposed by the necessity of securing large harvests alone capable of compensating for the decline in value, is that the yield in the United Kingdom largely exceeds—by nearly two-thirds—that obtained in France." In dealing with the "economic influence of imports on agricultural production," M. Dulac says that whenever the competition of imported articles dominates the home product in quality and in price, it tends to diminish its production. That, however, only applies to a part of the imports. Oats, for instance, almost all the barley, and above all, the various kinds of meat sent to England are of lower quality than the British product. In those cases their influence has a different effect. They doubtless lower prices, but as their competition in the market is overcome by the presence of better products, the final result of such imports is to act as a marvellous stimulant for the production of a higher class of goods. Furthermore, M. Dulac contends that this foreign competition acts as a guide. The English farmer cannot help reckoning with the market rate in the world's market. Consequently he tends more and more to leave the cultivation of corn to the New World; and, as American beef and Australian mutton are not equal to his own, he directs his energies more and more towards the production of meat. Thus, he says, under a system of economic liberty agriculture can not only escape the danger threatening it from abroad, but find in that danger an element of success.

Altogether the experience of the agricultural classes on the Continent, as well as in the United States and Canada, furnishes a warning for the rural population of the United Kingdom, and more particularly of those parts of it where small holdings predominate. From the few facts given above they will see that farmers in the enjoyment of the highest Protection are anything but happy under it, and complain more loudly of bad times and low prices than their British colleagues. Indeed, it is a noteworthy circumstance that we hear less of these complaints

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from Free Trade Belgium, where a Catholic and Conservative agricultural class remain loyal to the principles of Liberty of Commerce that are so effectively advocated, for instance, by their distinguished Parliamentary representative, and champion M. Thibaud, than from Protectionist countries that are presented to us as models for our guidance.

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The Russo-German Agreement

By E. J. Dillon

Evil days are said to be in store for progressive Europe since the Tsar and the Kaiser met at Potsdam last November. For the monarchs' conversation ended in a diplomatic agreement, which in the opinion of many politicians on both sides of the Channel upsets the balance of power in Europe by narrowing the scope of the Franco-Russian alliance and damping the spirit of the Anglo-Russian agreement. This view, propounded at the outset by the principal journals of Paris, was acquiesced in by many of the press organs of Berlin, Vienna, Cologne, and Frankfort, and endorsed by leading newspapers in London. But from official circles in the States adversely affected by this paralysing conviction, came optimistic assurances, and they arrived in such abundance and in such attractive forms, that they soon won their way to the minds, or at any rate to the press, of France's leading politicians, who now profess their belief that nothing is changed in European politics. The French Foreign Minister went a step further in his speech on the Budget. Exhorting his fellow countrymen not to drink vinegar when they have wine at their elbows, he maintained that certain real changes had been effected by the Potsdam interview, but he was happy to be able to class them as changes for the better. As for the Franco-Russian alliance, he believes it to be even more solid than before; peace he holds to be more firmly established and the Anglo-Russian convention to be still an element in the groundwork of the Tsar's foreign policy.

Which of these versions corresponds to facts?

As usual there is truth in both contentions. The Franco-Russian alliance subsists as before; it has neither been strengthened nor weakened directly by the friendly conversation that took place between the two Emperors. But its scope has been indirectly defined by the compact between their Governments. And it is narrower than many people imagined. Until a couple of weeks ago, it was assumed by French politicians that

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the Republic and the Tsardom would stand by each other, not only if either of the two was attacked but also if circumstances should render aggression their most effectual mode of defence. That view was diligently spread in France and went unchallenged in Russia. It was appealed to in 1909 when Austria and Germany faced Russia, France, and Britain, and war appeared in sight. In the light now emanating from Potsdam the Franco-Russian alliance is seen to be a purely defensive bond which makes no provision for attack, even when attack is the one efficacious mode of defence. Were it otherwise Russia could give no promise to keep out of every international group of Powers, the point of which is turned against Germany. Yet she has pledged her word to that effect. That is one salient and indeed, indisputable inference from the nature of the Russo-German bargain.

Peace, too, M. Pichon holds, is better assured since the Potsdam interview than before. Undoubtedly peace is. But the point of that assertion is blunted by the grounded doubt whether peace under prevailing conditions is a positive boon. It may possibly be a misfortune. When Lord Beaconsfield returned from the Berlin Conference, he told the people of Great Britain that he brought peace—but he took care to qualify it adding "with honour," such being the requisite of that particular conjuncture. An analogous qualification was called for to-day. But none has been received. Without contradiction the peace of Europe has received an additional safeguard since Russia undertook to steer clear of every international combination directed against Germany, and Germany entered into a similar engagement towards Russia. One may even go further and assert that France's immunity from attack —at all events for a certain time—is almost absolute. For Germany has no predilection for war, which at best would be but a means to an end, and a positive evil, however efficaciously it might compass the aim. If she can accomplish her designs by diplomatic success, she will never have a motive sufficiently strong to declare war. With a puissant, an irresistible, Empire that should include Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, would protect Java, the Congo and all the other colonies of the Dutch and Flemish States, that would possess and enforce in the Near and Middle East extensive commercial claims, which involve far-reaching political rights—with the creation of such an Empire, the Kaiser and his helps may well be content. In order that the way may be cleared for this achievement, France must be left in peace, Russia conciliated and Great Britain's supremacy at sea must be counteracted by an adequate increase to the German-

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Austrian navy. And that, if we may judge by numerous signs, is Germany's present programme.

Now during the peaceful, unobtrusive process, which is to result in the consolidation and extension of the German Empire, what Power is likely to cry halt ? Obviously none. Not one is nearly strong enough. For the rivalry of Power with Power has long since given place to the contention of group with group. And the Entente group has been split up by this covenant. At present therefore, no group of States has any motive to risk their finances, their commerce and their military prestige, by taking up the cudgels against Austria-Germany in order to assert the independence, say of Belgium and Holland. And lest a motive should be found for them by an interested Government like ours, Russia is induced to subscribe to a self-denying ordinance by Germany's readiness to do likewise. But between the two promises there is no parity. For peace is indispensable to the success of Germany's designs, which only a credible threat of war could frustrate. On the other hand, no effective threat can be uttered by a single Power, and neither can a group of Powers be organised in the face of Russia's solemn undertaking to abstain from co-operation with any such group.

To the British nation Sir Edward Grey might offer assurances of the same kind as those given by M. Pichon to the French and of equal value. The peace of Britain is no more likely to be disturbed during the decade now beginning than is the peace of Europe, unless we ourselves disturb it. But what is true of the peace of Europe is probably untrue of the map of Europe. The political map of the Continent is certain to be changed. And that we may not relish. Still if we are minded to remain silent, or at least inactive, onlookers, no bones will be broken, no blood will be shed. Germany harbours no designs against Great Britain or its dependencies at present. She only wishes to grow, to expand, to win a place commensurate with her population and her cultural rôle. Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, and possibly some other odds and ends in the west, vast markets, railways and a virtual Protectorate in the east, are included among these desiderata. They may be the spoils of a peaceful campaign. If no Power seeks to thwart her designs, Germany will attack none. If any nation seeks to bar her way, it will be the aggressor and will have itself to blame for the consequences. It could not look to Russia for countenance. Neither could it look to France, because France would then be the aggressor and would in this capacity forfeit the support of Russia, which is conditional on the Republic being attacked.

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Another of the arguments with which optimists in France, Russia, and this country seek to silence alarmists, is drawn from the circumstance that as the Russo-German agreement leaves the Franco-Russian alliance and the Anglo-Russian understanding intact, therefore nothing is altered in the domain of politics. Even in this contention there is truth. No formal change has been brought about; no old treaty abrogated, no new one negotiated. But one of the great imponderabilia of European politics has been annihilated. Before the self-denying ordinance was agreed to by Russia, the Triple Entente was undoubtedly in a bad way. Indeed, the painful check it received in March 1909 seemed decisive. Until Russia has reorganised her army and built a formidable navy, there was but one conceivable way for the Triple Entente to recover the ground it then lost; and nobody has yet come forward to point it out. None the less, there was an issue out of the quagmire, however difficult of access it may have been. Something worth doing was feasible in the present, and had it been done the original goal of the Triple Entente might have been in sight before the second decade of the century had lapsed.

But now the Russo-German agreement has given the *coup de grâce* to the Triple Entente. Here German diplomacy has produced a masterpiece. The ease with which this far ranging result has been attained and the insignificance of the perturbations it has occasioned bespeak the statesman-artist. *Ne quid nimis* was the device of Holstein's aptest disciple, Herr von Kiderlin Waechter. Every treaty was left intact, nay, fidelity to each and all of them was made the corner-stone of the new edifice. In virtue of the Dual Alliance France and Russia are bound to assist each other if either of them is attacked. "Admirable!" cries Herr von Kiderlin Waechter, "we, Germans, will never raise a finger against either of you. On the contrary, we hereby solemnly undertake to set our face against every international league characterised by hostility to Russia. Will you follow our example?" And forthwith Russia did likewise. There can be no serious doubt that Germany could and would enter into a similar engagement respecting France, if France would respond in the same spirit. For the political designs which Germany is intent on carrying out in the near future no wise necessitate a conflict with France or Russia. On the contrary.

Great Britain's agreement with Russia likewise remains in force. That could not well be otherwise. For that diplomatic instrument is in last analysis merely a practical expedient for

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preventing future friction between the two countries and an agreement to draw the sponge over unpleasant bygones. In other words it is a burial of the hatchet between two great empires. It follows that it is not a deed of partnership in international politics; it is not an offensive nor even a defensive alliance like that which predisposes France and Russia to be fellow workers in the council chamber and fellow soldiers in the battlefield. But even if it were that, Russia could with an easy conscience have struck up the agreement with Germany. For Germany's coming diplomatic campaign will not be directed against Russia, or Great Britain. It may mortify our people, arouse their anger and try their patience sorely. But it will not involve a violation of their territory nor any overt act of hostility.

And for those reasons the assurance that the Russo-German agreement is founded on respect for all existing treaties is but wasted breath. We know it cannot be otherwise. The keynote of the compact—against which nobody has any legal or moral right to grumble—is to be found not in what it avoids, but what it effects. And of all its positive results the most momentous is the utter destruction of the Triple Entente.

Two groups of States hitherto kept tolerably even the balance of power in Europe: the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance. The differences between them were many: the trend of their respective policies; the degrees of their readiness to realise it by force of arms; the circumstance that the one had a real existence defined and guaranteed by a diplomatic document, while the other was but a nebulous mass, little more than an abstraction to which passing events gave fitful reality and power. Yet at one time—a few years ago—the Triple Entente bade fair to become an organised and formidable entity, capable of acting as one Power in the council chamber and one army in the battlefield. Many politicians fancied they already discerned in it that community of interests and that single-mindedness in pursuing them which might at any moment justify a formal alliance. German public men professed to fear that if the nebulous mass once hardened into a concrete alliance, it would paralyse Germany's influence by isolating her. And it was by way of staving off or dispelling this imaginary danger that the expedients were devised and adopted which have dissolved the Triple Entente.

This patriotic task was made easy by the inherent weakness of the combination. As its constituent parts were not drawn together by inner attraction, geographical nearness or homogeneity of race culture or interests, they needed some outward

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force to keep them together. This force was supplied by the statesmanlike breadth of vision, the suasive gifts and the tactful diplomacy of King Edward VII. And his death entailed the loosening of its elements, which are far asunder in space, unlike in cultural ideals, unequal in military strength.

Their policies too are determined by very different kinds of public organs, which are sensible to conflicting orders of motives. Thus, in Germany it is the ruler who sets the ultimate aim to the nation's strivings and reserves to himself the right of choosing the means of attaining it. In the exercise of these functions he is practically irresponsible. In Russia too, it is the monarch who is the sole judge of the interests of his Empire and of the best method of safeguarding them. And he is answerable to no mortal for his decision; hence, whether he acts through his Minister or treats *tête-à-tête* with another ruler like himself, is immaterial. It is open to him, for instance, to change the policy of his Empire in the course of a brief talk with the German Kaiser or the Emperor of Austria. And no man or assembly of men may say him nay. That is a fact—a very real fact too—which has never yet received all the consideration it deserves at the hands of our statesmen. It would be superfluous to add that the motive of his actions is invariably what he believes to be the welfare of his people. French and English statesmen, on the other hand, are hampered in the work of steering their state-ships by parliamentary parties, local interests, groups of the Opposition, criticisms of the press, "hallowed" traditions. In a word, their progress is that of runners in a sack race.

The military and naval equipment of the Entente Powers being unequal and disparate, the burdens which a war would impose on them would of necessity be unequally and unfairly distributed. Moreover, Russia, as M. Izvolsky told the Duma, is not in a condition to fight for any political interests just now; France, whose milliards are out at interest all over Europe, would suffer such ruinous losses through any serious breach of the international peace that hardly anything less fateful than self-defence would tempt her to run the risk. And Great Britain's military system is so hopelessly inadequate that she could tender no real help to any Continental ally against the onslaught of a great land army. And even her navy might, in a conceivable set of circumstances, be able to effect but little. It was those sources of inherent weakness which prevented that vigorous joint action by the three Powers during the Balkan Crisis of 1908–1909, which alone could have warranted the defiant attitude they assumed at the outset against Austria-Hungary. I venture

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upon this mild criticism of Sir Edward Grey's policy to-day, because I was alone among English publicists in my condemnation of it at the time. I foresaw and foretold the national humiliation in which it culminated.

Not only has the Government of each of the Entente Powers a policy which the entire nation that it represents may be said to follow, but the organ charged with the pursuit of that policy has its own temporary ends resulting from strength or limitations, which often occasion deviations from the central aim. In Germany and Russia, for instance, where the monarch represents the nation, the interests of the *régime* must needs weigh heavy in the scale. In the case of the French Republic, the ambitions or appetites of a colonial group of politicians or of a "fraction" behind which are men of business keen on making money, may hinder a well-disposed Minister from meeting the reasonable wishes of his country's friend. And with such drags on Ministers, prompt joint action with two other Governments is almost impossible.

In France the other day several hundred deputies and senators wrote a sharp remonstrance against Russia's way of treating the Finns. It was a case of unfruitful meddling in the home affairs of a friendly nation. Now, that document caused, as it was intended to cause, a profound sensation, but less in parliamentary than in court circles. And the harm it did to the French people is out of all proportion to the good which the intercession —had a miracle caused it to succeed—could possibly have done the Finns. Germany has never made any similar blunder.

Our British legislators, or a section of them, are given to similar emotional freaks. They organised a visit of sympathy for the first Duma which the Tsar's Government dissolved on perfectly constitutional grounds. And to-day the friends of that Government smilingly ask when will the British legislators return the visit of their Russian confrêres, about which they were so keen a twelvemonth past.

Irritating deeds like these, which had better be left undone, sink deep into the minds of monarchists in Russia, and to-day it is they who hold the reins of power. Hence, the conservatives there are mostly advocates of a close understanding with Germany and of correct relations with Great Britain. That was the view that commended itself to my deceased friend, P. Chr. Schwanebach, who was also an intimate friend of Count Aehrenthal. It is likewise the conviction of the ex-Minister of the Interior, P. N. Durnovo, of ex-Premier Goremykin, of the present Premier, and of nearly all the notable Conservatives.

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And the Conservatives are convinced that the Potsdam interview has brought the Russian Government within measurable distance of this goal. In support of this opinion they point to a whole sequence of events, that preceded or followed it which stood in casual connection with each other: the appointment to the post of Foreign Secretary in Germany of Herr von Kiderlin Waechter, the man who by adopting Fritz von Holstein's advice dealt the first stunning blow to the Triple Entente, to which he has now contributed to give the *coup de grâce;* the sudden removal from Paris of the German Ambassador, Prince Radolin; who was a warm champion of a Franco-German understanding and the dismissal of M. Izvolsky, the inaugurator of Russia's Anglophile policy from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs by the Tsar. This last measure was decided upon several months before it was finally adopted. Its postponement was due to considerations and influences, a discussion of which would be out of place here.

The visit to Potsdam was the culminating act of a long sequence of fitful advances on both sides. Some circumstances that preceded it lent it special significance. At first the Russian press assumed that the Tsar, who together with her Majesty the Tsaritsa, was sojourning in Friedberg, would receive the Kaiser there. But the German papers replied that such an arrangement was inconceivable, that the Russian monarch would be expected, and would doubtless wish, to visit the Kaiser, in whose domains he had been residing. And some days later it was seen that this version was accepted in Russian court circles. Then the St. Petersburg and Moscow journals maintained that the Tsar on his way back to Russia would call on the Kaiser at Potsdam. But to this too, the German papers demurred on the ground that the Kaiser would expect a visit specially paid to himself and therefore not a mere casual call at Potsdam on the homeward journey, but a visit and nothing less. And events bore out their assertion. Nicholas II., sensible of the effective protection he had received from the Kaiser, who stretched many a constitutional point in order to hold all suspicious characters at a long distance from his imperial Russian guests, resolved to show his appreciation by paying his host a special visit at Potsdam.

The conversation of the two monarchs turned upon the causes, real and imaginary, that had led to the temporary strain in the political relations of their Governments. The talk of the two Foreign Ministers ran through kindred themes towards the one concrete topic which had been under discussion for three years—an understanding about Persia. The negotiations had

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begun as far back as 1907 on the initiative of the German Government and continued with long pauses until the outbreak of the crisis and the ultimatum forwarded to M. Izvolsky by Herr von Kiderlin Waechter, the German Foreign Minister of to-day. By order of the Tsar the Russian Foreign Secretary, M. Sazonoff, took up the threads of the negotiations where his predecessor had left them and they are not yet concluded. Meanwhile nothing absolutely authentic is known about the form or the scope of the compact beyond the statements of the two Ministers. There are, however, adequate grounds for holding that Germany is ready to acknowledge that Russia possesess special interests, political, strategic and economical, in northern Persia—interests which she had acquired long before there was a German Empire—on condition that Russia recognises Germany's purely "commercial" interests there. The German Government will refrain from building railways in the Russian zone to the north of Khanikin on condition that the Minister of the Tsar assents to the construction of a line to connect the future Persian Railway at Khanikin with the Baghdad Railway.

Russia possessed a perfect right to make that arrangement in northern Persia, which is her own sphere of influence. We are therefore, debarred from criticising it in an unfriendly spirit. As the Tsar is Russia in foreign affairs and as we have systematically favoured his enemies, we had no claim to special favour. If the French people can make out a better case, Russia's answer is that they have also had their reward in the shape of the alliance which is intact, or as M. Pichon truly said more solid than ever before. Looking at the Russo-German agreement in the light of its inevitable consequences one cannot blink the fact that "commercial" claims, when they belong to Germany, invariably include the political ones requisite to enforce them. And they can be limited only by a group of strong Powers. Morocco is one case in point, China is another. In the olden days when Russia and England looked upon each other as crafty foes, capable of committing any enormity, they were egged on against each other by the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse. The ease with which they could thus be set by the ears was long a valuable asset in Germany's possession. It was taken away by our entente with Russia, which wiped out all our differences, removed our deep-seated distrust. And now Germany has just acquired the longed-for power again. In Persia, and concerning Persia, Russia and Great Britain are almost certain to quarrel, and the "honest broker" will offer his services to reconcile us. It is the old, old story. Yet we cannot

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reasonably blame Russia or reproach Germany, for what they have done, each having been actuated by patriotic motives.

Commercially too Great Britain is in a fine pickle. The pains she has taken, the men she has sacrificed, the money she has spent, generations before the German Empire was heard of, for the purpose of keeping order in southern Persia and hindering disintegration in the north, will bring in a rich harvest—to the Germans. What with their "commercial" interests, their co-partnership with Russia, their sharp rivalry with us, their railway tapping the wealth of Asia Minor and Turkey and attracting the bulk of foreign trade there, we shall soon find that we have been working *pour le roi de Prusse*. As the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, puts it: "The ground is mined under England's might in all its weak places: in Constantinople, in Asia Minor, in Syria, in Russia." Moreover, the hope which until a few weeks ago we reasonably fostered that the Persian Gulf section of the Baghdad railway would be British, is now fast vanishing. Yet that consummation was well within our grasp. We refrained from seizing it because we waited for Russia and France, together with whom we decided to hold out for acceptable terms, which would enable us all four to participate in building the line. And now Russia has made terms with Germany, substituting co-operation for opposition, friendship for acrimony. As she has broken no engagement there is no room for recriminations.

A military man who sits as deputy in the Berlin Reichstag holds that the most significant pledge of Russia's revived friendship for Germany is a measure of a strategic character recently adopted by the Tsar's Government. General Liebert in a telling speech delivered on December 16 last, before the members of the Berlin group of the All-German League said: "Hatred for the German is fostered in the Russian nation. But that nation is blighted by the venality of officials and by drunkenness. . . . The Russian Government, however, has taken a decision, which is superlatively advantageous to Germany—it has transferred to the East the centre of its mobilisation. The line of the Vistula has been abandoned: the fortresses are no longer being maintained there; consequently a German army could with impunity in war time throw itself into France, inflict defeat upon her and then turn against Russia." General Liebert is probably magnifying a fly into an elephant, for Germany even in war-time will have no grounds for sending an army against Russia.

To sum up: the Russo-German compact leaves all existing

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treaties, conventions and agreements untouched. To the Triple Entente, which was not based upon treaties and was the only counterpoise to Austro-German militarism and the only means of preserving the balance of political power in Europe, it has given the death-blow. The Entente had been in a bad way ever since its mistaken policy of 1908–1909. It was a group comprised of elements that had little in common and lacked centripetal motion. The partners pulled in various directions, made no progress, failed to agree upon a common policy or upon the price they would pay to carry any measures through, and were defeated and humbled by the Triple Alliance. After that it became difficult to infuse new *ichor* into its semi-petrified veins—difficult but not impossible. There was just one way of effecting it still. But the Russo-German agreement has killed the Entente outright. Analysing the obvious consequences we find that in a circuitous way, indirectly, the agreement may affect the Anglo-Russian understanding. For Germany, having obtained a firm footing in Persia on the strength of her vast commercial and industrial enterprises, can at will set on England against Russia as in the days of yore. It may be less easy than before the Entente, but it will be feasible in Persia. And it was largely for the purpose of abolishing once for all the means of egging on one government against the other that the agreement was devised. Lastly we hear a German politician, who is also a military man, declare that Russia having abandoned her line of fortifications on the Vistula has thereby relieved Germany of the necessity of immobilising a large number of men on her eastern frontier—but in this we see but a token of Russia's certitude that come what may she will live in amity with her old friend and former ally, Germany. In that sense peace is better safeguarded than before the Potsdam interview. But is that the peace we yearned for ?

Can there still be rational doubt that the Russo-German agreement marks the beginning of a new era in international politics ?

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The Flight of the Golf Ball

Including a criticism of the paper entitled "The Dynamics of a Golf Ball," read at a meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain by Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Royal Institution, and winner in 1906 of the Nobel prize for physics

By P. A. Vaile

Author of "Modern Golf," "Swerve, or the Flight of the Ball," &c.

THERE seems to be some peculiar fascination about the flight of the ball. I have listened to countless arguments on the subject and have always been impressed by the great interest taken in a matter which is quite a mystery to the great majority of people. Perhaps it is this very element that endows the subject with its perennial grip on those who play ball games wherein the flight of the ball is of importance, as, for instance, golf, lawn tennis, cricket, or base-ball. Be that as it may the fact remains.

The most astonishing thing about it is, however, that even now one occasionally meets people who stoutly deny the possibility of a ball proceeding through the air in a curve other than that of a natural trajectory; yet this fact was recognised and understood by scientific men hundreds of years ago.

To follow this paper with understanding it is necessary to have a clear idea as to what it is that makes a ball swerve, as, for instance, in the pull or the slice. The explanation is very simple. If a ball is proceeding through the air, and spinning, the side that is spinning *towards the hole* gets more friction than the other side which is spinning *away from the hole*. It is well known that a projectile seeks the line of least resistance in its passage through the air. It follows that the greater friction on the *forward spinning* half causes the ball to edge over towards the side which is spinning away from the hole. This, in a very few words, is the whole secret of swerve.

We are told that Newton was well aware of this fact some two hundred and fifty years ago, and that he remarked that in a

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spinning tennis ball the " parts on that side where the motions conspire must press and beat the contiguous air more violently, and there excite a reluctancy and reaction of the air proportionately greater."

I have been at some pains to explain this simply, for generally swerve is looked upon as an abstruse problem, and indeed, my book on the subject is catalogued as a treatise on applied mathematics, instead of, as I considered it, simply a practical application of the ascertained facts to the behaviour of the ball in the air.

Having now given my readers a general idea of the cause of swerve, namely, the greater pressure on one side of the ball if I may be permitted to use the word " side " when referring to a sphere, I may proceed to a consideration of Professor Sir J. J. Thomson's paper on *The Dynamics of the Golf Ball.*

In opening his argument Sir J. J. Thomson said: "This problem is in any case a very interesting one, it would be even more interesting if we could accept the explanations of the behaviour of the ball given by many contributors to the very voluminous literature which has collected round the game; if these were correct, I should have to bring before you this evening a new dynamics, and announce that matter when made up into golf balls obeys laws of an entirely different character from those governing its action when in any other condition."

Now, if this means anything it means that those who had dealt with the dynamics of golf before Sir J. J. Thomson considered the subject simply did not know what they were writing about. I am one of these unfortunate persons. I consider Sir J. J. Thomson's statement magnificent in its grand scope. I do not resent it in the least. If he can substantiate it he was entitled to make it, but as a scientific man he must be the first to acknowledge that his mere statement does not constitute fact.

The quaintest thing about the assertion is, however, to be somewhat Irish, what comes after, for Sir J. J. Thomson proceeds by the most elaborate, and in my humble judgment, somewhat unnecessary, experiments, to prove the matters fully set out by me in *Swerve, or the Flight of the Ball*, and *Modern Lawn Tennis* in 1904, and more recently in *Modern Golf*, much of which, I may be excused for adding, was recognised by Newton. Professor Sir J. J. Thomson is really a very distinguished scientific man, so it would be useless for me to adopt his sweeping method in dealing with his paper, even if I felt inclined to. I am therefore considering it, so far as space will permit in detail, and am showing wherein I think the learned professor errs.

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THE FLIGHT OF THE GOLF BALL

Sir J. J. Thomson says: "But a golf ball when it leaves the club is only in rare cases devoid of spin." It is impossible to prove or disprove this statement. Practically no ball goes through the air with the same point always in front. A marked tennis ball slowly and perfectly truly hit will show the mark moving about during flight. "Spin" is a delightfully indefinite word, but this much one may say, and it is in effect a contradiction of Sir J. J. Thomson's assertion. In the vast majority of balls hit with golf clubs, especially by skilled players, the effect of spin on the stroke *unless designedly applied*, which is comparatively rare, is practically negligible.

It is quite a common error to assume that because a club is lofted it must put back-spin, that invaluable aid to the long drive, on a ball. The fallacy of this will be seen when it is remembered that the rise of the ball is, generally speaking, roughly at a right angle to the loft of the face of the club. The ball leaves the club naturally, and without appreciable back-spin in the vast majority of cases. It might be otherwise were the blow delivered horizontally instead of in an arc.

The lecturer asserts that a sliced ball has spin "about a vertical axis." To produce spin of this nature one would require a club with a vertical face, or to strike a blow with the face of the club so held that at the moment of impact the face was vertical. This does not happen with sliced balls at golf for the very good reason that the ball would not rise. The club that produces the slice is always lofted in a greater or less degree, and quite often the natural loft is increased by the player designedly laying the face back at the moment of impact. The slice is a quick-rising ball for the reasons now shown.

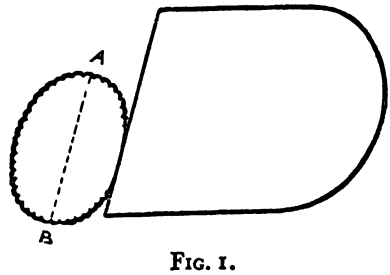

FIG. 1.

Fig. 1 shows the impact in the slice. Here it will be seen that the club has got well in under the middle of the height of the ball, and that the ball has flattened to about two-thirds of its diameter. It frequently flattens much more. It is while this contact is established that the club is drawn across the ball. Obviously the "roll" of the ball on the face of the club, otherwise called a slice, will set up spin at approximately the same angle as the loft of the face of the club, that is, about the axis *A B*. It is plain also, that as the axis of spin is inclined backwardly, and the ball is rising, there will be, as well as the extra frontal pressure on

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the left side of the ball, some additional friction at the bottom of it, which would not be there in the case of a ball without spin. This helps to produce the sudden rise of the slice.

In all cut shots with lofted clubs the angle of the axis of spin is regulated by the amount of loft on the club. In cut shots I include the slice and the cut mashie stroke, as well as many others.

The golf ball undergoes great compression at the moment of impact. It stands to reason, that being a very elastic body, it does not merely regain its spherical shape. Before doing so it probably assumes approximately the shape shown in Fig. 2, but we are not immediately concerned with this matter. It would be interesting to know if the golf ball really does leave the club in an elongated form.

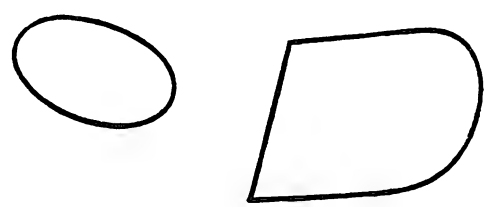

Fig. 2.

Let us now see what Sir J. J. Thomson has to say about the pull.

"If the ball spins about a vertical axis in the opposite direction as in Fig. 3, then, looking along the line of flight, the nose is moving to the left, hence the ball moves off to the left, describing the path indicated by the dotted line; this is the spin possessed by a 'pulled' ball."

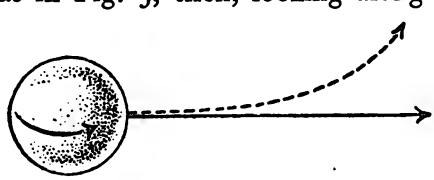

Fig. 3.

Here again I am in absolute conflict with Sir J. J. Thomson. First, his diagram is wrong, and "looking along the line of flight" of his plan, he has shown top-spin instead of spin "about a vertical axis"; and secondly, the spin of the pull is *not* "spin about a vertical axis."

A skilled scientific investigator like Sir J. J. Thomson will readily admit that if the spin of both the pull and the slice is "spin about a vertical axis" there is absolutely no reason why the pulled ball should be a better runner than the slice, whereas every golfer knows that it is so; and indeed, the explanation is very simple, and most convincing.

The pull is played by an *upwardly outwardly* glancing blow; that is to say, that at the moment of impact the head of the club

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is swinging away from the player across the straight line to the hole. Thus it comes to pass that a certain amount of modified top-spin is imparted to the ball. This accounts for the low flight and the good run of the pull. If the plane of the flight of a well-played pull could be constructed of cardboard or steel, that is, if a line were taken from the tee to the end of the carry and connected by the curve of the trajectory, the axis of spin of the pull would be at a right angle to such plane. In effect the pull is a topped ball, but it is topped with the axis of spin inclining towards the player at about an angle of thirty-five degrees. Pure top-spin has no place in golf. It makes the ball "duck," and is useless, for it assists gravity directly. The modified top in a pull makes the ball "duck," if we may use the term, but it does its "ducking" *sideways*, and the spin does not assist the ball towards the earth as in a ball with pure top-spin.

Any golfer who has played the slice and the pull, or who has seen them played, knows what a wonderful difference there is in the flight and run of the two balls. Even if he knows nothing of the way in which the spin is applied in order to produce these strokes, he will be very doubtful of their being got by strokes producing spin about the same axis.

Sir J. J. Thomson says:

"If the ball were spinning about an axis along the line of flight, the axis of spin would pass through the nose of the ball, and the spin would not affect the motion of the nose; the ball following its nose would thus move on without deviation.

"Thus, if a cricket ball were spinning about an axis parallel to the line joining the wickets, it would not swerve in the air."

This latter statement is, I think, open to argument from a scientific point of view. I must admit that in *Swerve, or the Flight of the Ball* I have not included amongst balls which swerve those which spin "about an axis parallel to the line joining the wickets." I am presuming, of course, that Sir J. J. Thomson means a horizontal line *at a right angle* to the plane formed by the front of the wicket, although he does not express this. From a practical cricketing point of view this spin is useless for swerve, but it is the spin of the rifle-bullet and the rifle bullet *does swerve*, or drift, as it is called. So, if one could apply this spin to a golf ball, with its long travel and rough exterior, I think it is extremely likely that it, like the rifle-bullet, would drift, and probably so also, but in a very small degree, would the cricket ball.

In reviewing Sir J. J. Thomson's paper I am dealing with a man who is accustomed to use words accurately to express his

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thoughts. It comes, therefore, as a shock to read "A lawn-tennis player avails himself of the effect of spin when he puts 'top-spin' on his drives, *i.e.* hits the ball on the top so as to make it spin about a horizontal axis."

As a matter of practical lawn tennis I may say that a lawn-tennis player would no more dream of hitting his ball on the "top" than he would of striking it in front, in order to produce "top-spin." Top-spin is got by striking the ball an upwardly glancing blow *behind it*, or, to borrow Sir J. J. Thomson's phrase, on its "nose." It is, of course, its "nose" until it is struck on it, for it is the point "furthest in front" as it is going, but directly it is struck it is transformed. Sometimes, indeed, the ball is struck below the middle of its height, in other words, nearer the bottom than the top. The face of the racket as it cuts upwardly across the line of intended flight is practically vertical, or inclined slightly backwards or away from the net. To hit a lawn-tennis ball on "top" would be to "founder" it at once. In the American service one sometimes gets a little above the middle of the height. I am referring now, of course, to the point of first contact, for a lawn-tennis ball will compress on a racket to almost the full diameter of the ball. This means, of course, that the ball flattens to nearly a half-sphere.

Sir J. J. Thomson says in describing his elaborate experiment to prove the accepted principles of swerve: "You see that the pressure is higher on the side M where the spin carries this side of the ball into the blast, than on L where the spin tends to carry the ball away from the blast."

I am not aware that spin about a vertical axis tends to carry the spinning object anywhere, except as in the case of the top, to "sleep," that is, to a stationary position. It almost seems as if, under these words, there is a fundamental misconception. If the tendency mentioned by Sir J. J. Thomson exists it seems to me that it ought to be possible to make a ball spinning in this manner swerve in a vacuum!

Sir J. J. Thomson makes some very curious experiments. I must quote him again:

"The path of the golf ball takes very many interesting forms as the amount of spin changes. We can trace all these changes in the arrangement which I have here, and which I might call an electric golf links. With this apparatus I can subject small particles to forces of exactly the same type as those which act on a spinning golf ball.

"These particles start from what may be called the tee. This is a red-hot piece of platinum with a spot of barium oxide upon

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it, the platinum is connected with an electric battery which causes negatively electrified particles to fly off the barium and travel down the glass tube in which the platinum strip is contained. . . .

"So far I have been considering under-spin. Let us now illustrate slicing and pulling; in these cases the ball is spinning about a vertical axis. I must therefore move my electro-magnet, and place it so that it produces a vertical magnetic force. I make the force act one way, say, downwards, and you see the particles curve away to the right, behaving like a sliced ball. I reverse the direction of the force and make it act upwards, and the particles curve away to the left, just like a pulled ball."

It will be noticed that Sir J. J. Thomson is proceeding on the assumption that the spin of the pull and the slice is spin "about a vertical axis." I have shown clearly that this is not so. Sir J. J. Thomson assures us that "With this apparatus I can subject small particles to forces of exactly the same type as those which act on a spinning golf-ball," but as his idea of the forces that are acting is quite wrong it seems useless to follow him further in this experiment

There are some astonishing statements in this paper. Here is one:

"Let us now consider the effect of a cross-wind. Suppose the wind is blowing from left to right, then, if the ball is pulled, it will be rotating in the direction shown in Fig. 4; the rules we found for the effect of rotation on the difference of pressure on the two sides of a ball in a blast of air show that in this case the pressure on the front half of the ball will be greater than that on the rear half, and thus tend to stop the flight of the ball. If, however, the spin was that for a slice, the pressure on the rear half would be greater than the pressure in front, so that the difference in pressure would tend to push on the ball and make it travel further than it otherwise would."

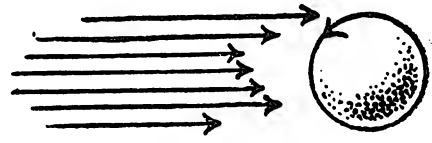

FIG. 4.

I must confess that I cannot follow Sir J. J. Thomson here. I think that his statement is not warranted by ascertained facts. If the pressure on a sliced ball in a cross-wind from left to right were greater "on the rear half" "than the pressure in front" the ball would not swerve as it does. It would fly much more straightly. The main pressure in the sliced ball even in the wind described is, in my opinion, *in front and on the left side.* This

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naturally causes it to swerve away to the right. It almost looks as if Sir J. J. Thomson in his interesting experiment with a fixed ball revolving in a blast of air, instead of a flying ball revolving in still air, has forgotten to take into account the shield provided for the rear half of the ball by the vacuum set up by its passage through the air.

Towards the end of his paper Sir J. J. Thomson says:

"I have not time for more than a few words as to how the ball acquires the spin from the club. But if you grasp the principle that the action between the club and the ball depends only on their *relative* motion, and that it is the same whether we have the ball fixed and move the club, or have the club fixed and project the ball against it, the main features are very easily understood."

This may be so, but it is necessary before any such experiment

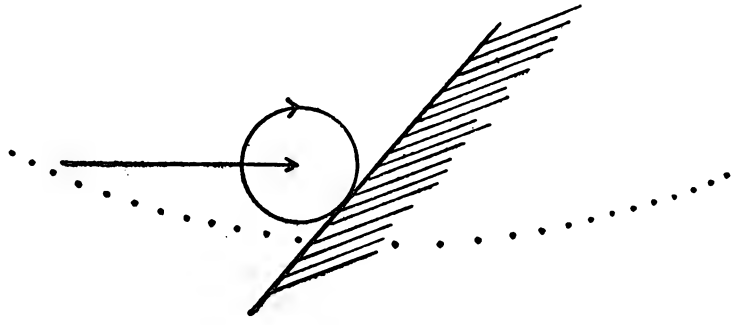

FIG. 5.

is of value to "project the ball against it" so that it makes impact as in the stroke sought to be represented. "Projecting the ball against" the club so as to produce spin "about a vertical axis" proves nothing, for it is in golf practically a non-existent spin. This is due, as I have explained in the case of the slice, to the fact that every club is lofted, and the axis of spin is regulated by the angle of loft.

From a practical golfing point of view some of Sir J. J. Thomson's illustrations are truly remarkable. Dealing with the impact of the club on the ball he says: "Suppose Fig. 5 represents the section of the head of a lofted club moving horizontally forward from right to left, the effect of the impact will be the same as if the club were at rest, and the ball were shot against it, horizontally from left to right. Evidently, however, in this case the ball would tend to roll up the face, and would thus get spin about a horizontal axis in the direction shown in the

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figure; this is under-spin, and produces the upward force which tends to increase the carry of the ball."

If Professor Sir J. J. Thomson thinks that the under-spin, or as it is more commonly called, the back-spin, of golf is produced like this he is hugely mistaken. It is got by a downwardly glancing blow which hits the ball *before the club gets to the lowest point in its swing.* Any back-spin produced by the means indicated by Sir J. J. Thomson would be useless in practical golf, besides there are several serious objections to his proposition. First, no driving implement ever had a loft remotely resembling that shown by Sir J. J. Thomson. There is not much chance on the face of a driver or a brassie for the ball " to roll up the face." Secondly, and this is a fatal objection to Sir J. J. Thomson's idea, *no stroke in golf except the stymie stroke introduced by me moves in a horizontal direction.* Every other golf stroke is practically an arc, therefore the angle of impact is entirely different from that shown and imagined by Sir J. J. Thomson. It is far more likely that the club head will be travelling in the line shown by the dots which I have added, than in that shown by Sir J. J. Thomson; in fact, as I have said, it never does so except in my stymie stroke. When we now consider the angle of impact, even with the exaggerated loft in the figure, it will be seen that there will not be much back-spin due to the loft of the club. Indeed, it is well recognised now that back-spin is got by the downwardly glancing blow. That is why golfers know now that *a high tee for a low ball is practical golf.* It allows one room to cut down past the ball to get the back-spin. When I first stated this in *Modern Golf* it was called theory—but not now.

I have not space to analyse further Sir J. J. Thomson's erroneous statements about the impact in the slice and the pull. They also are based on some peculiar misconceptions as to the real facts of the production of the golf strokes. I think, however, that I have said enough about Sir J. J. Thomson's paper to suggest that it is not possible by mere general condemnation to wave aside the whole work done by those who are responsible for the literature of golf. I have dealt specifically, but not so minutely or exhaustively as I might have done, with Sir J. J. Thomson's paper, and if he can show that my criticism is ill founded I shall resent it no more than I do his sweeping and humorous remark about other people's work, for it is only by genuine and capable criticism that the higher knowledge of the game can be advanced.

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The Theatre

"Preserving Mr. Panmure"

(By Sir Arthur Pinero)

THE new Pinero play at the Comedy provides an amusing evening's entertainment, and if the last act were omitted the gain would be material. Sir Arthur cannot get away from his group-types, his British Philistine families with their strict Puritanism, their cant and unctuous mediocrity, their set hypocritical morality, and Mr. Panmure and family are only another side of the terrible people depicted in *His House in Order* and in his last play dealing with the gentlefolk of Lancaster Gate. It is a little difficult to classify this Panmure play. It is not comedy, for there is practically no attempt at characterisation springing from circumstance, and the whole affair is pasted over with the broad unreality of farce. And yet it is not true farce either. At times there are genuine dramatic moments. Part of it is even comedy, the gay and delightful comedy of reality. But the way it is played, the utter solemnity of manner, the deliberate over-accentuation of every gesture, mannerism, inflexion, and even commonplace remark, make it quite certain —since Sir Arthur is reputed to stage-manage his own plays— that it is intended to be satirical farce carried almost to the pitch of Shavian paradox, with which it may well be confused. It looks as if Sir Arthur has said to himself, "Well, they didn't like my Lancaster Gate gentry; this time I'll give it them rigolo."

The satire of this little play is mordant, and that is its point and charm. There is nothing in the story, which is simply that gaga and sardonic Mr. Panmure has kissed the pretty governess in an outburst of gratitude because the girl had put him on to a "crib" for the composition of his sermonettes, which he reads twice a week to his assembled household; the girl informs Mrs. Panmure, who is president of a society known as the League of Purity, and the pother that ensues continues—

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who kissed the girl?—till the fourth act. Yet till the fall of the curtain in the third act it quite holds. These people are commonly called the backbone of England, and as Sir Arthur draws them they stand out, each one with a set personality of humbug, much as Thackeray's types grin like the impish gargoyles of a cathedral. Nothing is spared us. The pious gong of the British household, summoning the family to prayers; old Panmure, who has been a bit of a dog in his day, struggling with his two weekly sermonettes; his greenery-yellowy, sanctimonious wife; the Methodist great-aunt; the savagely virtuous friend; and an extraordinarily pert and precocious child with Victorian ringlets, like one of Dickens' creations, and over it all the scoria of British middle-class hypocrisy. Such are the surroundings of Mr. Panmure.

It should be seen, because we need this sort of thing, and all the members of the Vigilance Society should be provided with free seats. There they will see a part of England which may be unfamiliar to them. Moreover, it is quite droll enough to make a tired man laugh, and there are some very happy remarks in it. It is so difficult to write for the English stage in the present conditions, what between commercial interests and the degrading censorship, that one cannot criticise Sir Arthur for a play which is too "thin" to be seriously considered and has obviously been pared down to escape the censor. There is only one objection a man may reasonably make, and it is that in a play which is all about a kiss it seems a little hard that the one point of action should take place behind the scenes. We should have liked to have seen old Panmure enjoying his one kiss—his final kiss, as it transpires, for in the last act he is decorated with the Order of Purity, third class. Panmure is a creation in the person of Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Dion Boucicault is quite admirable. Generally it is a well-acted play—over-acted, too *souligné*, but then that is what Sir Arthur apparently desired, and perhaps only so could it hold.

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Book Notices

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

TWO CRITICS OF POETRY

HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By W. J. COURTHOPE. Vol. vi. London: Macmillan and Co. 10*s.* net.

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY. By ARTHUR SYMONS. London: Constable and Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

During the last year two histories of the Byronic period of English poetry have been laid before a public which prefers the criticism of poetry to poetry itself: one of these is by Mr. Courthope, a professor, the other by Mr. Symons, a poet. Both books are notable in their way; but their ways are different.

For the professor, poetry is one side of the History of England, every poet the mouthpiece of his age. He views all romantic literature as a phase of the party struggle between Whig and Tory, a struggle enlivened by a third element, a passionate adoration of Liberty, an unworldly determination to wreck the social order, and to build the New Jerusalem in the pleasant fields of England. That so wild a temper as this last is repellent to Mr. Courthope his attitude clearly shows, though he strives hard to conceal his repulsion. Yet however foolish politically, this idea directly inspired all the great poetry of the age, save that of Crabbe and Keats.

Mr. Courthope's method of criticism is imperial, almost brutal. He estimates poets by their influence rather than by their merit; this is excusable: but to estimate their merit by their influence, to allow direct literary criticism to be coloured by the contemporary importance or posthumous popularity of the poet, is not excusable. But Mr. Courthope does this. Fascinated by the great personality and power of Byron, he bestows exaggerated praise on those lyrical dramas whose bombast, tumidity, and conceit Meredith's curt sonnet has immortally damned. Yet even Mr. Courthope can find little to say in their defence save that they are good sound English and tolerable blank verse. Again, we may forgive our author for reviving some names, that of Mason, for instance, for their political rather than their poetical importance. But can we forgive him for writing pages on Hogg without mentioning Kilmenie or the fairies? Can we forgive him for entirely omitting Darley, Jane and Ann Taylor, and a score of other interesting names in a book which styles itself a History of English Poetry, in a volume full of Southey, Erasmus Darwin, and the Della Cruscans?

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But, after all, Professor Courthope is an enthusiast. When he finds any verse which he considers patriotic and healthy, such as Campbell's tinsel Battle of the Baltic—a rather mean poem for a rather mean occasion —or Scott's boyish, charming, quite unimportant Ballads, he indulges in extravagant applause. When he is writing of Blake and Keats we feel that for him they are simply a pair of conceited asses with a spark of genius; we know that had Mr. Courthope been on the *Edinburgh* at the time he would have had no good to say of such miserable poetasters. Blake—this seems to be the half-conscious trend of professorial thought—Blake had no interest or influence in politics or society; he was a mystic: mysticism is nonsense, and Blake a conceited ass. Keats again was no gentleman; his vulgarity occasionally appears in his verse (this, of course, is true, and Mr. Courthope fairly gloats over it); he was sensual, not in Byron's flashy patrician way, but with all the real viciousness of the lower middle classes; his heroes are swooning fellows, not healthy Britons; a passage in Lamia is too disgusting for quotation; Keats had no interest in politics; Keats was a conceited ass. Most modern poets have followed Keats's devotion to his art and appealed to a circle of cultured admirers. They too are conceited asses.

Mr. Arthur Symons on the other hand prefers poetry to politics; and his book, though not quite a masterpiece either as criticism or as literature, is superior to that of Mr. Courthope both in matter and in manner. But while Mr. Symons has a fine talent for understanding and judging Romantics and Realists, he takes the bigoted view of Keats with regard to the Augustan Age of English verse. (By the way, Mr. Courthope thinks Keats an exceptionally conceited ass for abusing so distinguished a man as Boileau. He should read Landor on the absurdities of that dismal Frenchman.) In consequence Mr. Symons has no good to say of Pope. If Pope is poetry, he declares, then neither Elizabethan nor Romantic verse is poetry at all. He thus falls into the old error of using poetry in the sense of good, Romantic, or inspired verse; and into the more serious error of failing to see that Pope is great literature in verse, and therefore a great poet, according to his own definition. Mr. Symons does not perhaps see that the devotion to Pope which so many profess nowadays is essentially romantic. If he could feel any sympathy for the elegance and wit of the age of which Pope was so striking a representative he might begin to feel the force and humanity of his verse. The emotions that poetry should inspire need not surely be all elevated or elemental. Are lyrical and dramatic forms of verse the only true or noble forms: is Browning, is Juvenal no poet?

But, after all, Mr. Symons is the best critic we have had of Romantic, and even of Realistic, verse. He has lost the irritating preciosity and Paterism of style which marred his former work; and his criticisms are usually neat, witty, profound, and sensible. He at times is apt to flather (there is no better word) about the Beauty, Majesty, Golden Sweetness and so forth of his poets, in the manner of John Addington Symonds; but he only does this when led away by enthusiasm for the great names of Blake and Shelley. His verdicts on the minor poets are remarkably sound and convincing; he does not perhaps do justice to George Darley, but his estimates of Leigh Hunt, and the Taylors, his amusing but just condemnations of Southey, Moore, and Scott are admirable. He is the first modern critic to observe the real metrical force of some of Mrs. Hemans' forgotten

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rhymes, and he makes us feel the need of a cheap and good edition of the Ettrick Shepherd.

Let us, however, in fairness consider what, if anything, can be urged in favour of other styles of criticism, in favour of treating poets as Politicians, with Mr. Courthope, or as Characters with Matthew Arnold. We may say first that to an average mind Mr. Courthope's book and books of its class are liable to be far more interesting than books like that of Mr. Symons, which have a purely æsthetic aim.

Yet we often agree with Mr. Courthope when he is not employed in criticism, and especially when he deplores the absence of political interest in modern poetry. He is rather apt to blame the poets: he should blame history. The dearth of proud and eagle-winged forces in this modern age is a calamity for art. Whether these century-old poets preached an idea as Shelley, Byron, and Wordsworth, ran counter to it, as Crabbe, or neglected it, as Keats, they had the inestimable advantage of living in a society rent by the enthusiasms and hatreds of the French Revolution. In those good days Shelley was not an ineffectual angel whose pretty lyrics might be read by simpling girls, but a most effectual Devil, like a socialist of to-day, attacking the very foundations of society. Only during the last year has there arisen in England a political crisis worthy of the pen: and in this revived bitterness of strife lies at least some hope for the future of English poetry.

LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPAN. By YONE NOGUCHI. London. Elkin Mathews.

This little book, like Mr. Noguchi's two little volumes of poems previously published, appears in Japanese form with Japanese decorations, the sheets loosely sewn and inserted in a yellow cardboard case. This arrangement is very attractive and, of course, the paper, the decorations, and every little detail of the work has the value of excellent neatness that is the mark of all Japanese handicraft. At the same time we cannot persuade ourselves that it is æsthetically correct to produce in Japanese form an English book printed in English type (and of a remarkably meagre-faced fount).

No one who has read and had pleasure from that curious receptive genius can miss this little book; and those who have seen Mr. Noguchi's other work will know the ingenuous charm of his style. We cannot help extracting, with interjected thumb, this Japanese proverb which he quotes: *miso no miso kusaki wa miso ni arazu*—"the bean sauce which smells bean sauce too much is not the best kind of bean sauce."

ESSAYS AND STUDIES by MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION. Collected by A. C. BRADLEY. Clarendon Press. 5*s.* net.

Professor Bradley announces this volume as the first of a series which is to be issued by the English Association from year to year. It is an extremely interesting though somewhat uneven collection. Professor Ker's remarks on Browning are a disappointment, stopping almost before they have well begun. Miss Sichel's suggestions about Bad Poetry are not very original, and her exemplification of them is sometimes unhappy. It is a pity too that Mr. Ernest Dowson should have been unfairly dealt with. Mr. Henry Bradley's study of English Place-Names is, perhaps, the most arresting contribution to a volume which stimulates and repays attention from cover to cover.

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BOOK NOTICES

BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

THE GREAT EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA. By PHILIP W. SARGEANT. Hutchinson and Co. 16*s.* net.

Such a life as that of the redoubtable Tze-hi could not fail to arouse interest, no matter how crudely her story were told. Mr. Sargeant, having done his work well, accentuates the interest attaching to this great figure in modern Eastern history. From the day when, at the age of sixteen, Tze-hi crossed the threshold of the royal palace, to that of her death, within twenty-four hours of the decease of the emperor Kwanghsu, whom she dominated, her life story reads like a romance magnificently conceived. One may gather from this record of the woman some knowledge of the land she ruled, some glimpses of its political side, and from these glimpses sum up woman and land alike in the one word "perhaps." Perhaps Tze-hi murdered her husband, son, fellow-Regent, sister, daughter-in-law, and even her nephew Kwanghsu, and perhaps her selfishness, ambition, hypocrisy, superstition, and dishonesty exercised a retrogressive influence on China, retarded its development. Perhaps the policy of reform which marked her later years came at a more opportune time than the reforms which, but for her, Kwanghsu would have introduced. Perhaps the China of to-morrow will prove her foresight unerring, her judgment sure—we of to-day can only surmise concerning this. Mr. Sargeant has produced a fascinating record of one who, in spite of the limitations imposed by her early life, was a great woman and a great ruler—perhaps also a great criminal.

REMINISCENCES. By GOLDWIN SMITH. Macmillan. 10*s.* net.

One enjoys Goldwin Smith's reminiscences as one enjoys criticism that is at once keen and slashing. In these posthumous papers he tells us frankly and with an acid merriment how little he thought of some of his great contemporaries. Cobden and Bright he did reverence, indeed, and, to balance this, he hated Disraeli and Mr. Chamberlain with a deadly hatred. Most of his contemporaries, however, amused rather than impressed or angered him. One does not take all the dogmatic utterances of this exiled Oxford professor very seriously, as one does not take seriously all the forcible opinions of Dr. Johnson. It is a great pleasure, however, to meet a book so robust and witty and fearless by so frank a man. Goldwin Smith's *Reminiscences* is a book that is likely to live beyond the year.

MEDITERRANEAN MOODS. By J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A. Grant Richards. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This man went to the Balearic Islands with a purpose different from that of the average sight-seer. He saw all that was worth seeing in the best sense of the phrase—he had the gift of reaping psychological experience from his visit, and, rarer still, he has the gift of transmitting his experience to printed pages. The record he has compiled is fascinating, and the reader may in spirit wander with him about Mallorca, Menorca, Ibiza, and Sardinia, breathing their air and feeling their influence. Mr. Flitch has got the very heart of his subject and laid it before us.

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The illustrations accompanying the text, mainly reproductions of photographs, seem spiritless in comparison with the vivid writing—in that is art, and, save that a book of travel must, for the benefit of the uninitiate, be burdened with a certain number of these accompaniments, there is no reason why they should accompany such letterpress as this. One sees Mr. Flitch's impressions of his tour without need for photographic aid, and the little "Peasant Girls of Bono" colour frontispiece is worth all the other illustrations. This, however, is a minor point, and, if one would learn of the inner, natural life of Mediterranean lands, let that one turn to *Mediterranean Moods*. It is no guide-book, but a fresh, strong, and vivid piece of word-painting, a book to read and read again.

THE GLENBERVIE JOURNALS. Edited by WALTER SICHEL. Constable. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

According to Lord Glenbervie, it was George III. who met Gibbon with the greeting: "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon? Always scribble, scribble, I suppose." It is little anecdotes like that rather than any attractiveness in Lord Glenbervie's commonplace and cultured personality, which make *The Glenbervie Journals* worth reading. Lord Glenbervie was a Pittite, a Minister, a Union Peer, who enjoyed writing articles of the *Quarterly* sort, and these journals preserve for us a good deal of the man as well as of the atmosphere of the period. It was well worth Mr. Sichel's while to give them to the public, though we wish he had been less surgically drastic in his editing at times.

AMURATH TO AMURATH. By GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL. Heinemann. 16*s.* net.

A mixture of erudition and amusing incident, of archæological research and anecdotage is this book on a little known land. Miss Bell set out in search of architectural remains between the Tigris and Euphrates, and saw other things by the way—she describes the other things in more attractive manner than the architecture, and the reader in search of incident interesting from a personal view-point must pick out his material from among technical and abstruse descriptions of weightier things. The result, however, is worth the effort, for one gains an insight to the minds of those who sit in the changeless East, without the discomfort and danger attendant on a visit to the locality. Judging by Miss Bell's impressions, the ordinary tourist will leave Mesopotamia alone for some time to come—Arab raids are sufficiently frequent at present to spoil accident insurance rates.

FICTION

TALES OF MEN AND GHOSTS. By EDITH WHARTON. Macmillan. 6*s.*

These tales of Mrs. Wharton's are as thrilling as they are sensitive, as easy as they are accomplished. She handles unique crises or complications of events and keeps them credible; she studies psychology in its remoter territories, while yet her people remain real people, leading normal lives. We care little for them or for their fate; but we are deeply interested in studying their complex circumstances and following their story as a

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story. The moment when Hubert Grannice enters the mad-house and feels that at last he is among sane people is, perhaps, the greatest triumph of a book the aims of which are hardly to be detached from its achievement.

THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. Macmillan. 6*s*.

It is only the Americans who can write novels that read like pieces of moral advice and yet have the beauty, not only of morals, but of art. *The Doctor's Christmas Eve*—a sequel to that pretentious failure, *The Bride of the Mistletoe*—is a good book in both meanings of the words. Here and there the book becomes a little high-flown and essay-like, and some of the scenes are symbolic rather than realistic, but, taken as a whole, *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* gives us a finely imagined study of tragic figures in a tragic scene. The writing is good, and the sketches of children have vividness and humour.

A GOOD FIGHT. By CHARLES READE. The original version of THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. Clarendon Press. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

A Good Fight is substantially the first section of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, with a happy ending. It appeared in *Once a Week* in 1859, terminating with an abruptness which suggested either editorial difficulties or contributorial friction. Which of the two versions is the more accurate account of history is a point elaborated by Mr. Andrew Lang in an amusing critical introduction: one gathers that if ever any man's birth was "wrop in a mistry" it was Erasmus's.

THE NOISE OF LIFE. By CHRISTOPHER STONE. Chatto and Windus. 6*s*.

Mr. Stone's first novel *Scars* suffered from an unusual fault—superabundance of material. It read like the commonplace book of a keen observer of unusually various environments, loosely strung together in a story. His second *They Also Serve* showed the same beauty of description, enhanced by more subtle development of character, and marked ability of construction, *The Noise of Life* is not quite the masterpiece. There is something generous about the lusts and passions of Mrs. Craven, even when she whips her grown-up son, which makes it inconceivable she should murder her feeble morphomaniac husband (another of Mr. Stone's clever studies of disease) with such cold calculation. He depicts his characters too well for us to be mistaken on this point. Otherwise we find no fault. There is a really remarkable variety of character and incident. Altogether an absorbing book.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI. By H. G. WELLS. London. John Lane. 6*s*.

We are glad to see that Mr. Wells' *New Machiavelli* has just been issued from the Bodley Head, and hope that whoever did not follow the story in the pages of *The English Review* will hasten to remedy the omission. We believe that with the possible exception of *Tono-Bungay*, it is Mr. Wells' greatest novel; a work of such a scope that it will be beyond adequate criticism for at least another generation. Both books present in the lives of particular men, with all their weaknesses and desires and maimed achievements, the universal characteristics of our civilisation. And we find our-

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selves at once too unfamiliar with their artistic form and too familiar with their content, to perform the functions of the impartial critic. We can only say that they give us pleasure to read and pleasure to think about and recognition of our own possibilities: besides, of course, the mere enjoyment of the literary craftsmanship by which Mr. Wells paints in essential colours the vague shifting crowd all about us. *The New Machiavelli* excels we think in imaginative power. From Kipps, the shop-assistant, to Remington, the statesman, is no mere advance in technique: there is a grasp of whole new systems of environment and larger forces. Or is the little naked Love who tormented Mr. Lewisham the same as the terrible god who pulls down Remington and drives him into exile?

THE PASSIONATE ELOPEMENT. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. London: Martin Secker. 6*s*.

This is the first novel of a young man who, to judge by the force and spirit with which he writes, might have given us his first novel ten years ago. Perhaps he lived it instead; and thereby acquired a knowledge of all classes of Englishmen and a restraint and security in his observation of them. Yet these he combines with that full emotional enjoyment of colour and words and dramatic effect which is the property of only the young.

The action takes place in the eighteenth century. This is a statement to terrify any reader who knows the feeling of horror produced by the ordinary "historical novel," suggesting a collaboration between England's stupidest historian and Mr. Clarkson. But Mr. Mackenzie is so perfectly at home in the eighteenth century that his ease is communicated to the reader. He has read beyond the obvious until he can write you occasional verse of the time that would deceive Professor Saintsbury; he knows nearly as much about men and women as about the eighteenth century; all his characters are real and warm with life. They talk neither the greasy lime-lit jargon of the novelette, nor yet the modern Oxford slang by means of which some writers, of whom the most distinguished is Mr. Newbolt, have hoped to instil into the historical novel the illusion of reality. *The Passionate Elopement* should be read slowly, and followed from the smiles and extravagance of the opening chapters, through many sounding and poetical passages to the thrilling end of the Love Chase; the quiet irony of the close leaves one smiling, but with the wiser smile of Horace Ripple, who meditates on the colours of life.

GENERAL LITERATURE

NAPOLEON IN CARICATURE, 1795–1821. By A. M. BROADLEY. Introduction by J. HOLLAND ROSE. Nearly 251 illustrations. Lane. 42*s*. net.

It is seldom we get so valuable and interesting a sidelight on history as this. "Napoleon," as Mr. Broadley says, "was certainly more extensively caricatured than any man who ever lived," and the present volume gives us a wealth of English, French, German, Spanish, Swiss, Dutch, Scandinavian, and Prussian caricatures, most of which "depicted him as the incarnation of villainy." England contributes the majority of the caricatures, Cruik-

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shank, Rowlandson, and Gillray being the most famous of those who fought the Emperor with pen and pencil. Mr. Broadley is a compiler rather than a graphic and lively writer, but, with a subject like Napoleon and with so many curiosities of illustration as he brings together here, he has not stopped short of giving us a fascinating book.

THE DAWN OF MEDITERRANEAN CIVILISATION. By ANGELO MOSSO. Translated by MARION C. HARRISON. Illustrated. Unwin. 16*s.* net.

Signor Mosso's volume on his excavations at Crete is already well known. Here he takes as his subject the whole Mediterranean race from the Neolithic to the Bronze Age. It is with a fascinated brain that the reader follows him as he discovers the points of resemblance between the most ancient artistic remains in France and the neolithic figures of Crete and Egypt. He has chapters on the dress of women in the Neolithic Age, on pre-Homeric navigation, and in primitive commerce—good, if somewhat stiff, reading. His book is fully and beautifully illustrated in the manner we have come to expect in standard archæological works.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JONATHAN SWIFT. Edited by F. EBRINGTON BALL. Vol. I. Bell. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Ball has been at no small pains to give us the correct text in this fine edition of Swift's letters. How laborious the work has been may be guessed from his statement that "a comparison of the present edition with that of Sir Walter Scott will show that there are few letters included in his edition which appear in this one without some alteration." The present edition, however, is distinguished, not only for its correct text, but for its exceedingly full and valuable footnotes. Mr. Ball has shown great patience and skill in making the fusty Church affairs and personalities of two hundred years ago interesting and intelligible to us to-day. The present Dean of St. Patrick's writes a useful introductory essay on the letters of the greatest of his predecessors.

THE PURSUIT OF REASON. By CHARLES FRANCIS KEARY, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

This is a book which covers a wide range of thought and is a serious contribution to philosophy. It must represent the direct labour of years and the reading and reflection of a lifetime. Justly and fully to appreciate it means at least a month's solid reading. To attempt, therefore, anything like an adequate account of it in a page or so of a review would be an impertinence, to succeed in the attempt is an impossibility. We must select, and state the tendencies of his book without argument to show whether or no he establishes his theses. His chief point is this: the reduction of reasoning processes to syllogisms or even the confining of them to what can be expressed in words is futile. There are two reasons, the demonstrable reason, which is employed in ordinary scientific work, and what he calls the artistic reason, because it is best shown in the arts, though its range is far wider. In this a man cannot state his processes, and does not proceed by words at all. Examples are the composition of a painting or a piece of music and the instantaneous mental process by which a general of genius

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possesses the movements of his adversary. This reason we are accustomed to call inspiration or instinct, but Mr. Keary establishes that it is the use by the reasoning faculties of knowledge as much as any syllogistic argument can be—only its material is not words but the material of the given art. In this part of his book, of which these sentences are a rough and confessedly inadequate account, Mr. Keary is helped by his own great knowledge of the arts—in that of painting by his practice of it. He may not have given a new thought to philosophy, but no one has stated the idea with such fulness and lucidity. The next most important element in the book is a weighty protest against the claims of scientists—we use an ugly but intelligible word for the sake of brevity—to impose their methods on the whole realm of thought and experience. This simply cannot be "boiled down": we can but say that in our opinion Mr. Keary has gone far to remove what is the great superstition of our day. The rest is an application of our author's lines of thought to various subjects of infinite importance, religion, society, the State, and so forth. He is a pessimist about democracy—the indictment of it one of his most brilliant passages—and his very low opinion of our polity and its prospects is relieved only by the off-chance of the right people coming atop, in which we cannot think he believes strongly. Mr. Keary's novels have always been of a thoughtful cast, but probably few readers of them guessed how much ordered philosophy lay behind them. We wonder what other novelist living could produce a book with such a range of thought and knowledge as this. Probably none.

AN EMPIRE IN MOURNING. Published by CHAS. EGGIMAN, Paris, and The *Times* Book Club, London. 21*s*.

This is a sumptuously produced photographic record of the events connected with the death and funeral of Edward VII. The treatment of the subject is almost too complete—surely it was hardly necessary to include in the volume photographs depicting the mechanical processes involved in the alteration of the prayer-book, neither were views of "street hawkers with emblems" necessary to give an idea of the nature of the funeral rites. Such trifles, however, do not alter the fact that the book forms a complete and interesting pictorial souvenir of an impressive event. Two plates, at least, out of the whole, are worthy of permanent preservation apart from the book itself, while the majority of the remainder will excite more than a passing curiosity by reason of their historic interest.

THE OLDEST MUSIC-ROOM IN EUROPE: A RECORD OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENTERPRISE AT OXFORD. By JOHN H. MEE, M.A., D. Mus. John Lane. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

If Dr. Mee is correct in thinking that the Oxford Music-Room is the oldest in Europe—the point cannot be regarded as definitely settled—our self-congratulations are unfortunately abated by the fact that the dedication of the institution to music was subject to an interlude during which it was used for the baser purposes of an auction room. The taste of the Georgian era—which, in its later stages, saw nothing improper in introducing a set of "harp variations" into a Beethoven pianoforte sonata—may well make the modern shudder.

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BOOK NOTICES

THE SERVIAN PEOPLE: THEIR PAST GLORY AND THEIR DESTINY. By PRINCE AND PRINCESS LAZAROVICH-HREBELIANOVICH. Two volumes. Werner Laurie. 24s. net.

These volumes give a very comprehensive account not only of Servian history, ancient and modern, but of Servian topography, ethnology, literature and folklore—a guide, in fact, to the whole course and activities of the nation. That its career has been turbulent, and has not diminished in turbulence of recent years, every one knows. But the authors are both apologetic and optimistic. They look forward to a unification some time in the future of all the Serb races as a destiny which may be delayed but cannot be averted. Concerning the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga, the authors have little to say beyond the fact that, owing to certain administrative scandals, "popular exasperation had reached the limits of endurance." But, as has been indicated, these volumes must be viewed rather as a summary of Servian history and characteristics than as a critical commentary. For that the times are not yet ripe.

POETRY AND DRAMA

WILD FRUIT. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Lane. 5s. net.

Mr. Phillpotts cannot be called secure as a craftsman; but the faults of his verse are perhaps faults of inexperience, and they are more than atoned for by the virtue of freshness, a virtue equally conspicuous in his melody and in his vision. Among his other achievements we note an unmistakable addition to the volume of English poetry about Italy, already so rich, and quite a profusion of charming lyrics. It is a pity that Mr. Phillpotts allows his predilection for queer words to mislead him. "Jade" is an excellent word for the colour of olive-trees; but there is a tinge of unfamiliarity about it and of ambiguity also, which makes the collocation "gentle jade", still more "your gentle jade", a mistake. Words like "etiolation" "pelts" "nacre" "to mist" "to spire upon" seem to be very dear to Mr. Phillpotts, since he harps upon them; but they would all be better away.

"SHAKESPEARE AND HIS LOVE." A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS AND AN EPILOGUE. By FRANK HARRIS. London: Frank Palmer.

People are always exaggerating the importance of dates and names. For example, Mr. Frank Harris published a year ago a book of the most searching and original criticism of Shakespeare's plays that had been done since Coleridge, and Coleridge was far less interesting. Holding this high opinion of *The Man Shakespeare* I was much interested in finding how its author would show his theory in brief, as it were, in the form of a play. I confess I am disappointed, Mr. Harris has not let himself go. He says in his introduction that he has "hardly put a word in Shakespeare's mouth which I could not justify out of his plays or sonnets," and I doubt that is not the way to write a fine dramatic study of passion. Shakespeare falls in love, is supplanted, and is again at his mistress's feet. The stress and strain of such a situation, where passion and pride war so cruelly, hardly came out

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in the dialogue. Herbert is a mere figure of vanity and selfishness. Shakespeare himself has an air (but perhaps that admission in the introduction suggested it) of composing aloud rather than of making love and reproaches. But Mary Fitton is good. Mr. Harris has hardly realised altogether, but he has sketched in definite outline, the sort of woman I take him to have meant—a sensualist with the courage of her sensuality, with no false idealising of it and with a mind above it. One passage of her struck me as good above the others: "He dominates me and I you. He hurts me and I hurt you, and yet I can't bear you not to love me." That is fine, but even there I have a criticism: the girl is only seventeen, and even in Elizabeth's time I doubt a girl of seventeen analysing her own situation so well. On the whole it is a clever and amiable attempt to give dramatic form to a theory—but it is not a good place.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY BRONTË. Edited by CLEMENT SHORTER, with Introductory Essay by W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s*. net.

The appearance of Emily Brontë's complete poetical works must be regarded as the leading literary event of 1910. Far be it from us to hold the volume up for general admiration as a model of style. Not only is there a great deal of work in it which is tentative or discarded; it teems also with imaginative strivings and wanderings, which often drift away into the commonplace or sink into the merest fatuity. Elbe, Zamorna, Gondal, are a few of the haunts of Emily's musings, and Julius, Almadore, Rosina, with other heroes, become her associates in these dim Ossianic realms. This kind of thing is as motiveless as any of the eighteenth-century artificialities of which we are reminded by it; more so, indeed, in that instead of acting as wind to inflate a vacuous mind, its function resembles rather that of lead, or feathers, depressing and suffocating. Emily is like a caged tigress, born in captivity; her intense feeling rends her, she spends herself inwardly in dim awareness of powers unsatisfied and unfulfilled. She knows herself an artist and suffers from being a greater artist than she knows. Her first lines have often the haunting melodious charm which one associates with those of Christina Rossetti; but in Miss Rossetti's work one is conscious of a certain defeat and disappointment when the melody fails; in Emily Brontë's, though it fails more frequently (her technique is, of course, not comparable to Miss Rossetti's), one is comparatively indifferent to the failure, because her rugged sternness, her concentrated passion, exquisitely susceptible as they are to music, are careless of what they can dispense with.

Readers must be warned that the text of the volume is everywhere uncertain. The editor's impression seems to have been that the interest of the poems was "bibliographical," and that accuracy in printing them was therefore of no consequence.

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietor will not be responsible for the loss of, or damage or any other accidents that may occur to, the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration.

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